

ZWINGLE, LUTHER, AND THEIR FRIENDS.

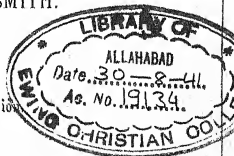
*Frontispiece.*

THE  
*Stars of the Reformation:*

BEING  
SHORT SKETCHES OF EMINENT REFORMERS,  
AND OF THE  
LEADING EVENTS IN EUROPE WHICH LEAD TO THE  
REVIVAL OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY  
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## PREFACE.



IN introducing this work to the public, the writer's object has been to present in a condensed, and yet in an attractive form, the historical events connected with the Reformation, or the rise and gradual development of Protestantism in Europe.

Commencing with our own country, we have the life and times of John Wickliffe, or the advent of Protestantism and its earlier progress.

Passing across the continent of Europe, we come into Bohemia, and find there the reformed faith vigorously springing up under the fostering care of its future martyrs, John Huss and Jerome of Prague.

Then we pass into Germany, where we are face to face with the greatest of all the Reformers, and the mightiest of all the Reformations; Martin Luther, the monk that shook the world, confronting both Pope and Emperor. The outline of the Thirty Years' War follows, which happened seventy years later.

From Germany we turn to Switzerland, the country in which are displayed the greatest natural wonders. In the fertile valleys and slopes of the icy Alps, the revived truth of the Gospel was earnestly proclaimed



by Zwinglius and Calvin, and it found a genial welcome and a grateful acceptance among the hardy inhabitants.

Moving further south, we are still among lofty rugged mountains, and secluded valleys, and in those valleys there exists the remnant of an apostolic Church, whose early history is now unknown. It was not till the sixteenth century that the primitive faith of the Waldenses, or Vaudois, came prominently before the world. The story of the Waldenses is one long, brave, and faithful struggle for freedom of conscience and freedom of worship.

From Piedmont and Savoy we pass into the brighter and more fertile regions of France; and the history of the Reformation among this remarkable people is a record of intrigues, tragedies, and wars, such as no other country has experienced; and France, unhappily, thus far has derived but little benefit from her sufferings.

A short chapter follows, on the society and character of the Order of the Jesuits, who in France and elsewhere played so important a part in opposing the spread of the Reformation.

Travelling north again, we come to the Netherlands, and here, as elsewhere, the rise and spread of Protestantism is a record of battles, sieges, and privations. Everywhere the opposing power is the same, namely, the Church of Rome; and the hatred displayed, and the horrors inflicted on the Flemish and Dutch patriots, almost baffle description.

We then return to our own land, and find the movement initiated by John Wickliffe, two centuries later, gathering force and power under Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley. In Scotland, it is enthroned in the hearts of the people by the great champion, John Knox. The vicissitudes of the movement are great under the reigns of the Stuarts; but when William III. mounts the throne of England, Protestant principles march on in triumph.

Rome's proud boast, "*Semper eadem*," is, at any rate, true of her persecutions. We are everywhere forcibly reminded, that nothing but a living faith in the eternal God could have sustained the patience of confessors in suffering intolerable wrongs, and the unflinching courage of martyrs, who, for the sake of their religion, laid down their lives.

For much of the arrangement of the facts contained in this volume the writer is indebted to Dr. J. A. Wylie, to whose comprehensive and valuable work, the "*History of Protestantism*," those readers are referred who may desire more extended information. The "*History of the Reformation*," by Merle D'Aubigné, has also contributed to the interest of the volume.





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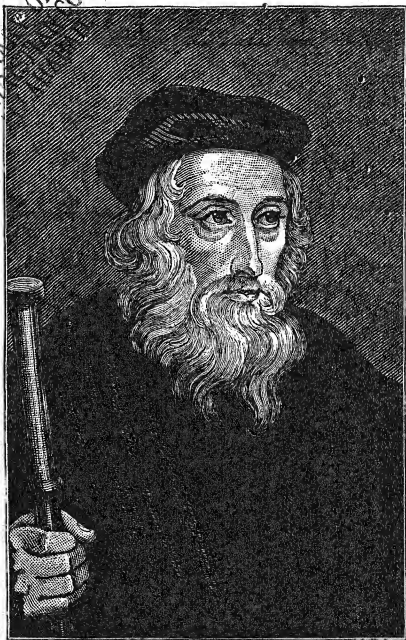
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JOHN WICKLIFFE.



## THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

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### • THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN WICKLIFFE. •



It is to be feared that the youth of England know little concerning, and seem to care still less to inquire about, the civil and religious struggles which for five hundred years have convulsed Europe.

Free now in thought, speech, and action, the present generation seems ignorant of the fact that Englishmen were once the slaves of a corrupt priesthood, and might be even so to-day, but for the heroism and fidelity of some of our forefathers. We need to know the lessons that they had to learn, and to be schooled by some of the treatment they endured, and then we shall know how to estimate our present position, and what our attitude should be towards a system which again, in a wily and insidious manner, is raising its head and creeping into our land, occupying positions in our State Church, and endeavouring to bring back the people of England to the unhappy days of the Marian persecution.

Our religious liberty is a heirloom of such priceless value, that it is well worth a serious study to find out how it has been won, where the battles have been fought, who have been the guiding stars in the conflict, and to estimate, if we can, the value of the trophies gathered in.

The enemy is the old enemy who troubled our first parents, and who possesses the power to assume any disguise he thinks fit. False teachers, with a spurious faith, are his special friends, who would, as Christ said, "if it were possible, deceive the very elect."

In view of such an enemy, which, like the fabled hydra, has a new head for every one destroyed, every Englishman should be on his watch-tower. "The price of freedom is eternal vigilance."

It was at the dawn of the fourteenth century, and in our own dear country, that the germs of the great moral and spiritual movement were first seen, known in later days as the Reformation.

The advent of revived Christianity was indisputably in England. In the north-west borders of Yorkshire, on the banks of the Tees, is a parish by name Wickliffe; and there, in 1324, John Wickliffe, or John de Wickliffe, was born. It is not surprising to find his boyhood enveloped in mist; it was so with many others who in after life made themselves great. At the age of sixteen years, young John is sent to Merton College, Oxford, the oldest but one of the five colleges that then existed there, Merton College having been founded in 1274, and Baliol in 1260. Even at that early period in the history of learning, Oxford was resorted to by many ardent aspirants after knowledge. At that time her schools were enriched with the learning of the distinguished mathematician and astronomer, Bradwardine: who, by

God's grace, had been led to find what was loftier than the stars, the highest of all knowledge, "the truth as it is in Jesus." This divine light Bradwardine was infusing into all his teaching.

John de Wickliffe was not long in making his mark. His college career was a brilliant one; outstripping his fellows and the teachings that so largely prevailed around him, he began early to draw towards the fountain of living waters, drinking at the same source as the mathematician; and thus his own soul was refreshed and invigorated, so that thousands who were shortly to listen to him might be revived by the same life-giving stream. His worst enemies have admitted that he was the foremost theologian of his age, and the first to raise that great cry, "WE PROTEST," which has since been raised so often, so loudly, so clearly, age after age, and in many lands, against that subtle and refined idolatry, which, like a great upas tree, has spread its poisonous branches over so much of the civilized world, whilst its noxious roots have sapped the very vitals of the nation it has overshadowed. The Holy Scriptures at that time were practically unknown in the land, and even in the colleges, the ancient writings of Greece were preferred to the Word of God. To be well versed in the writings of Plato, Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, or Duns Scotus, was then considered the highest literary acquirement.

The year 1348 was a memorable one in Europe. It is noted for the outbreak of the Black Plague, which, making its first appearance in Asia, and crossing the Levant, continued its ravages in Greece and Italy. Lord Lytton has portrayed its awfully destructive course in Florence, which city it turned into a vast dead-house; and thence passing on its way through

France, in the month of August it reached England. The ravages committed here were very great; some writers say that no fewer than a hundred thousand persons were struck down in London alone, and the deaths in the provinces were proportionally numerous. Wickliffe, in common with thousands of the more thoughtful of Englishmen, began to inquire why this awful scourge had been sent. It seemed to the troubled conscience as the herald of the judgment-day. This brought Wickliffe into the presence-chamber of the King of kings; and his close communion with the Divine Being was the source of all the strength which nerved him for his future conflict with the powers of darkness.

To properly understand the events that we are now to chronicle, it is necessary to look at the political and social position of England. To do this we must go back more than a century, and we then find King John upon the throne. He had quarrelled with his bishops about an appointment to the vacant see of Canterbury; the King had nominated one person, and the canons another, and both referred their case to the Pope. Innocent III. was crafty enough to see that here was a fine opportunity for asserting his pontifical rights, and to show the mightiness of his power. He quickly annulled both appointments, and nominated Stephen Langton, an outsider, to the disputed see. John at first was disposed to act a kingly part, and vowed that Langton should never be Primate of England; but the contest with the Papacy was too much for England's irresolute vassal-king. The proud Pontiff, finding his appointment not acceded to, smote the land with his first thunderbolt—an Interdict; and as John took small note of this Papal weapon, Inno-

cent excommunicated him, and bribed Philip Augustus, King of France, to collect an army and cross the Channel to enforce his haughty decrees. This was too much for John, and his craven heart succumbed. He called for the Pope's Legate, Pandolf, and begged his master's pardon, promising in future an unconditional submission to all the Papal demands. King John further covenanted to pay an annual subsidy of a thousand marks to Rome; and to prove his entire homage, he took off his crown and placed it at Pandolf's feet, who is related to have spurned it from him like a worthless bauble. This took place on May 15th, 1213: it is certainly not one of England's red-letter days.

• If John thus felt compelled to succumb to Rome, the Barons of England were not inclined to surrender their rights to a foreign power, however haughty that power might be; and at Runnymede, near Esher, in Surrey, June 15th, 1215, they fully asserted their dignity, power, and independence. The ignoble monarch endeavoured to shuffle out of a scene so humiliating to him, but the Barons were inflexible. They had brought with them a charter which needed a signature. "Sign now, and sign here," was the unalterable demand of these resolute Barons. That is the famous instrument known as "Magna Charta," the great charter of English liberty, and which in effect broke the treaty just made with Innocent III., who was not slow to seek his revenge; but in the midst of the war he had begun, he was summoned to his last account. His successor was too weak to carry into effect his predecessor's work. Still England groaned under Papal usurpation and tyranny; half the taxes went to support a foreign priesthood, and although the bishops and monks practically held much



of the land and property of the realm, they paid no taxes, but, on the contrary, received them, and, what was worse, gave only worthless considerations in exchange.

The thousand marks demanded by the Papacy as an annual tribute had not been paid for thirty-five years; but in the reign of Edward III., Pope Urban V. suddenly claimed the payment, with all arrears. To this monstrous claim, made very inopportunistly, inasmuch as England had just won the famous battle of Cressy, she was not in the humour to submit. A journey to Rome to pay this little bill was not to be thought of. Parliament unanimously voted the claim down; and that decision was largely influenced by John Wickliffe, who lent his clear judgment and powerful voice to oppose the arrogant demand. In the plainest and most unanswerable manner he demonstrated that England's security and happiness rested in resisting foreign interference and Papal avarice. He showed that the nation was already impoverished by the greed of the insatiate demands of Rome, and that Urban's claim was indefensible. Wickliffe completely triumphed, and he now turned his attention to home legislation and reforms.

The monasteries and nunneries, so far from being seminaries of learning and piety, were hotbeds of infidelity and vice. The abbots and friars, grown wealthy and indolent, lived on their ill-gotten gains like Eastern potentates. Their feasting, rioting, and sumptuous living shocked the whole country; and against these glaring abuses Wickliffe commenced a crusade.

During the popedoms of Innocent III. and Honorius III., the two great monastic orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic were founded. These orders assumed in a few years such gigantic proportions, and influenced

so large a share of European affairs, that they cannot be passed by unnoticed. St. Francis, a wild enthusiast, who took his commission as a mendicant in rags from the feet of Innocent III., lived to see the order he had founded so enormously multiply, that at his death two thousand five hundred convents had been established in various parts of Europe. This order has had five Popes and forty-five Cardinals elected from its ranks. St. Dominic's great idea was to convert heretics, either by logic or by force; so that his partisans were divided into two sections, and if the advanced party failed by their preaching to gain converts, the rear-guard were to slay the obstinate heretics with the sword. This order also increased with great rapidity, leaving its agents in every town and village. It was against these two powerful auxiliaries of the chair of St. Peter that John Wickliffe had to do battle. The mendicant friars, as the members of these orders were called, traversed all England, and, though under a perpetual vow of poverty themselves, managed to secure immense sums of money for the extension of their orders, and the propagation of their principles. Wickliffe saw, that unless this evil was arrested, England's ruin was certain. In his sermons and writings he endeavoured to show the people that they were answerable to God for their sins, and not to the Pope; and that to pay their money to begging friars for absolution was an aggravation, rather than an expiation, of sin.

The monstrous assumption of the Power of the "Keys," behind which Rome has entrenched herself, needed Wickliffe's utmost power to explode. He who can open and close the gates of Paradise at his pleasure, is no longer man, but God. Wickliffe's text for

the people was the grand scriptural one: "Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ." About that time Wickliffe received his appointment to the parish of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. During that period two Acts of Parliament were passed, known as Provisors and Premunire. They were framed against the Pope's jurisdiction in appointing foreigners to English benefices; and the rigorous enforcement of these laws was due chiefly to John Wickliffe's influence with the commoners. The Papacy, clearly seeing a storm brewing, began to arouse itself, and against Wickliffe its bolts were soon issued. For this purpose, the first thing to be done was to collect evidence of Wickliffe's heresy; and from his sermons and writings nothing was easier than to gather sufficient matter to send in a special packet to Gregory XI. to prove heresy.

Gregory was not long in making up his mind that this abominable heretic, who had dared to call him Antichrist, must be burned. With this design in view, he immediately issued three Bulls against him, all to the same tenor, empowering the King, the Archbishop, and the Universities to seize Master John Wickliffe, and fling him into the flames. To many persons, Wickliffe's fate seemed sealed; for even before the arrival of these Papal missives Wickliffe was cited to appear before Courtney, Bishop of London, to answer for his evil deeds. On the day of citation, February 19th, 1377, he found himself supported by two of England's most puissant barons, John of Gaunt, and Lord Percy, Earl-Marshal of England. At this meeting, the altercation was so fierce between the Bishop and the nobles, the crowd also breaking suddenly into the Court-house,

that the session came abruptly to a close, without interfering with Wickliffe's freedom.

On the death of Edward III., the son of the Black Prince, Richard II., mounted the throne, at the age of eleven years; and in the new Parliament, Wickliffe's counsel was especially sought to stop the drain of gold going to Avignon, then the residence of the Pope; the money being used by him in support of France against England. Wickliffe lived to see his counsel triumphant, and Rome discomfited. A second attempt was made to bring the Reformer down, or to curb his rising power; and Bishop Courtney, fully armed with the Pope's Bull, again cited Wickliffe to appear, and this time no Gaunt or Percy was present to befriend him. But the people were there, and in such numbers, and so much in love with their favourite, that the day promised anything but a peaceful termination if unfair play was to be used; and to make matters worse for Courtney, at the last moment, the Queen-Mother sent word forbidding sentence to be passed, and annulling the jurisdiction of the Court. Thus a second time did the proceedings of this illegal tribunal ignominiously end. In this deliverance Wickliffe recognizes the Divine protection and an overruling Providence. The Reformer himself is only just emerging from the gloom of superstition, from the thick gross darkness that covered the people; but he is now on the threshold of events, as we shall see, destined like a great moral earthquake to shake the Papacy to its very foundations. Yes; a pure, sweet, divine light is to be presently shed abroad through the length and breadth of the land, and which should be rapturously welcomed by the poor benighted people, who so long have been serfs under the cruel power which

Wickliffe was straining every effort to overthrow, namely, the Pope's unscriptural assumption of the Power of the Keys. He was also raising his dreaded voice against the ever-increasing encroachments of the Dominican and Franciscan orders, by which half the soil of England was held, and this within consecrated rails, exempt from taxation, and subject to foreign sway. The people were enslaved to support the King and the lords, the Pope and the bishops, and the monks and the friars; and these latter, though gorged with wealth, supported no one, not even themselves. It was this overgrown and insidious Papal system that Wickliffe saw, so far from being an institution to impart spiritual blessings, was manifestly a worldly abomination that must be compelled to surrender its ill-gotten gains.

How could one zealous Reformer alone hope to fight such a battle as this, opposed by the wealth, power, and hierarchy of the Church of Rome? The very idea seemed chimerical; and yet, impossible as the work seemed, Wickliffe's inward monitor told him to go forward, to press on in the fight, and leave results to the Great Disposer of events. The question which Wickliffe proposed to the people of England was a very simple one. Not "Shall the property of these so-called religious institutions be diverted from sacred uses?" but "Shall it be diverted from actual misuse—from feeding fat friars and making gluttons of idle priests?" To divert vast sums of money from the coffers of the Pope and cardinals was no easy matter. To break the fetters that enslaved all England, "to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, to preach deliverance to the captive, and to open the eyes of the blind," was Wickliffe's grand mission and labour of love.

The sky was, however, often darkened, and the storm seemed imminent around the Reformer, and yet a divine presence had ever shielded him. Just as circumstances appeared certain to lead to his downfall, some event would occur to avert the danger. First, Gregory XI. is struck down, then Edward III. passed away, and now John of Gaunt is Regent of England. Even these favourable contingencies would not have saved the Reformer from the vengeance of Rome had not the memorable schism occurred in the Council of Cardinals which, in effect, in 1378 cleft the chair of St. Peter in two. The Italians were bent upon having a Pope of their own nationality, who should reside at Rome; and Urban VI. was chosen by them. The French cardinals were equally determined to have a Frenchman, who should keep his court at Avignon; and they chose Clement VII. This breach in the Papal ranks lasted for fifty years, and scandalized all Europe. Much blood was shed in support of the rival claimants, and the consciences of sincere Papists were sorely perplexed to know which was the legitimate successor of St. Peter, which had the veritable keys and which only the counterfeits. This great conflict so engaged the attention of the Romish Church, that poor heretics were for a time neglected; and it was during this agitated period that Wickliffe's respite from persecution came. "When rogues fall out honest men get their rights." The humble-minded Rector of Lutterworth had turned his attention to the work which has immortalized his name, and which shed a resplendent ray of light all over Britain, a light which will continue to shine as long as the world lasts.

The harassing cares of public life about this time brought on Wickliffe a severe illness, and, while at

death's door, he was visited by some priests and friars, who hoped to receive his recantation and to absolve him from his sins.\* But in this they were mistaken. Rising in his bed, he fearlessly said, "I shall not die, but live to proclaim far and wide the goodness of God and the wickedness of your ways."

While on his sick-bed, he had conceived a brilliant idea by which divine truth would be rapidly propagated and the Papacy foiled; it was to flood all England with the light of God's Word. The Holy Scriptures were then extant only in the original languages; and thus, for all practical purposes, they were a sealed book to the people. The only attempt to make known their contents by fragments had totally failed.

Cædmon in the seventh century, Bede in the eighth, and Alfred the Great in the ninth, had each done something in that direction, Bede's being the best of the three efforts; but not till Wickliffe worked out the glorious thought of giving the pure Word of God to the people of England in their own vernacular can it be said that the Bible was made available for the people. While the outside world and the great ones of the earth were convulsed with the Papal wars, Wickliffe, in his quiet rectory at Lutterworth, is poring over the Vulgate Scriptures. This laborious task of translating from Latin to English the whole Bible, occupied Wickliffe and his assistants for four years; and when finished, it was indeed a beneficent work, the purity and correctness of which is admitted by the learned. Here is a specimen: "For a mightier than I cometh after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose." Wickliffe's translation is: "For a stalworthier than I cometh after me, the strings of whose chaucers I am not worthy to unlouse."

Just as the Papacy supposed that its old enemy was about to slip into the grave unnoticed, it was suddenly startled to find that his mantle had fallen on a mightier champion, who had stepped upon the world's platform a witness for God, whose voice can never be silenced, and whose influence for good can never be fully estimated. The descent of a thunderbolt could not have startled the Papacy more than the appearance of this weapon of Christian warfare. Yes, the ENGLISH BIBLE, the source of England's greatness, the bulwark of her liberty, the fountain of her happiness, is now in the hands of the people!

The Bible is indeed the real and indefeasible charter of English liberties. It is the true Magna Charta, civil and religious. The instrument of Runnymede without the Bible would have been of little value; but Wickliffe's Bible gave force to truth, and stability to the laws on the Statute-book, for these derive their power and justice from the teaching of the Word of God. The Bible is indeed the physician that opens blind eyes, the counsellor in all life's perplexities, the herald that proclaims deliverance to the captive, the consoler of all the sufferings of humanity.

The fury of the Papacy knew no bounds. It strained every nerve to arrest the progress of scriptural truth, and stop the Bible's glorious mission; but all in vain. It was fairly launched as a work of divine origin, and its course was directed and steered by a divine hand; so that in process of time the principal churches secured a copy, which was chained to a table or stand, and its contents were eagerly read by those who had leisure and learning enough for the purpose. The Bread of Life was placed within the reach of the people, "without money



and without price." Well might Wickliffe say to his poor countrymen, who had been fleeced of every available penny, "Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

After this great work was fully accomplished, Wickliffe had yet another task to perform: to strike a blow at the very source of Rome's power, the Mass, or the dogma of Transubstantiation. This fraud upon man's judgment and assumption of divine power, was invented by a monk, Paschasius Radbertus, in the ninth century, and therefore was not heard of in the world for nearly a thousand years after Christ's nativity. Wickliffe put forth a set of propositions proving the error of the doctrine, and the evils growing out of it. He showed the people the assumption of the priest, who claims the power of changing the mere elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ; thereby substituting his own sacrifice or work for the finished work on Calvary.

It was not long before the bishops met and condemned Wickliffe without a hearing. This pestilential heresy, they declared, must be arrested; and so the Reformer was condemned to perpetual silence, or the grave. But the Reformer was not thus to be silenced and disposed of. Like the great Apostle to the Gentiles, when condemned by an irregular tribunal, he appealed to a higher power. Wickliffe determined to appeal to Parliament against this clerical edict; and, so far from retractation or recantation, he determines to go forward in the fight. On Nov. 19th, 1382, on the assembling of Parliament, Wickliffe applied for the abolition of monastic vows, the

abandonment of the doctrine of the real presence, and the surrender of all the Church's illegally acquired wealth. The daring nature of these demands acted as a safeguard, rather than a cause of his failure. The Commons listened to the demands, and patiently heard the weighty arguments by which they were supported, and so far sympathized with Wickliffe that they repealed the edict issued against him.

Wickliffe's last great public appearance was at the Convocation at Oxford, before which he was formally cited, where Courtney, his old enemy, now Primate of England, presided. Wickliffe, like Luther in later days, fearless of consequences, goes before this brilliant conclave of bishops and scholars, where he proclaims the same old truths, re-affirms all his teaching on the Lord's Supper, and retracts nothing. To his judges he puts this hard question: "With whom think you ye are contending, with an old man on the verge of the grave? Surely not; but with Truth and Divine Power;" and you can no more overthrow these than you can roll back the waves of the Atlantic! So forcible was this appeal, and so irresistible his logic, that the Council, as they listened to his impassioned eloquence, were dwarfed into insignificance, and, like his Divine Master at Nazareth, the great Reformer passed out from their midst unscathed.

Wickliffe has yet one more duty to discharge before his death. This is to address Pope Urban himself, to whom he writes, stating that if in truth he was Christ's Vicar, then at his hands he, the writer, would be sure to find mercy; that Christ's true representative must represent the love, long-suffering, and mercy of his Master. He proceeds to explain to Urban that his own reading

of Scripture showed him Christ's humility, condescension, and poverty; and that he trusted that in lowliness and meekness of heart he was following Christ. The gentleness of this appeal and the contrast so plainly seen, only increased the fury of the Pope, who would probably have liked to give practical effect to the striking contrariety between himself and his Divine Master, by at once burning John Wickliffe for his impudence in presuming to teach the head of the Church his duty.

The Reformer had now maintained his witness before Popes, Kings, Parliaments, and Convocations, - and throughout the whole land of England. He had anticipated a martyr's crown, and was prepared for a baptism of fire if it was God's will. But he who was too brave and too faithful to recant, was too noble to burn, and God willed he should go down to the grave in peace. And so it was; for on Sunday, December 29th, 1384, while engaged in the service at his beloved church at Lutterworth, a stroke of palsy struck him down, and he was carried home to die. Through many storms, perils, and conflicts, his barque had entered the haven of a blessed safety at last, "at rest in the Lord." "Strange," says the quaint Dr. Fuller, "that a hare hunted by so many packs of hounds should at last die quietly in his nest at home!"

Who can review a life like this, or attempt to estimate the results flowing from the career of such a man? Who shall sum up the debt posterity owes to the heroes who have fought out for us the great battles of civil and religious liberty? The great ideal of Wickliffe's life was "light sown for the righteous," "the Word of God in the tongue of the people;" and this glorious ideal was even then accomplished.

The Scriptures were issued in the fourteenth century by written copies, stealthily, but not widely circulated; now, in the nineteenth, they are thrown off by millions from our printing presses, in nearly all the languages of the world, and in open day! Truly, God's hand may be seen in all this. Oh, what mighty revolutions have taken place!

Thirty years after Wickliffe's death, the Council of Constance condemned his writings to the flames; and, to show their intense hatred of the man and his creed, they commanded his body to be exhumed and publicly burned on the little bridge that spans the Swift, the village stream of Lutterworth; and his ashes were thence washed away down into the Avon river.

"The Avon to the Severn flows,  
The Severn to the sea:  
Thus widely spread as Wickliffe's dust  
Shall Wickliffe's teaching be."

In our day we see and acknowledge how impotent was the attempt to arrest the hand that spreads abroad divine truth. John Wickliffe was truly the heroic father of all later Reformations. Armed with the invincible weapon of the Word of God, he dealt the first shattering blows at the harsh and cruel dogmas of Rome; and by exalting the Light of the Gospel far above all human authority, its pure brilliance became in his privileged hands the signal to awake a slumbering world.

## THE REFORMATION IN BOHEMIA.

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### LIFE AND TIMES OF HUSS AND JEROME.

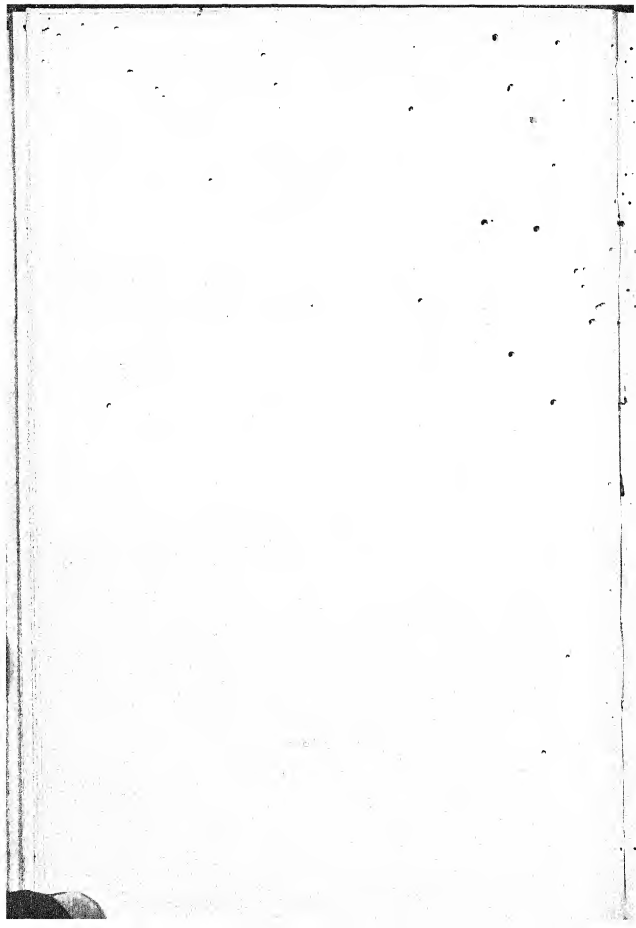


BOHEMIA was the country destined next to take part in the drama of religious liberty which had for some time been played in England. The brilliant star of revived Christianity which had appeared in Britain now cast its beams across Europe, to awaken and illumine the Bohemians. As early as the year 863 this Slavonian people were anxious for the Scriptures in their own vernacular, and they made considerable efforts to obtain them; but in 1079 Hildebrand, Gregory VII., wrote to the King of Bohemia, saying that, after carefully studying the Scriptures, he found it was more pleasing to God that His worship should be celebrated in an unknown tongue. This cruel decision of the Pope naturally damped the ardour of the religious converts; and although Waldensian refugees here and there were able to revive and refresh the disciples of the Reformation, yet it was not until the close of the fourteenth century that the movement we speak of began to assume a definite form.

Every great moral and religious revolution has had its self-devoted leaders, and so had the Bohemian Reformation. John Huss was born July 6th, 1373, at Hussinetz, near the source of the Moldau river. His parents were poor, yet they did their best to give him a good



JOHN HUSS.

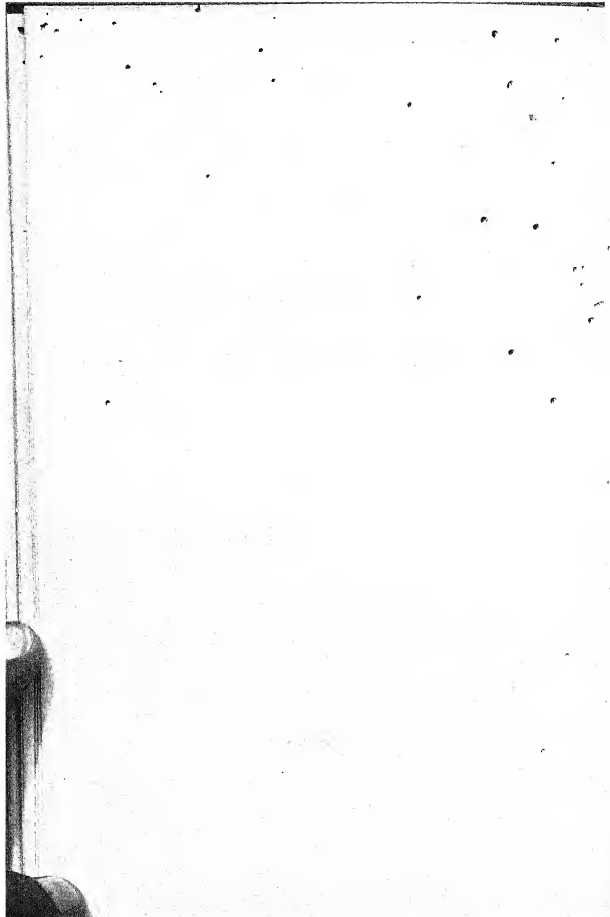


education; and though possessed of a weak constitution, he had an intense passion for the acquisition of knowledge. Blameless in life, and gentle and winning in manners, he soon gained the respect and friendship of those around him. He entered the University of Prague, where his progress was so rapid that in 1396 he took his degree of Master of Arts.

John Huss was brought up an ardent Roman Catholic; and so attached was he to that Church, that at the Prague Jubilee in 1393 he gave his last four groschen to the confessor at the Church of St. Peter, and took part in a procession to get the absolution, a superabundance of mistaken devotion he afterwards much regretted. In Prague, as a priest, he commenced to denounce the wickedness of the people, from the nobles downwards. In his studies at the university, the Word of the living God obtained his serious attention, and side by side with it he studied John Wickliffe's theological works; and the more he read the more he found himself drawing nearer to the fountain of living waters, and farther and farther from Rome. The great issue of these studies he did not now realize, although it was to be a complete revolution in his own heart and in the hearts of numbers of his fellow countrymen.

Anne, sister of the King of Bohemia, had married Richard II. of England. She was an ardent follower of Wickliffe; and at her death her ladies-in-waiting returned to their own country, bringing with them Wickliffe's writings. A manuscript in John Huss's own handwriting, being a translation of one of these religious tracts, is now in the Royal Library at Stockholm, carried thither by the Swedes at the close of the Thirty Years' War.





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About this period two young men, James and Conrad Canterbury, undergraduates of Oxford University, arrived at Prague, and fearlessly and publicly commenced to attack the Pope's primacy. Being speedily silenced in this work, they turned their ingenuity in another direction. Printing was then unknown; preaching was in much the same category. But they were good hands at sketching. So on a public building, where all might see, they portrayed Christ entering the city of Jerusalem, meek and lowly, riding upon an ass, amidst the plaudits of the poor of the land; and, on the other side, the Pope entering Rome on a richly caparisoned horse, wearing his triple crown and accompanied by a most gorgeous cavalcade. Here was a sermon not easily to be forgotten in that dark age. The striking contrast between the Church's Founder and the Church's Vicar was anything but complimentary to the Vicar.

Prague was much excited by this painted sermon; and although the Englishmen had to retire, they left behind them one in the person of Master John Huss whose mind was roused to deeper thought; so that in 1405 we find him exposing the fraud practised on the credulity of the poor by a pretended miracle at the Church of Wilsnach, where thousands had been in the habit of going to be cured by what they were told was Christ's real blood.

In 1409, John Huss was elevated to the Rectorship of the University of Prague, and in this capacity he boldly assailed the Papacy, at the same time preaching the truth as it is in Christ. As usual, Rome began to sniff the war from afar, and roused herself to strike while the iron was hot. Pope Alexander V. fulminated a Bull against all Wickliffe's writings and books; and two hundred costly and elegant volumes, which had found their way to

Prague, were publicly burned in one day, amid the tolling of bells and the blessings of the priests. This step only roused John Huss to greater boldness, and from his exalted station he thundered against the Pope's indulgences and the Papal usurpation. A second Bull was issued, this time summoning John Huss to appear at Rome and answer for his crimes. As this would be merely to walk into his grave, he disregarded the summons. The King, Queen, and University all interceded to no purpose. Rome was inflexible, and Prague was placed under her terrible interdict. The city was deserted by its clergy, the churches closed, the images covered up, and the dead left unburied. To remove this fearful curse, John Huss withdrew for a time to his native place of Hussinetz. He, however, believed in the Church's authority, though he warred against her abuses; but the time was close at hand when even this veil was to be torn from his eyes.

Huss had so far stood prominently alone in this great movement, but God was now pleased to send him a partner in the struggles which were about to commence.

Jerome, a Bohemian knight, who had visited Oxford University and drank of the truth preached by Wickliffe, returned to his native country. Being bold, fearless, and eloquent, on his way through Paris he challenged its university to a religious disputation, and for his outspoken doctrines very narrowly escaped hanging. On reaching his native land, he promptly joined John Huss; and the two were destined henceforth to work and fight together in the same glorious cause until death should separate them, only to unite them again in heaven. Events were now happening of the most momentous kind, and these were tending to raise the Protestant movement

from its narrow confines, till all Europe should feel its power and do homage to its champions.

Three Popes were reigning in Christendom. The Italians had Balthazar Cossa, who, as John XXIII., set up his chair at Bologna; the French had Angelo Corario, reigning at Rimini as Gregory XII.; and the Spaniards had Peter de Lune, who, as Benedict XIII., reigned at Aragon. All three were infamous characters, and each declared on oath he was St. Peter's legitimate successor; but, as John Huss asked, "if they were so, how was it that their testimony did not agree?" They each anathematized one another; and if they asked the Popes themselves, John said the other two were demons, and Benedict and Gregory paid the same loving testimony to John. As a wag of the time truly observed, the chair of St. Peter was well-nigh broken, by three Popes all sitting down upon it at one time. Europe was in a state of civil war, and religious indulgences were freely sold to find gold to carry on the fierce contentions of these rival Popes.

These frightful abuses roused John Huss to fearlessly attack the authority of the Church, and thus strike at the very root of all the grievances. He thereupon published a tract against six errors of Rome, and which exposed the following:—

1. The Mass, in which the priest professes to create his Creator.
2. The doctrine of absolute belief in the Pope and the saints, instead of in God.
3. The priestly pretension to remit sin.
4. The absolute obedience demanded to all that the Church says.
5. Invalid excommunications.
6. Priestly simony.

Huss now grew daily more bold, both in writing and speaking; and this was intensified when an infamous Bull was fulminated against the King of Bohemia by John XXIII., simply because he would not give his material support to John's claims to the Popedom. In this Bull was promised a free passport to Paradise to any one who would kill the King. The Reformer set forth to the people the difference between this reign of war and fearful wickedness, and Christ's kingdom full of love and peace.

In 1413 the Emperor Sigismund ascended the throne of Austria, at a time when the profligacies of the Popes shocked every one, when so-called spiritual blessings were shamelessly put up to auction and knocked down to the highest bidder. The Emperor, with a view of putting an end to these disgraceful Papal rivalries, wars, and religious feuds, called the fatal Council of Constance to assemble at that city, on the shore of the lake of that name; and here, on November 1st, 1414, one of the most famous ecclesiastical conventions that history has recorded was inaugurated with great state. Thirty cardinals, twenty archbishops, one hundred and fifty bishops, and eighteen hundred priests, together with princes, nobles, and a vast concourse of representative men, met at the summons of the Emperor Sigismund, who, with Pope John and John Huss, were all present together, though a great gulf now separates them. Of these names the first two are forgotten, but that of John Huss lives with posterity, and is a household word to-day with all true Protestants.

The other two Popes, who were represented by delegates at the Council, were deposed. John, notwithstanding he had an armed retinue of six hundred men, and travelled with great pomp and splendour, entered

Constance with gloomy forebodings. All along his journey he had kept the road open by bribes of jewels and money, in case retreat became necessary. John Huss, who had been summoned to answer for his heresies, fully conscious of his innocence, hesitated not a moment to go and brave the dangers, which he knew to be great, seeing the power and hatred of his accusers and judges. A Safe-Conduct, duly signed, was granted by the Emperor, and other documents of the highest import testified to the character and conduct of Huss; yet, notwithstanding all this, he had an inward presentiment that his journey was a pilgrimage to the stake. On his way to Constance he was overwhelmed with attention and kindness. Friends greeted him in every town, showing that his faith and fame had spread far and wide.

Upon his arrival, the Pope presented the Emperor with a sword, requesting him to strike down the pestilence of heresy, referring to the Hussite movement. He little dreamed, however, that on his own head this sword was destined first to fall. On the eighth day after the Council had commenced its sittings, the writings of John Wickliffe were consigned to the flames, and, as already recorded, his body was ordered to be exhumed from its quiet resting-place in the chancel of Lutterworth Church. The Council next proceeded to condemn the Pope, John XXIII., for his manifold crimes, forty-three of which were proved against him, the chief of which was the murder of his predecessor, Alexander V. The Pope, finding how matters were going, disguised as a groom, fled on horseback in the middle of the night from the city to a neighbouring town, and afterwards wrote a letter to the Emperor to say that he had gone

for a change of health, as the air of Constance was not salubrious. Thereupon the Council put itself above the Papacy, and arraigned the Pope to appear at its bar; which summons being disregarded, the Emperor's soldiers arrested John and flung him into prison. The Council, having disposed of the claims of the two other Popes, proceeded to elect Martin V. to the now vacant chair, and then condemned Pope John to exile. The condemnation of John was the noblest testimony that could have been given to John Huss, whose sole crime was his attack on the Papal abuses, now so fully proved by this Council. John Huss had called all the world to witness the crimes of this daring impostor.

\* The Emperor's Safe-Conduct granted to Huss is one of the most memorable and authentic documents extant. It grants to Master John Huss, Bachelor of Divinity, to pass to, sojourn at, and return from the Council freely and securely; it is dated at Spires, Oct. 18th, 1414, and is signed by the Emperor. Without this Safe-Conduct Huss would not have come to Constance; although, as he himself said, he above all confided in God, who would give him grace and strength to face death, if it were His will. On the twenty-sixth day after his arrival, in open violation of his Safe-Conduct, the Council arrested him, and had him detained in a most loathsome dungeon, strongly guarded, where a raging fever brought him nearly to death's door. Bohemia was roused with indignation on hearing how the Emperor's Safe-Conduct had been violated, and wrote protesting against this treatment of so noble-minded a man. But all to no purpose; the Council established the infamous precedent that no faith is to be kept with heretics, which doctrine was afterwards confirmed by the Council of Trent. Strange



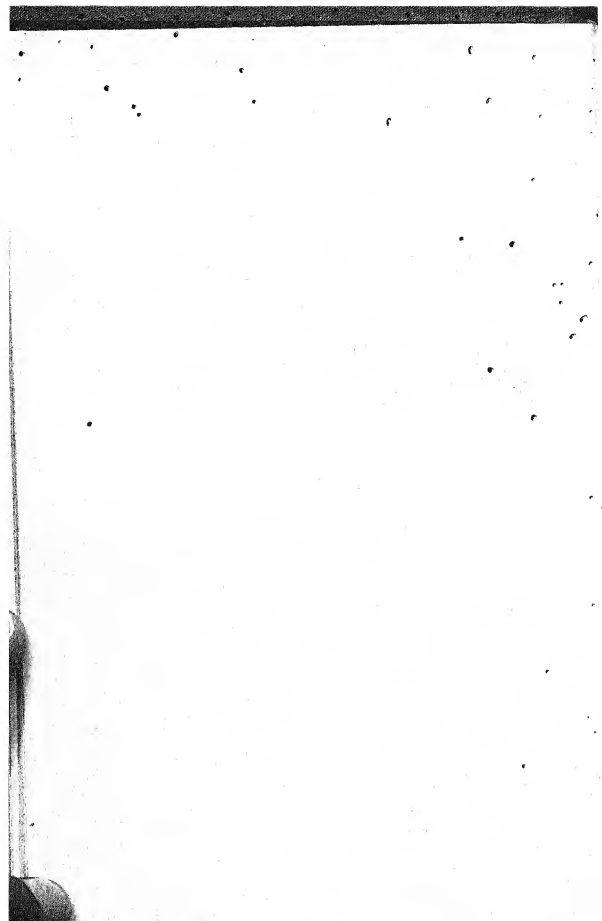
to say that Huss and the Pope were confined in the same prison at Goteleben. The Reformer's enemies dared not bring him to an open trial, as he had asked, that he might answer the charges brought against him; neither would they allow him an advocate, as granted to the worst of criminals. They feared his eloquence, and the mightiness of his cause in behalf of truth, would sway the Emperor's mind, and that thus he should be pardoned.

On June 5th, 1415, he was dragged in chains before the Council; but the noise and ribald reproaches were so great that he could not be heard. On June 7th, the Council again met; but so fearful an eclipse darkened the sun that the lake and city were shrouded in the blackness of night. Notwithstanding this mysterious omen, the Council proceeded with its cruel purpose. Huss again stood before his accusers, and the Emperor hoped, by private treaty, to save him, if he would only assent to certain things. But he miscalculated in his intention; he knew not the moral heroism of the man with whom his plighted faith had been so dishonourably broken. "All my sins, errors, and misdeeds I cheerfully recant," said Huss, "but not one word of the Gospel can I, or dare I." "Will you submit unreservedly to the authority of the Council?" was the abrupt question put to him; but his answer was still more abrupt: "No! If the Council tells me I have only one eye, when God's sense tells me I have two, am I to believe it?" It was a trying time for the Reformer to avoid a martyr's stake, but he was able to weigh against it a martyr's crown, and he chose the latter.

On July 6th, 1415, again the Council met; and John Huss was led into the presence of the brilliant assemblage, loaded with chains. He was asked, for the last time, whether he would abjure his writings and submit



HUSS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.



unreservedly to the Council, to which he made reply, "I came here at the command of the Emperor, and with his Safe-Conduct;" and as he looked the Emperor full in the face, the latter flushed crimson—(a hundred years after, Charles V., at Worms, referred to this circumstance, and said he should not like to blush as Sigismund did)—"that Safe-Conduct has been openly violated. I have been arrested, flung into a dungeon, and foully treated. How could I face the multitudes of men to whom I have preached Christ, and Him crucified, if I now publicly deny Him?" As he was found immovable, sentence of death was formally passed upon him. He was then degraded and subjected to horrible indignities, and yet he bore all without a murmur. As he was being led out to the stake, a great bonfire was pointed out to him on which his books were blazing, and he only smiled as he passed to think of the vain attempt to quench the light of the world. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," were words breathed by him as they tied him to the stake. He also prophesied that a hundred years later a voice should be raised in Europe that should never be silenced, and we know how true these words became. He sang hymns till his voice was choked by the flames. "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy upon me!" were his dying words.

It was not John Huss that really died, but this infallible Council and the Emperor—these have perished; the work and fame of John Huss are with us to-day. The Rhine received his ashes, and bore them to the mighty ocean, an emblem of the spreading of the truth that he proclaimed. The martyrdom of Huss was a Gospel resurrection, the greatest of victories the world could witness, and was the precursor of the day when all Europe should ring with the powerful notes of Martin Luther.

Jerome was taken from his dungeon on May 23rd, 1415, and brought before the Council. He was intimidated into making a qualified recantation. At this crisis he shrank from the stake, and yet he was destined soon after to follow thither his greater coadjutor. He was carried back to his dungeon, and kept there till May 23rd, 1416, and then he was brought again before the Council to say Yes or No to the question of life and death. Though shattered in health, and wasted by close confinement, he had been nerved by God for this trying hour. On May 26th he made his defence before the Council—as memorable a one as Stephen's, awing the assembled magnates, and terrifying his accusers by his eloquence in defence of truth, and pleading not for himself, but for the free preaching of the Gospel. He passed the most magnificent panegyric on Huss that history records, testifying to his life struggles, his blameless character, his shameful death. So powerful was his reasoning, and so impassioned his eloquence, that before him the assembly shrank into insignificance. Nobles and bishops visited him in prison, and by their purple and lawn blandishments endeavoured to bribe him to recant; but all to no purpose. On May 30th, 1416, sentence of death was passed upon him, and on the same spot consecrated by the ashes of John Huss, Jerome was burned. He, too, sang God's praises till the last. These two martyr fires at Constance were to be as beacon lights in the world, until Protestantism should come forth clad in the armour of faith to do successful battle with the powers of darkness.

God in His infinite wisdom had determined to evolve good out of evil; from the ashes of the martyrs the most powerful sermons are to be preached. All the Bohemians were roused at the perpetration of these tragedies;

the indignant rage of Prague fell on Constance and the Emperor ; and within the short space of four years from the death of Huss, the reformed faith had spread through the length and breadth of Bohemia.

A new and formidable party arose in the land ; they called themselves the Taborites, from a hill of that name, near the city of Prague, round which they were wont to assemble for religious observances. A man arose in Bohemia qualified to lead this party, by name Ziska, or the One-eyed. He was born and bred a soldier, and became a Chamberlain of King Wenceslaus. Moved by the fate of John Huss, he seemed wrapped in melancholy. The King observing his sadness, inquired the cause, and learning his sympathy with the followers of Huss, said in a joke, " If you can bring the Emperor to book, you have my permission to do so." Ziska took this authority in writing under the seal of the King, as although a worthless instrument in the King's eyes, it was not so with Ziska ; for, as civil war now broke out in Prague, he at once put himself at the head of the Hussites. A series of battles took place of great importance in their consequences. The Emperor's soldiers had sounded the tocsin and crossed the Rubicon by charging an unarmed body of communicants while celebrating the Lord's Supper. On this becoming known, Ziska issued a manifesto, calling on all true-hearted Protestants to rally round his standard in defence of civil and religious liberty. The forces that now collected under his leadership were no insignificant band ; in numbers they were not inconsiderable, but in enthusiasm and courage they were unrivalled. Sigismund saw they could not be trifled with or despised ; so, concluding a treaty with Solyman and his Asiatic hordes, the Emperor marched

on Prague with an army computed at one hundred thousand men. But no sooner were the two armies joined than a panic seized the Emperor's troops, and they fled in the wildest confusion.

Before the next campaign took place, Ziska made some wise laws for the guidance of his Hussite followers, and also compiled a scheme of religious doctrine based upon scriptural authority. The Emperor now tried to compromise, and to induce the Hussites to put down their weapons and sue for pardon; but Ziska was too wary to trust one whose plighted word had been so foully broken. The Hussites have rarely had justice done to them by historians, but posterity is at length realizing the sublimity of the cause they so nobly espoused, and the heroic struggles they so fearlessly maintained. It is true their faith is associated with battle-fields and endless strifes; but if their weapon was the sword, it was not of their own choosing; they were reluctantly compelled to unsheathe it; it had been thrust unwillingly upon them, and they wielded it in defence of their homes and their liberties.

Although Ziska was now blind, having lost the use of both his eyes, his inner life was quickened, and he managed, controlled, and guided the whole affairs of the devoted band that he led. He fought, in all, fully sixteen battles, and in every one of them he defeated the Emperor's troops. On October 11th, 1424, he died suddenly, having been attacked by the Plague that was then ravaging the country. Before his end came he appointed his successor in the person of Procopius—a man in every respect qualified to lead his people, and one in whom the Hussites had most thorough confidence. The Emperor now collected a formidable army of seventy

thousand picked troops, supported by the Pope's blessing; and on June 16th, 1426, the two armies joined battle. Notwithstanding the acknowledged valour of the Germans, they were fighting in a bad cause, and against men rendered desperate by cruel wrongs; the result was that the Emperor's troops were routed with fearful slaughter; fifteen thousand were left dead on the field, and altogether, with dead, wounded, and missing, there were fifty thousand men *hors de combat*.

A respite of only a few months was granted to the poor Hussites, for in 1427 another mighty crusade was prepared. Pope Martin V. roused himself to try and crush this formidable nest of heresy that was spreading its swarms all over Bohemia and Germany. He forwarded to England a Bull to Henry de Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, son of John of Gaunt and brother of Henry IV., and having made him a Cardinal, he delegated to him the important and delicate task of exterminating the Hussites. The Bull gave plenary powers to slaughter every Hussite and seize his property, and furthermore promised Paradise to any one who would enlist in the crusade. The Cardinal having the full power, consent, and blessing of Christ's Vicar for this wholesale carnage, had only to provide the money, the soldiers, and the success to make the enterprise a brilliant one!

The Bull was first promulgated in England, but found no supporters. The English would not engage in so barbarous a business. In the venerable city of Mechlin, in Belgium, the result was quite different. Never since the days of Peter the Hermit had such a ready response been given to any summons to arms; from the Rhine to the Elbe, and from the Baltic to the Alps, men flocked to the standard of Henry de Beaufort. Some say ninety



thousand foot soldiers and ninety thousand cavalry marched on Prague, led by all the cardinals, electors, counts, and grandees of Germany. Surely now the last days of the poor persecuted followers of John Huss had come. The fame of this mighty coalition only nerved Procopius to stand firm. All parties in Prague united to oppose this invading host, which moved forward with banners flying and trumpets blowing; the psalm of victory they had already sung, and in the month of June, 1427, they sat down before the city of Meiss. The Bohemians instantly marched out to meet them, and only a river separated the two armies. The invaders gazed at these Hussites, whom they had come so far to annihilate, and the longer they looked at them the less they liked their appearance. All the rumours and traditions of their valour rose in the memory of De Beaufort's followers as they beheld these warriors, begrimed with the dust of battle and rendered hardy by exposure to constant dangers. The Hussites waited but a moment, and then dashed into the stream and fell upon their invaders, who in the wildest confusion fled, and were cut to pieces by the Hussites who hung upon their rear. In spite of the prayers and curses of the Legate and cardinals, this immense army was completely routed, and the spoil left behind enriched nearly all Prague. The Pope tried to comfort his afflicted son, Henry de Beaufort, assuring him that if he would organize a second expedition it should be doubly blessed; but the Legate had had too much reason already to interfere again with Protestants, for he observed that if the Hussites were unsound in doctrine, they were not in fighting; and if their wits were blunt, so that they could not perceive the truth, their swords were sharp enough.

Procopius, only too anxious to bring peace to his distracted country, proceeded to the Court of the Emperor Sigismund, and laid before him an honourable proposal for peace; but although the conqueror came to the conquered, Procopius was scouted from the presence of the Emperor, who refused even to listen to the cry that was going up to heaven. Only a dishonourable, humiliating peace could be had, consigning their posterity to eternal slavery, a price the Hussites would not pay. Procopius now determined to let Germany realize that his people were not to be trampled upon like dogs; so in 1429, at the head of about eighty thousand Bohemians, he marched into the heart of Germany; and before this conquering host the proud city of Nuremberg had to lower its flag and sue for mercy, while the Elector of Brandenburg paid ten thousand golden ducats to obtain his liberty. These continuous wars undoubtedly lowered the high moral tone that had characterized the commencement of the Hussite struggle. We must, however, never forget, as we read the accounts of these fearful persecutions and struggles for independence, that it was the dawn of the fifteenth century and not of the nineteenth, for by our light and knowledge we cannot fairly judge these people; and, also, we should recollect that Rome fears and hates, and therefore too often misrepresents, all men who are morally strong, whose armour is the Gospel, and who fight for truth and freedom.

A third great coalition was, after this, formed against the Bohemians, and an army of upwards of a hundred thousand, horse and foot, marched under the Pope's special benediction to attack these heretics. The Hussites again turned their faces towards God, and their prayer was answered; for, brave as the Germans are

naturally, a bad cause made them cowards, and at the sound of the Hussites approaching, they quitted the field in a disorderly panic. As the Syrians fled before Samaria, so did this host before the Bohemians. The divine power was everywhere seen; so that this third crusade melted away "at the presence of the Lord." The Pope, having exhausted his arsenal, both spiritual and temporal, and the Emperor, heartily wearied of repeated failure, at last condescended to sue for peace, and they were graciously pleased to hold out the olive branch to the Hussite leaders. A council was called to meet at Basle; and here the Pope and Emperor determined to try other weapons at which they had always been adepts, viz., wiles and intrigues. At this time Basle was intensely Roman Catholic, though a hundred years later it was destined to be one of the first Swiss towns to open its arms to Protestantism. The Swiss came from all parts to gaze at the three hundred deputies who travelled from Bohemia to be present at this conference, the representatives of a people who held such abominable doctrines, but who fought with such terrible effect. That all the world may realize what reasonable people the Hussites of the fifteenth century were, hear the only four points they insisted upon at the Council, as the claims of the Bohemian nation:—

1. The free preaching of God's Word.
2. The right of worship in their own tongue.
3. That the clergy shall not hold secular offices.
4. That the laws shall be administered fairly, irrespective of persons.

These propositions were surely reasonable, if the deputies had been addressing reasonable men; but after three tedious months the Council had done nothing but dispute,

defer, and shuffle, so that the deputies returned home sick at heart.

In 1484 a new Diet was held in Bohemia, when the Papists accepted these four propositions, reserving to themselves the right to understand and explain them. As with the Bible, Rome accepts it, but claims the sole right of explaining its meaning. After all these struggles for liberty, the Emperor Sigismund was acknowledged by the Bohemian people, and he and the Pope commenced their sway over this patriotic but unfortunate land. This treaty, known in history as the "Compactata," was one of the most disastrous agreements ever made. It pleased no one, and from the moment of its acceptance the power and glory of the Hussites began to wane. They had previously presented an unbroken front to the enemy; now the people are divided against themselves, the Taborites against the Calixtines; the former led by Procopius, and the latter led by half-hearted Protestants and moderate Roman Catholics. These two parties joined battle and fought all day; and not till evening did the tide turn in favour of the Calixtines, when Procopius and some of his bravest men fell among the slain. This was the last of the Hussite wars. It was as well the valiant patriot, who had fearlessly and faithfully led his people so often to victory, perished in this encounter, and did not live to see the toils of his life and the hopes he had so fondly cherished pass away. The high-minded motives and zeal for God's service which had so long animated the Bohemians soon ceased to operate, and the nation, once more under the domineering influence of Sigismund and the debasing priestcraft, lapsed into the same degraded condition it was in previous to the time of Huss. Yet all was not lost; for among the

poorer classes reading was very general, and portions of the Scriptures and tracts were to be found in the cottages of the peasants. The remaining survivors of the Taborites drew together into a town known as Tabor, not far from Prague, and lived such holy and peaceable lives that on one occasion Pope Pius II., when passing on a tour of inspection, preferred to sleep a night among the Taborites, though, as he said, "the rascals did not believe in transubstantiation," rather than trust himself among his own people.

These Taborites again suffered great persecution, and had to meet by stealth at night in a cave to celebrate divine worship, and in the course of their sufferings were much strengthened and encouraged by deputies and communications from the Waldensian Valleys. The time at length began to dawn, as Huss had prophesied, when God would visit His people. The hundred years had nearly passed, and the members of two hundred churches were to be found in Bohemia and Moravia which had not bowed the knee to Baal, and upon whom all the terrors of Rome had had no effect.

We are now to trace this wondrous movement in other lands. The curtain of the great stage is again to rise, and an actor to appear whom all the world shall see and hear and know, who, springing from obscurity, shall grapple with kings and Popes until his work shall be accomplished, and his mission fulfilled, until he realizes his lofty project of exalting above all royal crowns and Papal tiaras the authority of the "Word of God."

# THE REFORMATION IN GERMANY.

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## LIFE AND TIMES OF MARTIN LUTHER.



THE history of the Reformation in Germany is no ordinary tale; it is from first to last a thrilling record of events which have permanently affected the state of all Europe and the progress of modern civilization.

The time is the dawn of the sixteenth century; the place, the German Empire; the man, Martin Luther. It may be said that the Papal power, freely exercising its utmost lust of dominion, now seemed to enjoy the most ample opportunity for its relentless persecutions. What with interdicts, concordats, bulls, mortuaries, and other diabolical devices, Rome had obtained the complete mastery over men's souls and bodies. There was no civil or religious liberty, no peace for body or mind, to those under its sway; it had become the most baneful tyranny conceivable. The fifteenth century was not, however, to close without an event thrice happy for Protestantism, but thrice woful to the Papacy and big with interest to the world at large. It was at Eisenach, on November 10th, 1483, that to John Luther and his pious wife was born a son, afterwards named Martin, because November 10th is St. Martin's Eve. There was nothing that appeared remarkable about this child, and yet he was the instrument destined to shake

the Papacy to its foundation, to foil the ambitious projects of the greatest Emperor that ever sat upon a throne since the days of Charlemagne, and to produce the greatest moral revolution that history records.

John Luther earned his bread by humble industry as a miner. It has been well said that "there is more dignity in honest labour than in titled idleness." He had a superior mind, was a great lover of books, and, what is more and better, was a God-fearing man. Removing afterwards, first to Eisleben and then to Mansfeld, he so prospered that he was able to purchase some books, rare acquisitions in those days. At fourteen years of age Martin Luther was sent to school at Magdeburg, a sort of Do-the-boys' Hall establishment, where the maxim was, if you want to get anything into a boy you must flog it in. He then removed to Eisnach, and after lessons, the boys had to go round the town and beg for bread, a system then in vogue among the friars all over Europe. One day, while engaged in begging, his open countenance and pleasing manners arrested the attention of a good woman, by name Ursula Cotta, the wife of a burgher of some importance in the town. This good woman, whose name will never be forgotten, took young Martin into her home, and was subsequently the means of contributing largely to form the character of this great religious reformer. It is well to remember that Luther, in early life, may be said to have been cradled amid hardships, so that as a soldier of the Cross of Christ he might be better prepared for the conflict that lay before him.

At eighteen years of age Martin Luther entered the University of Erfurt, where he hopes to acquire that skill in jurisprudence that might place him in the forefront of the men of his age. While here, for the first

time, he stumbled across a copy of the Scriptures, the Vulgate Bible, by Jerome. He had never seen this curious book before; and the part he opened at was Samuel's dedication to the Lord, and his divine commission to the house of Eli. In this interesting narrative he seemed to read his own life, and to picture to himself that he might be called of God as a second Samuel, to lead his countrymen to repentance and salvation. He daily returned and pondered this wondrous story; and as he extended his reading, mists that had long shrouded his spirit began to clear away. Just as the clouds of night pass on and reveal to the distressed mariner the haven before him, so was it with Luther; a new world seemed opening up. In 1503 Luther took his Bachelorship of Arts, and shortly after, a raging fever brought him to death's door, making the solemn question (which every one should often ask), "Am I prepared to die?" only the more real and urgent. While on this sick-bed, an aged priest greatly helped to soothe his troubled soul. He, however, recovered, and again prosecuted his studies and his search after truth; so that in two years' time he became a Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy.

Some striking incidents occurred which brought him more than ever to reflect upon his position in the sight of God. The death of a near friend, and the descent of a meteoric bolt during a thunderstorm at his very feet, induced him to make a vow to serve God for the remainder of his life. To serve God acceptably in the sixteenth century, men believed they must wear a monk's habit and enter a monastery; and so Luther, if his sins were ever to be atoned for, and God's anger appeased, thought he must do so too, and on August 17th, 1505, he entered an Augustine monastery at Erfurt. When



his father heard of this, his rage knew no bounds; he vowed he would never see him again, and he declared the devil had imposed upon his son to frighten him into the rash step. All the high hopes he had formed concerning him were dashed to the ground; instead of becoming a professor in one of the great universities, he had shut himself up in a monastery, to lead henceforth the questionable life of a recluse. If John Luther was disappointed at the step his son had taken, Martin himself was even more so. Instead of finding peace, comfort, or happiness, as he had hoped and expected, in enduring penance, in counting beads, and in adoring saints and relics, he found it all vanity. His troubles were mocked at by lazy, dissolute priests, who made him, a Doctor of Philosophy, perform the most menial duties. The monastery nearly became his grave; for, what with worry and work, he seemed in appearance more like a shadow than a man, pacing from cell to cell, eagerly seeking for peace and rest, and finding none. To John Staupitz, Vicar-General of the Augustine Order, is due the credit of helping poor Martin out of some of his troubles. While visiting the convent he observed the anguish on his face, and, discovering the cause, began to lead him into the paths of truth, explaining that Christ came to save sinners and not saints, and that he must give up trying to make himself a saint. Again, an aged monk opened Luther's eyes still further by explaining that he must believe in the forgiveness of sins, and not the payment for them. A second severe illness in his cell in this convent, and the consolation from the monk who attended him, appears to have hastened his conversion to the truth. The battle with the powers of darkness had been long and fierce, but the fight had been won; and it has been well

observed, that "in this cell died Martin Luther, the monk, and in this cell was born Martin Luther, the reformer."

On May 2nd, 1507, Martin Luther was publicly ordained a priest. In ordaining a priest, the bishop confers the power of sacrificing for the quick and the dead. Protestantism says that the sacrifice was made once and for ever on Calvary, and to this sacrifice man can add nothing to render it more complete or more universal. Luther did not then perceive this great Christian verity; but, referring to this ceremony in after life, he expressed his wonder that the earth did not open and swallow him up quick.

• Luther was now summoned to fill the chair of a professor at the new University of Wittenberg, founded by Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony. In this new vocation Luther was at home, lecturing to the students from Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and breaking to them the bread of life. Building on a new and sure foundation, he will overthrow or reform the mighty fabric of Papal superstition. Luther began to preach, and this was the beginning of preaching. The monks could not preach through ignorance, and the friars, by coarse jokes and tales, had only managed to amuse the people. Even at this period Luther firmly believed in Christ's Vicar and in the authority of the Holy Catholic Church; but the scales were about to fall from his eyes. In his after life he saw how wide was the gulf and how great the estrangement that already existed between him and the Church of Rome.

A matter of business carried him on a journey to the "Eternal City," and on the way his mind is filled with veneration for its holiness, and for its high dignity as the

residence of Christ's vicegerent. After crossing the Italian frontier and entering the garden of Europe, he rests at a large convent, and is horrified to find the scenes of dissipation therein taking place. Instead of fasting on Friday, the monks are revelling in banquets; and when Luther ventures to inquire what all this means, and to gently remonstrate upon so flagrant a violation of good church discipline, he receives an intimation that he had better make good his escape. Hurrying from this scene of wickedness, he presses towards Rome, which, in his opinion, will atone for all the wickedness outside. There again Luther was doomed to sad disappointment. The veil that had blinded him was soon rudely torn from his eyes. Very much that was horrifying to him met his view. The shameless ignorance of the priests and the immorality of the whole city were patent to all who had eyes to see. The priests boldly confessed that they gulled the people with their masses, and laughed heartily at the strange scruples of the rude German who dared to rebuke their refined Italian manners. At the Church of the Lateran are the celebrated stairs known as the "Scala Sancta," which are of marble, and which Christ is said to have walked down after leaving the hall of Pontius Pilate. How did they get to Rome? According to the little fable which Rome has invented, they were carried by angels from Jerusalem to the Eternal City. Similar little acts of kindness have more than once been specially performed by angels for the Church of Rome. Every one who climbs these stairs on his knees merits an indulgence from sin, or, in sin, free from its penalties for fifteen years. Now, Luther devoutly believed in the efficacy of these stairs, and while climbing them, words which had often before startled him again sounded

in his ears, "The just shall live by faith." Faith in a crucified and risen Saviour alone justifies the sinner. This doctrine is henceforth to be the foundation of Martin Luther's creed, and before all the world it shall be maintained.

In 1517 Leo X. sat in the pontifical chair. He lived in style surpassing an emperor, and determined to rebuild the famous St. Peter's, and otherwise embellish the capital of his dominion. But money, money, money would be wanted by tens of thousands, and what better way than by unlocking the gates of Paradise and causing to flow out rivers of blessings, at which hungry souls, if they wished to drink, would not mind paying a trifle or two for leave? Yes; he would open public auctions in every town in Europe, and at these marts spiritual blessings should be sold wholesale and retail to the highest bidders. Those who had plenty of money might purchase anything, and those who had none must be considered afterwards.

John Tetzel, of Leipsic, concerning whom nothing good was known, was appointed indulgence-monger for Germany. Specially commissioned by the Pope, he was confirmed in the appointment by the Archbishop of Mainz. He had been an Inquisitor, and his character was tolerably well known for infamy; but, possessed of the impudence of a mountebank and the voice of a town crier, his qualifications were indisputable, and his vices need not, therefore, be thought of. A red cross preceded him; the Pope's Bull, carried on a velvet cushion, came next; and, lastly, mules laden with indulgences and pardons. His reception among the ignorant and wicked was wonderful. Thousands flocked to the mart. Never before, as Tetzel truly observed, and never again, would

the gates of Paradise be flung open so widely, or on such favourable terms. The promise was to pardon past, present, and future sins, and, what was more, to let out ruined souls from purgatory. This last promise was irresistible. According to Tetzel, the moment the money clinked in the bottom of his box, the condemned soul flew straight to Paradise. And then, like Satan himself, he misquoted Scripture in support of this infamous jugglery: "Many prophets have desired to see these things that you see, and have not seen them; and to hear these things that you hear, and have not heard them." The more enlightened were naturally horrified at this monstrous fraud, but the superstitious and wicked of all ranks and ages availed themselves of this easy mode of disposing of the burden of sin. The profits made were enormous. A poor miner asked, naturally enough, "If for one penny my father's soul can be relieved from purgatory, why has it been retained there so long for the sake of a miserable penny?" Such questions were not convenient to answer. Rome at a distance was all very well to the Teutonic race, but when it came too near in the person of Tetzel, the Germans began to see through the system.

Tetzel drew near to Wittenberg, paying his travelling expenses and hotel bills by "drafts on Paradise." The Elector positively refused him admission into the city; he therefore set up his sale at Juterboch, and while offering salvation for money, Luther was preaching salvation by grace. When the bold Reformer heard of the close proximity of this dangerous man, he told his fellow citizens that, by God's grace, he would make a hole in Tetzel's drum.

Luther then took the important step which is so well known and so widely honoured. On October 31st, 1517,

he nailed to the door of the church in Wittenberg his memorable "Theses," or propositions (ninety-five in number), against indulgences. The whole argument or substance of these propositions went to show that God alone can forgive sin. It was on the night preceding this great event, viz., October 30th, that the Elector of Saxony had his memorable dream while in his palace at Schweinitz, eighteen miles distant. A monk appeared and asked to be permitted to write something on the church door at Wittenberg. He began to write in letters so large that the Elector could read them at Schweinitz, and the pen was so long that it reached to Rome, where it pierced the ears of a lion and caused the triple crown on the head of the Pope to shake. All the cardinals and princes of Europe ran to prevent it from falling, "and I among the rest," said the Elector; "but when we tried to break the pen, which seemed made of iron, we could not, though I was specially commissioned to do it; but all in vain. The monk said, the pen belonged to an old goose of Bohemia, and that its strength was in its pith or marrow." The fulfilment of this wonderful dream was to take place the next day at Wittenberg; and so marvellously popular did the Theses become, that in less than a fortnight they were selling better than Tetzel's indulgences, and in a month's time they could be purchased in every town in Europe. Tetzel was furious. Finding he could not burn Luther, he proceeded to burn the Theses, and to pronounce all the curses of the Church against this daring heretic. Leo X., in his luxurious palace at Rome, began to spiff the storm that was brewing, and on August 7th, 1518, summoned Luther to appear before him within sixty days, to answer for his many sins.

The German Diet was then sitting at Augsburg; and

through the influence of the Elector of Saxony, the Pope transferred the trial of Luther to Augsburg, and empowered his Legate, Cardinal Cajetan, to hear the case and settle it; little dreaming that centuries should roll away, but the case should still remain an open question. The Cardinal, a sworn enemy of Protestantism, and a staunch supporter of Papal dogmas, merely supposed he would have to summon this unruly monk before him, who would forthwith fall on his knees and humbly crave the Church's pardon. Moreover, he was empowered, if he should find the turbulent Doctor obstinate, to send him in chains to Rome.

Before the ordeal of facing this Cardinal was brought about, God, in His providence, sent a friend to the Wittenberg champion. This friend was the refined and learned Philip Melancthon, who at that time came to the university to fill the chair of Greek professor. Although of somewhat diminutive stature, he had a colossal mind and a most lovable disposition. Luther had practically stood alone; but now, just before his life struggles and battles are to begin, God, in His goodness, sends him a friend and companion; and these two men, though moulded so differently, were to join in the great cause Luther had so fearlessly espoused, and henceforth they are united for life.

Luther now set off, at the summons of the Diet, to appear at Augsburg before the Pope's Legate. All along the road he received ample assurances of love and friendship, but also many warnings against the treachery of Rome, urging him to at once obtain a safe-conduct. On reaching Augsburg, those warnings were fully confirmed; and hearing nothing very flattering of Cajetan's honour, he determined, before present-

ing himself, to obtain a safe-conduct, which duly arrived on October 11th.

A valet of the Cardinal's, thinking to save his master the trouble of dealing with this rude German, found out Luther's lodgings, and, in the pleasantest manner, tried to persuade him to "revoco," a little word of six letters; to which the Reformer, with true German bluntness, replied by a little word of four letters, "Can't." The first interview with Thomas de Vio, Cardinal Cajetan, was still less satisfactory. The only question asked by Rome was, "Did Luther write the Theses;" and if so, "Was he sorry for so flagrant a sin?" The only answer the Reformer gave was, "Yes; that he wrote them, and was highly pleased with them." The second and third interviews ended in angry words; and Cajetan, finding that he could do nothing with so stubborn a man, offered him a safe-conduct to Rome, a living burial, which Luther politely declined, and leaving Augsburg at break of day, he slipped through the Cardinal's fingers and safely reached Wittenberg. In consequence of the Pope's Bull issued against him for the time being, Luther was requested to withdraw from the Elector's dominions; and just as, with sorrowing heart and depressed spirits, he is prepared to leave, the Pope withdraws the ban, and resolves to try once more what diplomacy will do.

Cardinal Cajetan had failed to convert this troublesome monk, but possibly under more skilful treatment, his conversion might be accomplished. For this purpose a second ambassador is tried, by name Miltitz, the Pope's Chamberlain, who well knew his master's mind. Though a German by birth, he was a wily Italian in manners; he made sure, by graces, smiles, and bribes,



to silence the stubborn Reformer; and, to pave the way in high quarters, he brought with him the "Golden Rose" as a present for the Elector. This decoration was the highest of all honours that Rome could bestow; but, much to Miltitz's chagrin, the Elector received the Rose through his Chancellor. Miltitz now tried what he could do personally with Luther, telling him that Tetzels and the Archbishop of Mainz had overshot the mark, and that the Pope was grieved for any scandal that they had committed; but Luther soon pulled the Legate up by assuring him he was quite at sea in his facts, and that, so far from the Pope regretting what had been done, he was at the bottom of it all, and the author of all the iniquity; and, to cut the interview short, Luther said, "You will never get a retractation from me." So this attempt also proved a failure.

On June 24th, 1519, the celebrated Leipsic controversy took place. The combatants were Carlstadt and Dr. Eck; the former representing the Wittenberg movement, and the latter the Church of Rome. On both sides are arrayed able and subtle minds, and the controversy was carried on in the presence of Duke George of Saxony, attended by nobles and bishops. Luther was allowed to be present, but merely as a witness. The main argument to be debated was, whether salvation is by grace or by works: it resulted in giving a great moral impetus to Protestantism. After disputing sixteen days, Luther, at the urgent request of all parties, entered the arena, and taking up the gage of battle, began a fight for the truth. The first point of attack was the Pope's primacy. This is a fundamental doctrine of the Church, which Luther himself had tenaciously clung to until his eyes had been opened; but now he tells the Council that, on

closer investigation, he finds no scriptural warrant for the divine right by which the Pope professes to rule: no Pope had been heard of in Europe during the first four centuries of the Christian era. Luther admits the human right or invention by which he rules and reigns, but there never had been any divine right; and notwithstanding Dr. Eck's skilful manipulation of the old and present argument of "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church" (Matt. xvi. 18), Luther foiled him by quoting 1 Cor. iii. 11: "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." The rock referred to by Christ in Matt. xvi. 18 was clearly Peter's statement in verse 16: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." So ably did Luther defend the truth and assault Rome, that Dr. Eck, seeing his defeat imminent, was cowardly enough to attempt to brand Luther as a "Wickliffite" or "Hussite," names honourable now, but deemed infamous then. Even from this danger Luther was saved, and passed out from the Council with far more friends than when the controversy commenced.

At this period, Germany, united with Spain and other States, and together constituting the greatest Power in Europe, was ruled by the Emperor Charles V., who was reputed the most renowned monarch since the days of Charlemagne. This great potentate is just preparing to array all his forces against the Gospel, and to strain every nerve to bring about the ruin of its faithful adherents. Luther thinks the time opportune to appeal for help to those who ought to give it, and for this purpose pens his celebrated "Appeal," or "Exposition of Protestantism," which he addresses to the Emperor, princes, and people of Germany. This

letter was unquestionably the most famous work of the age; its attack on the Papacy "was front, flank, and rear," complete and sweeping. Beginning at the spiritual supremacy, Luther showed how this doctrine enslaved all classes, placing, as it were, the salvation of the world at the pleasure of one man, who, on his own showing, pretended to hold the keys of heaven, letting in those he liked and locking out those he did not like. The vampire of the Papacy had sucked the very vitals out of Europe; the monks and friars, like a devastating army or a swarm of locusts, had eaten up the hard-earned substance of the people. Talk of driving out the Turk; drive out the Roman, the greatest Turk of all. Luther further exposed the popular delusion that the shaved head and cowl make a monk or priest. Unless a man is consecrated to God by faith and love, no human ordination can make him a priest.

This appeal was so cogent, the truths so weighty, and the reasoning so irresistible, that it fell like a thunder-clap upon Europe. The man, the cause, the moment, all were sublime. Never had the sacred cause of truth a more bold defender. Luther wrote anxiously to Charles V., asking his help, but the Emperor had not even the common courtesy to acknowledge this letter.

Leo X. now found that mild treatment with so monstrous a heretic was out of the question; he therefore fulminated his memorable Bull of Excommunication, commending Luther to the flames, and ordering any one to catch and punish him. The Bull was entrusted to two Legates, and the Elector was written to, asking him to see it enforced. Just before the Bull arrived, Luther had written to the Pope, begging him to re-

nounce his sins and come out of Babylon. The Bull arrived, and Luther boldly confronts and answers it, publicly denying its validity. He will himself publish it, and in a way never to be forgotten. On December 10th, 1520, in the presence of a vast crowd, and amid the plaudits of the university, he consigns the mighty Bull of Leo X. to the flames. Rome firmly believed her fulmination, as it had done before, would simply crush this poor German monk; but Luther, grasping with a hand of iron the bolt hurled against him, flung it back at the Pope's head.

With overwhelming pomp, Charles V., the young monarch, was crowned Emperor of all Germany at Aix-la-Chapelle. He was to hold his first Diet at Nuremberg, but as the Plague was busy in this ancient city, it was decided to hold the Diet at Worms. The Elector was urgently appealed to by Charles to bring Luther to account; and his reply was, that Luther must be openly tried, publicly and fairly, and if found guilty, he should suffer. This clearly pointed to Worms, and gave promise of giving Protestantism a wider hearing and a nobler platform. All eyes are thus turned towards Worms, where the mighty drama is about to be played. Charles has a policy in keeping Luther safe for the present. He had a great game to play off, and had found out that Luther was a very handy ball to keep rolling. The Pope had agreed to help Charles V. in his wars against Francis I.; and Charles, on his part, promised to oblige the Pope by burning Luther and stamping out the hydra of Protestantism, a little programme he considered easy to carry out.

January 28th, 1521, the Diet opens at Worms, and on March 6th Luther is summoned by the Emperor to appear

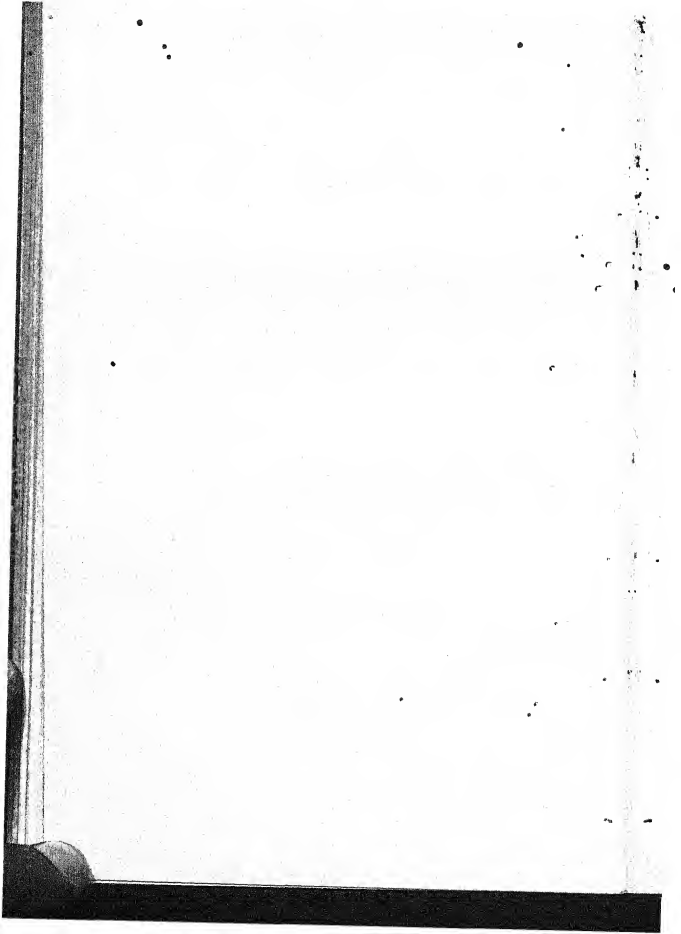
before it; and for this purpose the imperial herald hands the Safe-Conduct for his journey, without which Luther would not start. His enemies were doubtful if he would go, but not so Luther himself; he was determined to go, and this notwithstanding Huss' Safe-Conduct had been so ruthlessly violated. The parting with Melancthon was most tender, his friends fearing they would never see him again. The journey to Worms was triumphant throughout; on the way, in the towns through which he passed, he preached the pure Gospel to large congregations. Rome really dreaded Luther's appearance before so august an assembly, and did all in her power to persuade the Emperor to change his mind; but to no purpose, for a higher Power had decreed that Luther's faith should be known to all the world. On arriving in the city, thronged to excess by the mighty following of Charles V., he had some difficulty in reaching his lodgings. Luther was, however, gratified to find his friends were neither few nor unimportant. Messages of good-will and tokens of encouragement from the very highest among the retinue of the Emperor continued to reach him. But Luther's trust was not in man, but in God, and in God only.

On April 17th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the Reformer, conducted by the Imperial Guard, was forced through the densest of crowds into the presence of the Diet. The words, "Take no thought what ye shall answer, for I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist," were present to Luther's mind, and he needed all the strength that comes from the consciousness of God's Holy Spirit resting upon him, to strengthen him for the fiery ordeal through which he was about to pass. Perhaps never before



PORTRAIT OF LUTHER.

EWING CHRISTIAN COLLEGE  
ALLAHABAD.



had so imposing an assembly been brought together. It would need the imagination of a Macaulay to paint the picture that presented itself to Luther's gaze.

Master of the greater part of both the Old and the New Worlds, the youthful monarch, dressed in all the sumptuous elegance of Spanish costume, and wearing the insignia of empire, seated on his throne, surrounded by archdukes, princes, and nobles, archbishops and bishops, and all the pomp of monarchy and of the Roman Church, awaited the entry of this humble monk.

The very appearance of Luther before the Council placed both above the authority of the Pope. On silence being obtained, the Chancellor of the Empire demanded of the Reformer if he acknowledged the authorship of certain books lying upon the table. Luther had the titles read, that all might hear and know the books that were adjudged so fearful. Having admitted their authorship, he is next asked if he will retract the statements they contain. To this he asks for a day's respite to consider of his reply, and this the Diet graciously allows. All the while Luther stood before this august assembly, Charles V. had continued to gaze at him, remarking to a courtier, "That man will never make a heretic of me."

On the morning of April 18th, 1521, Luther is seized with a sudden illness, and in burning words petitions the throne of grace to stand by him in the approaching conflict. His prayer was heard in heaven, for at its close he is so far strengthened and refreshed as to accompany the guard to the doors of the council-chamber, where for two weary hours he is detained in the crowd, in the hope of breaking his spirit. But at length he is ushered in, and the momentous question



is abruptly put, "Will he recant?" "Will he deny his Lord?" All bend forward to catch his reply!

If it be true that there are moments in the history of the world when the destiny of mankind seems to tremble in the balance, surely this was one. Here is a solitary man standing before the most refined, most enlightened, and most august assembly the world could boast. "Shall Christ be crucified again, or crowned King of kings and Lord of lords?" is the real question asked, and Luther replies, "I have attacked the errors and scandals of the Church of Rome, and this charge I cannot, I dare not, withdraw. I have opposed glaring impostures, an infamous traffic in indulgences, and the men who have framed and upheld both. Let me be convinced of my errors from Scripture, and I will cheerfully recant, but till then, never!" Luther warned the assembly, as Gamaliel of old warned the Sanhedrim, not to trifle with so grave a matter. To this confession of faith, Alexander, the Pope's Legate, made an attempt to reply; but his reply evaporated in less than a week, and is now utterly forgotten. Luther's defence of the true faith has continued to influence the world for more than three hundred years. The Diet demand a distinct reply, "Yes or No; will he retract?" Luther, then, "No; here I stand, I can do no more. May God help me!" The Spirit of God and a good conscience, doubtless, were the two powers that sustained the Reformer in this memorable conflict. The crowns and armies of emperors, the tiaras and anathemas of popes, can do nothing against divine truth. The Council at once proceeded to condemn Luther as a heretic, to be followed by excommunication and interdict.

Although his Safe-Conduct was tampered with, it was not violated; and on April 26th, at early morn, Luther passed through the gates of Worms on his homeward journey. The road back was attended with great danger, as the Pope was determined, by fair or foul means, to bring about his death. On May 4th, as Luther and his friend Amsdorff were riding through the forest near Mora, not far from Eisnach, a spot so familiar to his youth, a troop of masked horsemen sprung upon them, and seizing the Reformer, blindfolded him. Then, plunging into the Thuringian Forest, after winding about all day by tortuous paths, to avoid pursuit, they at night ascended a hill, on the summit of which was a castle, and in this Luther was securely lodged. When morning dawned, Luther found himself in the Wartburg Castle, and in most friendly hands, carried off as in a whirlwind, no one knew where; and this just as the Emperor and the Pope had united their powers to crush him.

The Doctor of Wittenberg has now time for rest and study. For the latter, his great work was translating the Scriptures into the vernacular of the people. Attempts at this had been made before, but the transcript was so bad, the printing so wretched, and the price so high, that the versions were unsaleable; and not till Luther translated the New Testament from the Greek can it be said that the Germans had the pure Word of God in their own tongue. On September 21st, 1522, the glorious book appeared at the small price of a florin and a-half. Luther also translated the Old Testament, assisted by Melancthon and other able scholars. His Bible is universally admitted to be a model of accuracy of translation and elegance of diction, and it is much

prized and sought after even at the present day. These excessive mental labours following on his public toils and worry, brought on a partial mental derangement, during which he fancied himself attacked by the evil one, and on one occasion was so sure of his presence, that he hurled his ink-pot at him; and visitors to the Wartburg are still shown the mark of the ink on the wall.

Meanwhile, the sacred cause that Wittenberg had so nobly espoused began to march forward; first, in this city the mass was discontinued, then monastic vows were broken, and, lastly, the Virgin and all the saints were neglected. Lutheranism was rapidly spreading all over Germany; and so far from Protestantism being crushed, it was springing up in every city and village of Europe. The printing presses were constantly employed in diffusing books and tracts broadcast. Nuremberg, one of the most ancient and most opulent cities of Europe, went formally over to the Reformed faith, and in one day four thousand persons publicly confessed Christ. This was the same city where the Inquisition was afterwards established, with all its horrors, and where the darkest deeds of infamy were enacted; deeds so black, so vast, so appalling, that Rome did indeed succeed in stamping out the faith here, but at what a price! Nuremberg, with the expulsion and purgation of its faithful citizens, sank into a city of comparatively small importance, and the black shadow of the Inquisition is upon it to this day.

A division now takes place in the Protestant ranks on the important question of the Lord's Supper. There has always been, and possibly always will be, a difficulty in getting people to advance shoulder to shoulder even in the paths of truth. Fanatics and lag-behinds will

always be met with, and so it was now. Carlstadt and Luther, on the question of Consubstantiation, divided the Protestant ranks. This was one of the points in which Luther to his death remained in the dark; he could not realize what contemporary reformers and we in the present day hold so firmly and so reasonably, viz., that there is no real natural bodily presence in the sacramental bread, not, even as Luther, in his modified Romish doctrine, held, a bodily combined with the spiritual presence. Protestants say, the spiritual presence is the only presence Christ ever meant should accompany the celebration of the ordinance, and the "*Hoc est meum corpus*," which became to Luther such a stumbling-block, was figurative language, like other kindred passages, such as "*I am the door*," "*I am the true vine*," &c.

The gulf that was widening and deepening between Luther and the Church of Rome, became more apparent and more unmistakable when Luther publicly dissolved his vow of celibacy, and on June 11th, 1526, took to wife Catharine Bora, a woman of great worth, and who was the means of strengthening him in the hours of his sorest trial.

On June 25th, 1526, the celebrated Diet of Spire met, having been convened by Charles V. with a view of executing the judgment of Worms on Protestantism. This Diet was an adjourned sitting from Augsburg, and was, both in representation and numbers, worthy of the business in hand. The Protestant princes, unmoved by the storm-clouds that were gathering all around, came together in great force. The motto on their escutcheons and on the liveries of their servants was, "*Verbum Domini manet in eternum*,"—"The Word of the Lord endureth for ever." As they were accompanied by their

pastors, on entering the city of Spire, they demanded of the Bishop a church or churches for the conduct of their worship. This reasonable request was refused. Fortunately, the true Protestant faith requires no gilded edifice or consecrated building for the celebration of its simple worship and ordinances. In the open field, and under the broad canopy of heaven, the saints of God have ever, and can ever, worship the Father in spirit and in truth.

The Emperor had sent his positive instructions in writing that Lutheranism must be crushed, and certainly he seemed now well able to carry his threat into execution. His power in Europe was supreme. The battle of Pavia had been fought, and Charles had dragged his great rival, Francis I., in chains to Madrid; Frederick of Saxony, the great patron of the Reformation, was in his grave; and what power could now prevent the threatened blow from descending? Well had the Protestants need to take courage from their motto; and they were not without reward, for deliverance came when least expected, and from a quarter the most unlikely. A rumour reached the Diet of the rupture of the Pope and Charles V., which afterwards proved only too well founded. These two great fiery lights, red-hot, began to scorch one another. Clement VII. suddenly becomes suspicious of the vast power the Emperor has obtained, and believing he himself may one day be swallowed up in the Empire, makes a "Holy Alliance" (as he terms it), with Henry VIII. of England at its head, for the purpose of curbing the overgrown power of Charles. By this league all was changed in a moment, not only in the Emperor's counsels, but in the Diet itself. The Emperor might now require the help of the Protestants against the Pope; and so, quiet instructions were for-

warded to his Ambassador at Spires to withdraw his previous letter, and smile lovingly on the Protestant princes. And thus the storm which had so often gathered, and as often passed harmlessly away again, disappeared from the heavens. So far from the Diet of Spires crushing the Reformed faith, both the historians, Ranke and D'Aubigné, say that it liberated the movement from its previous somewhat narrow confines. From this period (1526) we find it dividing the power and influence in European councils, which it had been the almost undisputed privilege of the Church of Rome to exercise.

Charles was not slow to vent his rage at the sudden opposition raised by Clement. Regardless of the apparently formidable power marshalled against him, he collected his army and marched on to Rome. The Papacy, as if blind to the possibility of its own destruction, calmly awaited the promised aid of the Holy League, which, however, never put in an appearance; and twenty thousand German and Spanish troops, almost unopposed, entered the gates of the "Eternal" City. Clement and his cardinals took refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo; meanwhile commenced the horrors of what is known in history as the "Sack of Rome." The city at this time was certainly without a rival in the world; the accumulated wealth and splendour of centuries were crowded within its walls. The magnificence of Leo X., and the elegant adornments of Michael Angelo and Raffaele, seemed destined to destruction by the fierce soldiery that were now inside the gates. The commander had died on the road; so that the troops, unrestrained by any leader, now pursued their work of bloodshed and plunder. All that was deemed holy and sacred was treated with

mockery and ruin; and amid the most frightful confusion and carnage, a comedy was enacted before the walls of St. Angelo, in which Clement VII. was deposed and Martin Luther elected Pope. The Spanish soldiers were especially brutal and rapacious, and for ten weary days did these scenes of riot and ravage continue, and Rome was shorn of her pristine adornments and robbed of much of her boundless wealth. Upon this modern Babylon, gorged with the ill-gotten gains of past ages, and sitting down to her voluptuous ease, the hour of doom had come; and from this sudden and fearful retribution she has never recovered. What a moral, when we remember that all this came upon her from the hands of her "friends!"

This blow was so severe to Rome that she had now no strength or spirit left to persecute heretics; and so the Church of Christ had rest, and Luther took the happy opportunity to build up his work and organize his plans for the future. Three years pass quickly away; and the Pope having made up his quarrel with Charles, and Charles having made up his quarrel with the Turk, the two powers are once more in league against Lutheranism.

On March 13th, 1529, the second great Diet of Spire was convened, expressly with a view of undoing what the former Diet had accomplished, by annulling its arrangement for toleration, and re-issuing persecuting edicts against all outside the pale of Rome. The Protestant princes, fully alive to the great danger that now threatened them, appeared in great numbers, supported by their retainers, legal advisers, and pastors. The Emperor, through his brother Ferdinand, delivered to the Diet his instructions, which were apparently very simple, viz., to revoke the edict of the Diet of 1526, which Diet had

revoked the edict of Worms of 1521; and so the revocation of the former meant the establishment and confirmation of the latter. But this was a matter far too important to be settled in a moment. What will the Protestants do? After careful deliberation, they hand in to the Council a document, which is one of the most famous ever indited, and is known as the "Protest of Spires." It was doubtless written by Melancthon, and was read by the Elector, John, Duke of Saxony, April 19th, 1529, having been subscribed by himself and by Philip, Landgrave of Hesse; George, Margrave of Brandenburg; Ernest and Francis, Dukes of Luneburg; and the Count of Anhalt; besides the cities of Strasburg, Nuremberg, Ulm, Constance, Reutlingen, Lindau, and many others. This protest before all Europe exalted the power, spirit, and magnanimity of the Protestant cause. The true catholicity of its spirit, the defence of its faith, and its unanswerable charges against Rome's tyranny and usurpation rendered this bold stand of the Reformed princes of Germany a spectacle worthy of all Christendom to gaze at. From this Diet dates the name of "Protestants," now first given to those who held the Reformed faith.

Following this great event, a conference between Luther and Zwingli took place at Marburg, on the important question of the Lord's Supper. The conference was long-protracted, and at one time threatened to shatter the Reformed ranks. As previously stated, Luther would not and could not yield his old convictions, and his obstinacy threatened serious consequences to Protestantism; but Zwingli's noble-mindedness and liberal views avoided an open rupture, and the conference ended by a great acquisition of numbers to the views of Zwingli.

Some time following this religious meeting or diet, a



political gathering is convened by Charles V., to be held at Augsburg, ostensibly for the purpose of again trying to crush Lutheranism. Charles crossed the Alps, and on June 15th, 1530, entered the city with magnificent pomp and splendour. Luther, who was in the Castle of Coburg, prayed day and night for the issue of the conference; while Melancthon, who was the mouth-piece of the Protestant princes, accompanied them to the city. On June 25th, in the presence of the Emperor and one of the most august assemblies that could be brought together, "The Confession of Faith" was publicly read. This Confession, which occupied two hours in reading, and had been prepared by Melancthon and approved by Luther, is, without exception, the most elaborate and splendid enunciation of Protestant principles ever written. It should be read, to realize the faith and courage that sustained these noble-minded men. Seventeen years before, in an abridged form, a Confession had been nailed by a solitary monk to a church-door at Wittenberg; and now, by the princes and Reformed cities, this was presented at the throne of Charles V., the mightiest of earthly potentates. This conference, convened especially to resist the new movement, in reality only served to promote it.

While at Augsburg, the Emperor was entertained before dinner by a troupe of comedians, who asked permission to perform a small play for his Majesty's amusement. Permission was readily granted, and the play began. First, an old man entered tottering, and carrying in his hands a bundle of sticks, which he threw down in confusion on the stage, and as he retired, on his back was seen written "John Reuchlin." A second mask now entered, attired as a doctor; he went up to try and arrange the sticks, long and short, crooked and straight, but could not pair them;

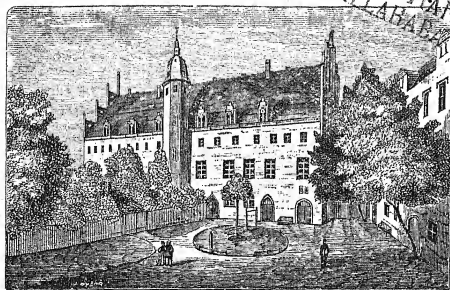
as he retired, on his back was seen "Erasmus of Rotterdam." A third now entered, in the frock and cowl of a monk, bearing in his hand a brazier filled with live coals; he raked the sticks together and put them on the fire, and they immediately blazed up; and as he retired, "Martin Luther" is seen written on his back. The plot is thickening. A fourth mask now appears, this time a stately personage, wearing the insignia of empire. He gazes at the fire with evident displeasure, and drawing his sword, plunges it among the sticks, striking them violently in the hope of extinguishing the fire, but it is plain that instead of quenching, he is feeding the flames. No name is on his back, nor is this necessary, for all know who is meant. There is one more act. The fifth personage comes in with portly air; his robes are priestly and magnificent. He wears a triple crown on his head, and the keys of St. Peter are at his side. He sees the great fire with indignation, and looks round for something to extinguish it with. There are two vessels, one containing water, the other oil. In his great haste, he seizes the one with oil, and empties it on the fire, and the conflagration is intensified. "Of course this mistake," Dr. Wylie remarks, "was committed before 1870, when the doctrine of the Papal infallibility was publicly promulgated." The comedy was over, but the actors never returned to be remunerated, though the impression made was very great.

Dr. Eck, who, according to his own account, had foiled Luther more than once, was now requested to refute the Augsburg Confession, a task about as easy as Canute was accredited with performing when he was desired to roll back the rising tide. The refutation, after weeks of preparation, elimination, and alteration, was read, but with such poor effect, that Rome was dissatisfied, and

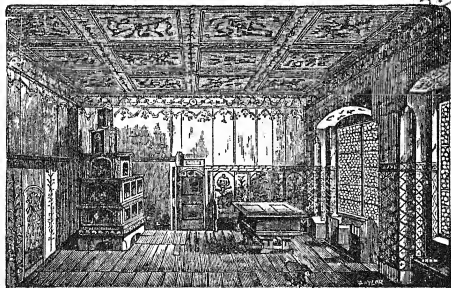
Charles deemed it needful again to have recourse to the sword: but at length, finding how futile were all his military efforts, he issued a decree, the injustice and absurdity of which rendered that also inoperative, commanding all princes and people at once to return within the pale of the true Church on pain of instant death. Luther, when he heard of this infamous command, wrote to the princes, assuring them of God's power and goodness to deliver all who put their faith in Him, and pointing out, that with all the Emperor's armies and resources, he was powerless to carry his decree into effect.

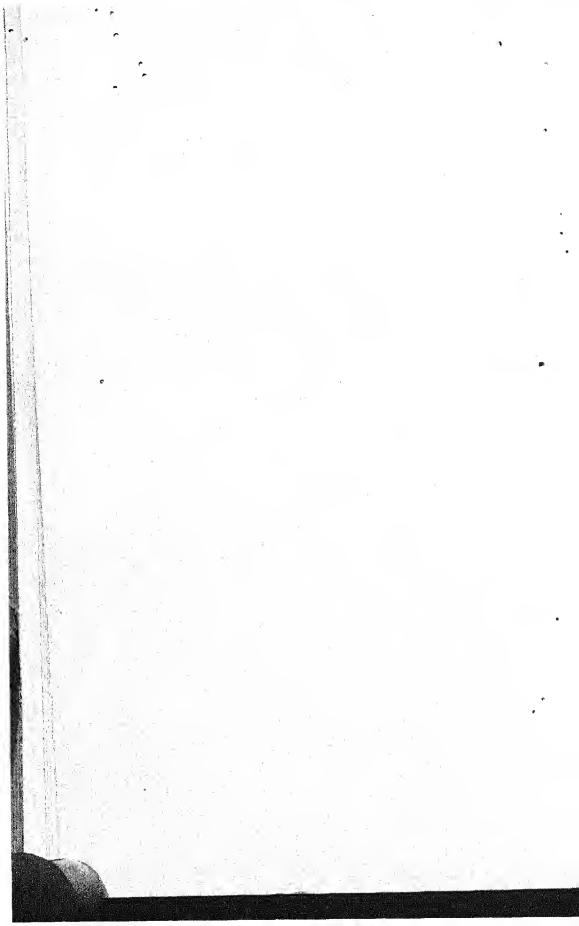
Luther was now drawing near his end. In January, 1546, and while on a journey to Eisleben, he was seized with a sudden illness, which proved fatal. At his native place, calmly and peacefully, his spirit passed away, in the sixty-third year of his life. Through all the troubles and conflicts of a life spent in never-ceasing toils and anxieties, and notwithstanding the dire persecutions to which he had been subjected, his soul reached at last its desired haven of rest. A wondrous Shekinah, a divine mysterious presence, had shielded him in all his perils, and the man whom the Pope and the Emperor did all in their power to destroy, went down to the grave in peace. His wonderful career presents to us a most emphatic testimony of the power and love of God. The Psalmist truly says, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." Amid universal lamentations, the great German Reformer was buried in the Schloss-kirk, at Wittenberg.

To pass from this man and this country without comment on what we have related is hardly possible, and yet who could fitly moralize on such a life and on such



HOME OF LUTHER.





works as have been recorded? If these have not already spoken to the heart and conscience of the reader, no additional appeal could be of much avail.

We must now inquire the source of Martin Luther's power, and we shall find but one response, viz., "faith." Faith in a risen and glorified Saviour sustained him in his long and arduous campaign against the assumptions of Rome, and against its moral and spiritual wickedness. The powers on the one side were the Pope and his subtle weapons, aided by the most mighty of monarchs, with the largest of armies; and yet all these forces could not crush a poor German monk, who, armed with God's own Word, and clad in a panoply of light, bore his weapon upward and onward, until the Papacy and the Empire were compelled to yield before the moral revolution he contended for.



## THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

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BEFORE leaving the Fatherland, it is necessary to refer briefly to the Thirty Years' War, which was commenced seventy years after Luther's death, and which may be said to have been the greatest effort the descendants of Loyola ever put forth to stamp out Lutheranism or Protestantism in Germany.

Almost all Europe was engaged in this contest, and within narrow confines, comparatively speaking, some of the fiercest battles were fought, and some of the greatest generals competed for fame.

The Protestants of Germany groaned beneath the tyranny of Ferdinand II. of Austria, who, backed by the Jesuits, in whose hands he had been schooled, was goaded on, step by step, in his persecuting frenzy until the bounds of endurance were passed. If people say, "Look, what bloodshed Protestantism has caused in the world," we then inquire, Who first drew the sword, who first refused to redress crushing wrongs, and who drove to desperation and madness quiet, peaceable men, compelling them, as a last argument, to draw their swords and stand at bay in front of their own homes and fight for their liberties? The reply is, the Church of Rome.

Will deliverance come to the distressed patriots in Germany? Yes; from afar, a trumpet sounds; a call to arms is heard; a mighty deliverer is in their midst; Gustavus Adolphus is his name.

This hero, whom Schiller has immortalized in his great work, "The Thirty Years' War," was the illustrious grandson of Gustavus Vasa, the man who hurled from his throne the tyrant, Christian of Denmark. His father, Charles IX. of Sweden, on his death-bed, had blessed his boy and said of him, "He will do it," referring to the deliverance of Germany from the thralldom of the Jesuits.

Germany, overrun by the armies of the renowned Tilly, looked anxiously to Sweden for relief; for here Ferdinand had suffered his first great check, and Gustavus, although young, had already established his reputation as a general of the first order.

Gustavus, having felt that the call was from heaven to uphold the expiring faith of the Reformation, resolved forthwith to champion the cause. On May 20th, 1630, he told the Diet at Stockholm his resolve, presented to them his infant daughter, only five years old, and bade them swear fealty to her as their future sovereign should he fall on the battle-field. The scene was so affecting that many were melted to tears at the thought of their good King going on such an enterprise, and against such overwhelming forces.

After addressing the States, both of Sweden and Germany, as to the causes that led to his invasion, explaining the unutterable wrongs the people were suffering, on June 24th, 1630, at the head of his chosen Swedes, Gustavus arrived in Pomerania. Now commences the struggle for ascendancy, which turned all Germany into a battle-field, and every man into a soldier, which blackened and depopulated the fairest of countries, and brought an iliad of woes upon Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. In the awful carnage, names of the greatest worldly fame stand out—among them, Tilly, Pappenheim, Wallens



Condé, and Turenne; but above all these men towers Gustavus Adolphus, one of the eight greatest warriors whom Napoleon declared the world had seen.

The army of the King of Sweden was daily increased; Protestant allies from all parts of Germany and even from Scotland rallied round his standard; and within eight months after stepping into Pomerania, eighty fortified towns were held at his disposal. At first, Ferdinand ridiculed the danger with which he was threatened; then he offered mediation, and large tracts of land as a bribe to the Swedes if they would return home. But, as the King truly observed, his cause was that of suffering Protestant Germany, and not for aggrandizement had he flung down the gage of battle. Ferdinand, now thoroughly alarmed, sent his renowned general, Field-Marshal Tilly, at the head of his Imperial army, to offer battle. It is characteristic of great men not to despise their adversaries, and Count von Tilly observed of Gustavus Adolphus, "This is a player from whom we gain much if we merely lose nothing."

With varying fortunes, the two armies struggled together, until the tragedy of Magdeburg and its fall so blackened the name and character of Tilly that his previous good fortune seemed to leave him. The siege of Magdeburg, its heroic defence, its fall and sack, its barbarous and shameful treatment by the Imperial army of Austria, is a chapter of forbidding darkness. Schiller says: "History has no language, and poetry no pencil, to portray the carnage, the brutal lust and passions, witnessed during this sack. Magdeburg was a heap of ruins; its inhabitants had ceased to exist."

Good came out of all this evil. A thrill of horror passed through the land, and a spirit of animation awoke

the Germans to rally closer to the Swede, who alone could break a power that committed such grievous wrongs. On September, 1631, on the celebrated plains of Leipsic, Gustavus Adolphus confronted the finest army Tilly could bring into the field. Some eighty thousand troops were engaged, and the battle raged with great fury till late in the evening; but the tide turned at last in favour of the Swedes. Animated by the enthusiasm and eloquence of their great leader, they bore their arms into the thick of their enemies' ranks, and utterly discomfited, the Imperial army broke up. The flight became a rout, and the renown of Tilly had gone for ever; his proud banner had been torn down, and the Protestant pennon waved triumphantly over the field. This one victory trampled into the dust the murderers of Magdeburg, and commenced the overthrow of the projects of the Jesuits, and caused Ferdinand to tremble on his throne.

In February, 1632, Gustavus, having captured all the towns of importance on the Rhine, enters Bavaria. On the banks of the River Leck he encounters Tilly for the last time. Here he is again victorious, and among the slain is Count von Tilly himself.

In April, 1632, Gustavus reaches the famous city of Augsburg, memorable for the Confession read there by the Protestant princes before Charles V.

The record of this entry is still preserved on envelopes printed to commemorate the event. The following are some of the lines:—

“As the eagle in its flight turns ever towards the sun,

Gustavus turns loyally to God in Christ alone.

As the sunflower looks continually towards the monarch of the day,

Gustavus will to God alone direct his eye alway.

As the compass always in the north a resting-place doth find,  
Gustavus still on Jesus Christ relies with heart and mind.  
Gustavus' glory as in rock engraven still shall stand,  
So long as ever there remains a Lutheran in the land."

The army of the North having now entered Bohemia, and threatened the stronghold of Ferdinand, the King, as a last resource, summoned the renowned Wallenstein to his counsels and aid. The wealth, fame, and military genius of this man were beyond all dispute. In three months he had an army of fifty thousand men at his back, and by wily moves he began to approach Gustavus. His strategy and cunning were too much for the open-hearted Swedes. Instead of joining battle, he drew them into places where supplies on all sides were cut off, and in seventy-two days Gustavus lost, by famine and fatigue, thirty thousand of his chosen men.

At length, with the remnant of his army, on November 6th, 1632, on the field of Lützen, Gustavus encountered Wallenstein. To the sound of music the battle commenced, Gustavus and his soldiers singing Luther's hymn, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott." Although far outnumbered, the Swedes fought with surpassing bravery; but in a second attack, headed by the King, a bullet from behind entered his back, and he fell, mortally wounded. The news spread through the ranks, the "King is dead." But to rescue his body and save the honour of the day was still dear to Sweden, and again the battle raged fiercer than ever. Pappenheim, Wallenstein's chief commander, was himself among the slain, and the Imperial army, whose spirit was broken, fairly gave way before the terrific onslaught of the Swedes.

At nightfall, the remnant of Wallenstein's army withdrew to Leipsic, leaving the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who

had succeeded Gustavus, in possession of the battlefield, with all on it, proving unmistakably who was in truth master of this fearful fray. Scarcely in the prime of life (only thirty-eight years of age), our hero descends into the grave. His loss was almost irreparable, and yet who can doubt that it was all for the best? Those who learn to lean on an arm of flesh must not be surprised if that arm is suddenly broken. It is God's great purpose in life to show nations and individuals that they are saved, "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

For sixteen years after Gustavus' death, the Thirty Years' War raged, but the high tone and character which characterized the commencement of the struggle had fled. Germany, divided into factions, carried on an internecine struggle, not for Protestant principles, but for private claims and rival interests. And yet peace came at last. The heroic struggle of the Swedes, under their first great leader, had not all been in vain. Leipsic and Lützen were not fruitless of results. On October 24th, 1648, the Peace of Westphalia, as it was styled, was duly signed by Austria, Sweden, and Germany, which extended toleration to Calvinists as well as Lutherans, and which proved a lasting and durable blessing.

Luther had prophesied that, unless the people held fast the new faith, the insidious projects of the Jesuits would overthrow all order and peace in the land. This prophecy had been literally fulfilled, and terrible was the scourge Germany received when she despised the glad tidings of great joy.

Let us pray that the past history of Germany may lead her to renew her fealty to the Gospel, and thus to justify her title of Evangelical.

## THE SWISS REFORMATION.

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### LIFE AND TIMES OF ULRIC ZWINGLE.



WE have traced the course of this great movement in England, under the guiding hand of Wickliffe; we have seen it spring into active life in Bohemia, under Huss and Jerome; we have witnessed its rapid development and rich fruit in Germany, under the powerful leadership of Martin Luther; and we have now to consider its origin and author in Switzerland, one of the smallest, though one of the grandest, countries in Europe. Switzerland can boast of the wondrous formations she exhibits in snow and ice, piled upon the summits and filling up the passes of her lofty mountains, the barrier protectors of her lovely valleys and her fertile plains; the land everywhere diversified with sparkling impetuous torrents, smooth-flowing rivers, and placid and secluded lakes, picturesque scenic attractions which draw to that country admiring travellers from all parts of the world. Her inhabitants are simple, frugal, temperate, and hardy; and, as lovers of liberty, have ever shown how they can defend their free homes and their rights when called upon to do so, as the fields of Sempach and Morgarten have abundantly proved.

At the close of the fifteenth century, Switzerland was as morally dark as any country could well be. The only

religious observances seem to have been abjectly ritual, prostrations before images, adoration of relics, counting beads, purchasing indulgences, and going on pilgrimages. The Mantuan poet has said of the Church of Rome: "It is a great market, where temples, mitres, crowns, excommunications, incense, indulgences, and places in Paradise may all be bought; the man who comes with money can buy anything he wants, but woe to him who has no money, he can have nothing." At that period the corruptions of the Church of Rome in Switzerland, and the shameless wickedness of the priests, might well have shocked even bad men. Lausanne, overlooking the magnificent expanse of Lake Lemman, was especially priest-ridden; and ecclesiastics, without any disguise, publicly practised every kind of sinful indulgence. A ray of light was being enkindled to shine upon the prevailing darkness.

In the valley of the Tockenbourg, between Appenzell and the Grisons, the village of Wildhaus stood; and here, January 1st, 1484, to Huldric Zwingle was born Ulric, a third son, about a year after Luther's birth. Huldric Zwingle was a shepherd; and in winter-time the young shepherds would gather round the fires, while the sires told them how their ancestors had overthrown the armies of Charles the Bold. Young Ulric had a thorough love for his country, and would listen, day by day, to hear tell what Swiss heroes had done; and his mother, a pious woman, would tell him what she herself knew of those Bible heroes, whose fame, like that of Moses, Joshua, and David, will never grow old. Ulric had an uncle, who, thinking his nephew showed a promise of more than ordinary attainments, sent him to a public school, where he soon out-

stripped the slender knowledge of his teacher, and he was therefore transferred to Basle, which even then boasted a university, and the great light of religious truth was beginning to dawn there. Zwingle again outstripped his teacher, and was removed to Berne, the capital of the country; and here Lupullus, his new teacher, was in every respect worthy of his scholar; he was master of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, besides having travelled as far as Palestine in search of knowledge.

In Berne, Zwingle was very nearly trapped by some Dominicans into entering their order, and was only saved from this fatal step by his father, who, hearing of his danger, sent him for two years' stay to Vienna. On his return to Berne, he took his degree of Master of Arts. Switzerland then contained many men whose names are connected with the Reformation, Leo Juda, Wolfgang Capito, Erasmus of Rotterdam, Wittenbach, a pupil of Reuchlin, and, last but not least, Ecolampadius, of noble birth and scholarly attainments. The truth as it is in Jesus was gradually being instilled into Zwingle's heart, and his eyes were being opened to the beauty of true religion, and the hollowness of the religion of Rome.

In the neighbourhood of Glarus, a district pastor died, and the Pope, without consulting the inhabitants, appointed one of his grooms to the vacant post. But the Swiss were not going to submit so easily; so they dispatched the groom back again to his duties in the pontifical stables, and invited Ulric Zwingle, one of their own people, to be their pastor, who is publicly ordained in 1506, and enters upon his responsible duties. His parish is extensive, and his influence still more so; and, in this quiet field of occupation, joy filled his heart

and ministrations. The Scriptures in the original tongues were now in the pastor's hands, and his classic studies enabled him to drink from the fountain-head those waters which have in all ages refreshed God's Church. The Convent of Einsiedeln, situated on the Lake of Zurich, sold plenary indulgences to all who came, and crowds of pilgrims at special seasons flocked thither for absolution. Zwingli turned his influence to stop the stream of devotees. "Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" It is not a pilgrim's gown, but a contrite heart, that God accepts. In 1518 Zwingli was elevated to the post of preacher in the College of Cantons, in the city of Zurich, beautifully situated on the lake of the same name, and the centre of the Helvetian States. Here, on January 1st, 1519, the anniversary of his own birthday, he preached his first sermon in the Cathedral; his theme, the one complete, infallible authority, "God's Word," the one complete satisfaction, "Christ's death."

Rome had already opened her market for the sale of indulgences in Germany, under the fostering influence of Tetzl; and in Switzerland this lucrative business was handed over to Cordelier B. Samson, of Milan Convent. In eighteen years, during quiet times, this man had collected for Rome eight hundred thousand dollars of gold. He now came over the Great St. Gothard, and took up his station at Schwitz. Zwingli boldly went out to confront him, and Samson, at the approach of this veteran, had to decamp. Passing on to Zug, Samson's trade was enormous; a clear path had to be kept open for those who had money, and those who had none were to be considered afterwards. He reached Berne,



and had a long parley with the authorities before he was admitted. Aarburg, a neighbouring town, had been cursed by the Papal Nuncio, and threatened to be buried seven fathoms under the ground. The people, hearing of Samson's power, applied for and obtained one of his indulgences, and, strange to say, the town is above ground to-day! Passing from place to place, Samson approached Zurich, but the tirade that Zwingle was favouring him with from the Cathedral was too much for him, and he again had to leave the country; returning to Italy with his ill-gotten gains.

In 1519 Switzerland was visited by the Black Plague, which committed the same ravages that it had inflicted in Wickliffe's time in England. Passing through town and village, it struck the people down by thousands, and among them Zwingle was brought to death's door; but the Plague only brought him closer to God, and he rose from his bed a better and holier man. By this fearful scourge the reformed faith was greatly helped, for while other lights were completely extinguished, the Gospel of salvation by grace was the more welcome among the masses of the people. Zwingle first preached man's fall, and death as its consequence; then man's inability to save himself or unlock the grave; then that Christ, who is our life, offers us salvation by the free will and grace of God. He annihilates human merit, showing none are saved by holiness, yet none are saved who will not practise holiness. On the one hand, life by grace, and on the other, works by love. The labours of the scholar, Ecolampadius, were bringing forth precious fruit in Basle, and this important city was destined to march in the van of the Swiss Reformation.

Lucerne, the most charmingly situated town in this

lovely country, was, alas! too blind to accept the Gospel message. Myconius, one of the sweetest spirits of the age, was striving for the truth. As Head Master at the Public Schools in Lucerne, he was teaching the sacred Scriptures, together with his other instructions. The indignation of the Papists knew no bounds; the Town Council not merely forbade his teaching, but they resolved on banishing Myconius, and they erased his name from the city roll. This was a dark day in the history of the city, and the light then extinguished never again shone there. If Lucerne declined the Gospel invitation, Berne, the proud capital, which had never opened its gates to a foreign foe, opened them to the reformed faith, and in 1528 the city and canton established Protestantism.

At the town of Coire, situated at the foot of the Splügen Pass, a conference is called; and the first proposition was that each clergyman shall preach the Word of God, purely and fully, and not human inventions, and whoever will not or cannot preach that Word must be deprived of his living. This was a decided step in the right direction, and was followed by the entrance into Eastern Switzerland of Luther's German Testament, which commenced its march through the country, climbing mountains that soldiers had not dared to climb, and entering the chalets of lowly peasants, shepherds, and vine-dressers. The five Forest Cantons in the centre of the country showed no signs of yielding to the Gospel: and yet, strange to say, these were the very cantons that rose so nobly and fought so well in throwing off the Austrian yoke in the fourteenth century.

The Papal wars between the Emperor and France, again, were calling out the Swiss volunteers, and, in spite of Zwingle's utmost remonstrances, the youth of

the country were hurrying into the conflict, and were perishing by thousands in support of Papal wrongs. Because Zwingli warned his countrymen against the wickedness of these wars, he was assailed, and a combination was formed to overthrow the new movement in Zurich. But for a time the storm is averted, and meanwhile the printing presses in Basle help on the Gospel progress. On January 29th, 1523, a great public disputation is held in Zurich before the Council of Two Hundred. The Bible was the basis of authority, and here Rome was first assailed. Zwingli and Leo Juda open the discussion on behalf of Protestantism, stating that Rome has no scriptural authority for her boasted assumptions. To this no reply was forthcoming. It is true the Church quotes from the Fathers and canons and ages of superstition and darkness, but no Scripture sustains all this. The Church was unable to maintain her ground, and the Council voted in favour of the Scriptures as the standard of authority. This Council overthrew the worship of images, the vows of celibacy, the adoration of saints, and rectified other abuses.

Zwingli now determines to attack Rome's stronghold, the Mass, the fortress behind which she has entrenched herself. In October, 1523, a Council is called, and is attended by nine hundred deputies; and Leo Juda opens on the reformed side. First, the fate of images, which Rome worships and teaches its devotees to adore. Leo Juda showed that the Second Commandment most clearly forbids their worship; no champion appeared in their defence, and, as they were unable to defend themselves, they seemed in a bad way. In fact, the Council admitted the question to be child's play, wondering how people could have been so foolish as to believe in them so

long; and so they were overthrown by common consent, and the iconoclasts, under permission of the Council, soon demolished them. Next came the Mass, which for more than three centuries had enslaved the conscience and deadened the heart of Europe; but even this aged sinner was destined to fall before the eloquence and irresistible arguments of Zwingle. The opposition was so feeble, and the reasoning so weak, that the Council decides in favour of the Protestant form of the Lord's Supper, that it is a "memorial," and not a "sacrifice." So this great battle was won, and the rich fruits of the glorious Gospel were now being freely gathered. April 11th, 1525, Zurich abolished the Mass as a public institution, much to the horror and indignation of the Forest Cantons, who, to be revenged on this heretical city, seize and burn the Protestant pastors in their territories. This was but the beginning of troubles; for the battle of Pavia, so disastrous to France, had just been fought, and five thousand Swiss mercenaries had been left dead on the field, and five thousand more were sent home crippled for life. Following this event, Berne and Basle formally went over to the Protestant ranks.

In 1529, during the transition state, fearful suspense prevailed in the city of Basle. Two armed bodies paraded the streets all night, while the Town Council was deliberating respecting the mass and the adoration of images; and so slow was the Council in arriving at a decision, that the iconoclasts began the work of demolition. When the Town Councillors saw this, they thought it more prudent to march in the van of the Reformation than be dragged at its tail. February 10th was Ash-Wednesday; it was the day of burning of the idols; for it was "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," with them. And so the evils that

were anticipated passed away, and peace and quiet reigned in the city. At Glarus the idols were carried out to four cross roads, and given an opportunity to march one way or another, and as they would not move, although supposed to possess miraculous power, they were burned.

On May 22nd, 1529, the Popish cantons further molest the Protestants, by burning one of their most worthy pastors, Keyser; and so determined was the hostility of these five cantons, that Zwingle gives his voice in favour of a federation of the Protestant cantons against the Romish. On June 9th, four thousand picked troops leave Zurich to face the foe, and Zwingle, halberd in hand, joins the league. A peace is patched up, but only of a short duration, for the storm again threatened, and Zwingle perceived by gloomy signs that this time it could not be averted. In 1531 the Oberland is cut off, and the Romish federation, supported by the Emperor's troops, march on Zurich. Just at this time Halley's great comet made its appearance in the heavens, and Zwingle said it had come to light him to his grave. This was followed by various ghostly signs; but these were not necessary, for there were real ones enough. A council of the five cantons is held at Brunnen, and war to the death is determined against Zurich; and before the town has time to prepare for the impending blow, the enemy is at the gates.

All unprepared, the men of Zurich meet their enemies on the field of Kappel; the Zurichers are completely defeated, and among the slain is their faithful counsellor and beloved pastor, Ulric Zwingle. He had gone forth to cheer and encourage his brethren, and he fell with the best and bravest of his townsmen. Though on the battle-

field, it was a martyr's death. He had gone to protect the sacred cause he had so long espoused, and for which he had so often struggled; its defeat he could not survive. But the Reformation movement was not to die; the blow it had sustained might to worldly eyes seem irreparable, but not so to the eye of faith. Though Zwingle's death was deplored and mourned throughout Switzerland by all the Reformed churches, God was about to send them a mightier champion, who, seizing the falling mantle and receiving a double portion of Zwingle's spirit, should go on conquering and to conquest.

We now turn to the south of the Helvetic States, where the crystal waters of Lemane repose between the Alps and the Jura chain. Here, on one of its borders, where the mighty Rhone thunders along its bed, is situated the little city of Geneva, which at this period of history had a population of twelve thousand, and even now has only about thirty thousand. Geneva was considered so insignificant, that Voltaire said that when he powdered his wig he powdered the whole Republic, and the Emperor Paul, hearing of its religious controversies, said it was merely a storm in a teapot. At a very early period the Genevese had learned the privileges of liberty, and Rome perversely endeavoured to fasten her fetters of iron upon them. An alien Bishop and Duke were forced upon the city, and first the Bishop, then the Duke, and then the people, seemed to have the upper hand, but wisdom did not seem to guide the people.

Three names stand out prominently, at this time, who paved the way for the Reformation, namely, Bonnivard, Berthelier, and Lévrier, a distinguished trio to whom Swiss liberty owes much. Bonnivard often remarked that he had lived to see three of their Holinesses reigning at

Rome, and he thought that at least one of them might have had a little of this characteristic about him. These three men were eventually all called to seal their witness with their blood; their deaths were all tragical, and all compassed by Rome's machinations. Bonnivard is immortalized by Lord Byron in his memorable "Prisoner of Chillon." The massive walls of this castle are still seen near Vevay on the lake.

Many friends of the reformed faith supposed the death of Zwingle would put an end to the new movement in Switzerland; but the fire subdued on the fatal field of Kappel broke out again with renewed power, and this time never to be extinguished.

In 1526 William Farel, who had been chased by persecution from France, came to Aigle under an assumed name, and, taking the post of schoolmaster, he commenced quietly to inculcate the seeds of divine truth. When he had gathered a goodly number of friends round him, he threw off his disguise, mounted the pulpit, and told his hearers he was William Farel, and with burning eloquence and zeal commenced to preach for Christ. Rome was so startled by this man's sudden appearance that for a time her hand was paralysed, but recovering, Farel was chased from Aigle to Morat, thence to Lausanne, and from there to Neuchâtel. At each place he stood up fearlessly for the truth, and not till his life was jeopardized did he leave. Neuchâtel was so roused by his eloquence and the simple truths he proclaimed, that although at first it expelled him, the city invited him back again, and this time to accept his doctrine and purge itself of its sins. In the Cathedral, on a memorial pillar, are these words engraven: "October 23rd, 1530, Idolatry was overthrown and removed from this church by the citizens."

Farel's eye was fixed on Geneva, which, small as it was at this time, had nine hundred priests in it, far too many for the spiritual edification of the people. Farel's arrival was hailed with joy by the friends of true liberty, and his first sermon maintained the Scriptures pre-eminent above the traditions of the Fathers. He next preached the free pardon of sin, and not the purchase of indulgence in it. The fury of the priests knew no bounds; they openly mobbed Farel and his companions, Saunier and Froment, and they were all chased from the city, narrowly escaping with their lives. After the citizens had quieted down a little, in December, 1533, Farel, Viret, and Froment again entered Geneva, nevermore to leave it till Protestantism was rooted in that city. Farel preached in one of the chief Romish churches the simple message of divine love, and it appeared so plain, so beautiful, and so new, that it was rapturously received by his hearers. No gorgeous ritual; salvation in one word, and that word "Christ."

In 1534 the recreant Bishop and Duke of Geneva joined hands with the Romanist Lords of Vaud and Savoy in a diabolical plot to exterminate the Lutherans in the city; but an overruling Providence frustrated this attempt, as it has, before and since, a hundred attempts equally wicked. The preliminaries all being arranged, on a given night eight thousand armed Romanists assembled outside the city, and were to be admitted by their friends inside; but tidings reaching the town council, a beacon-fire was kindled on the summit of the Church of St. Peter, which roused the slumbering citizens. The host outside, believing themselves betrayed, fled, and when morning dawned they had vanished, leaving their baggage behind them. How



true are Solomon's words, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion"!

In August of this same year the heroism of the city was grandly displayed. The Catholic cantons met at Lucerne, in conference with the Bishop and Duke of Geneva, to bring back the inhabitants to the Romish Church; and as if this crisis was to surpass all others, Charles V. threw his sword into the Romish scale, and vowed to crush this heretical nest. The danger was so apparent and so great, that Protestant Berne, the old ally of the Genevans, counselled surrender, and advised the city to expel her pastors. Isolated by all human agencies, and forsaken by earthly powers, Geneva threw itself on the Divine protection, and resolved on a great sacrifice, and so save its pastors and the Gospel which were so dear to many. Outside the walls were four large suburbs, and if Geneva was to stand a siege, these suburbs must be destroyed; so, on August 23rd, 1534, the people, rich and poor alike, with sad hearts pulled down their own houses; monasteries, churches, and other valuable or venerable buildings, all fell to save the inner city. With the ruins the fortifications were further strengthened, and the citizens, retiring behind their ramparts, awaited the coming invasion. The Duke having made all his preparations, sent an overture of peace, on condition that the city would at once return to its allegiance. The reply to this overture was as brief as it was prompt: "Tell the Duke we would sooner set fire to the four corners of the city with our own hands, and perish in the conflagration, than give up our pastors."

☉ Troubles never come aloné. While the storm was gathering without, a tempest of evil seemed about to burst within. An effort was made to poison Farel, Viret,

and Froment, the three leading Protestant pastors, who lodged together in the same house. For this purpose a French woman was hired, who, having entered the house of Bernard, where the preachers resided, succeeded in putting poison into the soup. But here again Providence frustrated this subtle sin; only Viret partook of the soup, and, though brought near to death, by skilful treatment he was saved, though he retained traces of the deadly virus in his veins to his last hour. The wretched woman confessed her crime, and accused a canon and a priest of instigating the dismal affair. On April 14th, 1535, she was condemned and executed, and, as is too frequently the case, the prime movers went unpunished.

This plot fell out for the furtherance of the Gospel. The Protestant movement was exalted, and the people daily became more enamoured of the true light, and more estranged from their old darkness. To help the Reformed faith still more, about this time some half-dozen pretended miracles, with which for years the Church of Rome had deluded the people, now turned out to be frauds. The bodies of St. Nazaire, St. Celsus, and St. Pantaleon sang together at certain intervals in the Church of St. Gervais, but this was discovered to be contrived by merely an arrangement of hidden organ-pipes; the brain of St. Peter turned out to be a piece of pumice-stone; the arm of St. Anthony, a stag's leg; and curious little animals with lights on their backs, moving about at dewy eve in the churchyard, and said to be troubled souls from purgatory, were found on closer examination to be crabs from Lake Lemman, with candles tied to them.

These and similar exposures of Romish miracles did

not tend to exalt the chair of St. Peter. The town council made a rapid stride forward by publicly acknowledging and proclaiming the Protestant faith on August 27th, 1535. The fury of the Duke and the League knew no bounds; so, collecting all their forces, the city was invested by blockade, on the land side by an army, and on the water side with the Duke's ships; thus determining to starve the people into surrender. But the bold front the citizens had offered, and the noble, generous sacrifice they had made, won the hearts and loyalty of the Bernese, who, roused from their former lethargy, hastened to the rescue with an army of six thousand picked troops. The Duke was put to flight, and Francis I., having old grudges to settle, moved his forces against him, chased him from his own dominions into Italy, and took possession of Savoy and Piedmont; so that this little expedition cost the Duke his territories and brought ruin to his house.

The Reformation now marched rapidly onward, and Farel set himself to the harder task of building up the spiritual life of the people. To associate purity and truth with all the public work of the city, the magistrates and town council, May 21st, 1536, took a formal oath to "renounce the devil and all his works," and live according to the teaching of the Gospel.

In August of this year, a stranger, of pale face and slender figure, visits the city, and the report soon spreads that the great author of the "Christian Institutes" is inside the city walls. Farel is not long before he seeks to persuade John Calvin to stop, and help on the work so nobly begun. Calvin, after mature reflection, and realizing the importance of the task, resolves to stay, and his first work is a statement or "Exposition of the Pro-

testant Faith," which in November is accepted by the council of two hundred.

A reformation that is merely external in its work and effects, is and must be short-lived. Protestantism, if real, is an innate principle, and must be brought to bear on the lives of the people. Calvin saw at a glance that the greatest work remained to be done, for unless the city was moral, it was nothing, and here the difficulty commenced. The material to work on was rough; the old religious system had plunged the city into a gulf of sin and wickedness. Gambling, oaths, blasphemies, lascivious dancing and singing, coarse and indecent farces, buffoonery, masquerades, and drunkenness, were prevalent everywhere. To give up all these the people were not prepared; they had made great sacrifices for civil rights and personal liberty, but they were not yet prepared to make this great moral sacrifice and free themselves from even the appearance of evil. A reformation of morals and sentiments is no spasmodic or momentary conversion; it is a work of time and patience.

The city is divided, and now for the first time appears a formidable and dangerous class of individuals, known in history as the "Libertines," and destined to an unenviable notoriety. These men, who had fought bravely and broken the fetters with which the Duke and Bishop wished to enslave them, were not prepared to break the shackles with which Satan had bound them. The Genevèse had given up unleavened bread in the Sacrament, and Berne, not so enlightened, had remonstrated on this innovation. The Libertines, supported by this powerful canton, rushed about the streets, clamouring to the Protestant pastors at once to administer the Sacrament to them with unleavened bread. But, with Calvin, the

question was not so much as to the nature of the bread, as to the nature or character of the recipients of this sacred rite; and on this point he had determined to make a firm stand, come what might. He would not give to notoriously bad and immoral men so sacred a feast. On Easter Sunday, 1538, Calvin and Farel both preached to large crowds of people on the subject of the Lord's Supper, and, after eloquent and powerful discourses, quietly administered the Sacrament to believers only; and although their opponents came armed, and threatened a disturbance, the evil passed by. The influence of the Libertines is so great, that the town council request Calvin and Farel to leave the city for refusing to administer the Sacrament with unleavened bread, a thing they had not done, but really because these pastors would not give holy things to notoriously unholy men. Farel goes to Neuchâtel, and Calvin to Strasburg.

It is two full years before Geneva realizes the loss it had sustained, and the injustice it had done; but the increase of internal disorders, and the wickedness of the Libertines, roused the town council to its sense of duty. To arrest these disorders, and to curb the lawlessness that prevailed, the council, on October 19th, 1540, resolved that Master John Calvin be invited to return, for the glory of God and the honour of His true Church. A deputation waits upon him at Strasburg, and finds him in no humour to return to so turbulent a field of action. Of a naturally quiet and timid nature, Calvin was more reluctant than ever to be embroiled in civic feuds; yet nevertheless, if it is God's will, he will return; and on Sept. 13th, 1541, he re-enters the city amid the acclamations of the faithful. His first task is to re-organize the civil and religious government. Although for a time the

Libertines were silenced, they were not subdued, and after a short period they began again to assert their obstructiveness. The Wittenberg movement had only to grapple with Rome, but the Geneva movement had to grapple with Romanism and Pantheism. The disorders increasing, Calvin called on the council to assert its authority, assuring them that if they could save the city without the Gospel he would at once retire.

The Papal chair had just been vacated by the death of Paul III. His devotees had previously been engaged in devoutly kissing his toes through an iron grating. His successor, Julius III., assuming the Pontificate in 1550, the year of jubilee, had with his golden hammer tapped the gates of Paradise, and rivers of spiritual blessings were now flowing out over the vast crowds of pilgrims then in Rome. Having opened the gates to believers, the hammer was henceforth to be employed in breaking the heads of Lutherans, and Geneva was a good place for a commencement. A dark shadow now comes across this city and its great Reformer, which can only be explained by the light of the sixteenth, and not of the nineteenth, century. It is the death of the Spaniard, Michael Servetus, a man learned in law and science, medicine and theology, but unfortunately, one whose head seemed to have been completely turned by his studies. He wrote a long letter to Calvin from Vienna, with a book of follies, as Calvin termed it; and, writing to Farel, Calvin said if Servetus came to Geneva he would never go out alive. Servetus published his book in 1546, and was condemned to be burnt; but, escaping his judges, he came to Geneva, where the council at once arrested him and threw him into prison. Calvin was engaged to draw up the charges against him, which he

did, unmasking the Pantheism of his doctrine, and the frightful excesses to which it led.

The Libertines had obtained the sanction of the magistrates to receive the Sacrament, and Calvin was determined, so far as he was concerned, it should not be at his hands. The Sunday came, and the Church of St. Peter, the leading one in the town, where Calvin preached, was thronged to see the issue of this contest.

The Libertines came armed, and in great force, and at the close of the service surrounded the altar behind which Calvin was standing. Hear him: "So long as God shall give me strength, I will act according to the rule of Scripture and the dictates of my conscience, be the consequences what they may." The Libertines drew nearer, in defiant attitude and with threatening looks; but Calvin is equal to the occasion. Raising his voice, he says, "Take my life; my blood is yours; but you are powerless to force me to give the holy memorials to the profane." The Reformer was victorious; as with Luther at Worms, his adversaries were silenced and foiled. According to the historian Beza, the ordinance was quietly administered without disturbance. This great spiritual victory was won by Calvin, September 3rd, 1553, and is a sublime incident in the history of Protestantism.

Michael Servetus, who had been retained in prison, was now brought forward for condemnation. The States outside Geneva had settled his fate, and on October 26th the council decreed that he should be publicly burned, with all his books; and this without consultation with Calvin, whose influence with the magistrates at this period was very low. Calvin tried to get the sentence mitigated, so far that he might be

beheaded ; but to no purpose. Servetus was burned at the time and place named, and the scene at the last was a most painful one, even to the spectators, the poor man's agony in prospect of the stake being fearful in the extreme. His death is a stain on Calvin's history ; but, as Dr. Wylie truly remarks, "though no true Protestant can defend Calvin's part in this transaction, no Romanist can raise his voice against it."

Calvin, while busy with his own immediate work, sustaining the faithful and urging forward the undecided, was, at the same time, in his correspondence, encouraging his brethren in other lands, especially England, and its great Reformer, Cranmer, who, soon after the death of Edward VI. and the accession of Mary, was to seal his witness with his blood. About this time the great Scottish champion of the Reformation, John Knox, visited Calvin, and drinking with him of the same life-giving stream, returned to his native land refreshed, and raised his powerful voice with such effect that all Scotland seemed to hear and tremble. It is at this period that Calvin published his "Commentaries on the Epistles," which were greatly welcomed when pure literature was so scarce.

The Libertines again, in 1553, break out. They complain that there are too many Protestant pastors in Geneva. There were only four, but these they thought four too many. Then they wanted a service without a sermon, for it was in the sermon where they were "hit." Among the nine hundred priests that formerly administered to the spiritual wants of the city, no preacher had ever troubled the consciences of the Libertines by his sermons. The town council at length moves. Public bodies move slowly. It rises to realize that if Geneva is to be saved, this hydra of Libertinism must be crushed.



Four of the ringleaders are tried, condemned, and executed, and the others are banished, or take to flight; and so this civil war, which had tormented the city for nine years, is at an end. Geneva is saved, Calvin has triumphed, and yet not Calvin, but the Gospel, has proved victorious over lawlessness and sin.

Calvin's days are nearly finished; the excessive toils, anxieties, and public dangers through which he has been passing produce their usual effect. In January, 1564, he is seized with an illness; and so poor is he, that the town council appear to have offered him ten crowns, and they send him a cask of wine. So little did he care for money, that the Church of Rome could never make him out or do anything with him. In fact, Pope Pius IV. said, "It was the strength of the heretic that he cared nothing for money." This was correct in fact, but false in philosophy. In the month of February Calvin so far recovers that he is able to preach once more. On the sixth of the month was his last public appearance; he was then seized with coughing and spitting of blood, and was removed to his home. While on his death-bed he was visited by the town council, who owed so much to his sound judgment and wise laws; and was also visited by his old friend, William Farel, who at the age of eighty journeyed from Neuchâtel to take a last farewell of this hero of the Cross. On May 27th, while engaged in prayer, his spirit passed, like a storm-tossed ship, into a haven of rest. Geneva, at his death, presented a picture worthy of admiration. It was not merely a refuge for distressed foreigners and an asylum for persecuted religionists, but, for its just laws and its quiet Sabbath, could not be equalled by any city in the world.

Its great teacher and father being dead, Rome thought the Reformation would also die; but it has a living principle, sustained by the Spirit and power of God, and not dependent on one or any number of individual men, however great the men may be. Now, however, that Calvin is gone, we can estimate the work for which he had so faithfully toiled, from the publication of his "Christian Institutes" at Basle, down to his noble resistance of the Libertines at Geneva; we see the plan of his life and labours, first, the enunciation of his creed, and, lastly, his enforcement of it. The difficulty and danger attending both works, and the heroism which he displayed, have made him worthy of everlasting fame.



## THE WALDENSES.

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THE antiquity of the Waldensian profession of faith seems beyond all dispute. Ages before Protestantism was known, this ancient people held the true faith. They appear to have retained, in their almost inaccessible valleys, the Apostolic teachings uncontaminated by superstition; and, therefore, it is no wonder Rome should expend her energies to extirpate this witness of her great apostasy.

The valleys where this people dwelt are almost unrivalled in their territorial security, being protected by ranges of impassable mountains, and entered by narrow and rugged gorges or defiles. It would seem as though God had purposely prepared these natural fortresses for the protection of His faithful children. We find, however, that at a very early period the mountaineers, shepherds, and vine-dressers were disturbed by Papal tyranny; from the Popedom of Innocent III. all the way down to the time of John XXII., persecutions raged, and Inquisitors were despatched to convert these "heretics."

We have to look at some of these, and, in reading the history of the time, we shall find it is more like romance than history, and yet of so tragical a kind that it is very painful to contemplate. Notwithstanding this, it does the heart real good to know how faith, as it is in Jesus, can sustain men in the hour of darkest peril, and under the most cruel suffering, and can bring forth the

sufferer more than a conqueror. The heroism of the Waldenses has, perhaps, no parallel in the pages of history.

In 1390, an Inquisitor, named Borelli, massacred one hundred and fifty of the Vaudois, men and women, in cold blood. This same man, at the close of 1400, at the head of an armed troop, entered the valley of Pragelas; and the inhabitants, totally unprepared and taken unawares, were chased from their quiet homes, in the depth of winter, up the sides of their precipitous, snow-clad mountains; and when the morning dawned, the Valley of San Martino, one of the grandest natural valleys in the world, was discovered to be strewn with frozen corpses. This cruel Christmas invasion is still spoken of among the people.

In 1487, Pope Innocent VIII. made a great effort to purge these valleys of the entire race of people dwelling there; and, for this undertaking, he first issued a paper missile denouncing them as dangerous heretics, upon whom the Divine wrath had gone forth. He next wrote to his two faithful and well-beloved sons, Charles VIII. of France and Charles II. of Savoy, calling on both these princes to support him in his pious design of butchering men and women against whom no crime was proved. This Bull, like others, promised immunity to any disengaged assassin who would help on the good cause, giving all the Vaudois property to those who could take it. The expedition was so popular, and the prizes so numerous, that eighteen thousand volunteers flocked round the Papal standard; and this number was considerably augmented by brigands and freebooters, a ruffian horde bent on villainy. The French army, under the Lord of La Palu, entered Waldensia from the Dauphiny side, chasing the unarmed

peasants from their lowly chalets, up the sides of the mountain, into an immense cave, where these refugees, supplied with food, might have held out for a long time and bid defiance to their invaders; but a cruel strategy of the enemy turned their asylum into one vast charnel-house. A quantity of wood was lowered from above, and, having been ignited, was piled up at the entrance of the cave, and three thousand Vaudois were suffocated. They were heard singing their beautiful hymns till death choked their utterance.

The Piedmontese portion of the army, led by the Papal Legate, Cataneo, commenced its march on the valleys from the Italian side; and here the Vaudois are strongest. They had, moreover, heard of the ravages of the Lord of La Palu; so they sent hostages to sue for peace, assuring Cataneo that they were peaceful men, who worshipped God according to their consciences, and that they were at a loss to know how or why they had offended any one, much less the Pope. These were surely meek words, and might have moved the hardest heart; but as for influencing this blood-thirsty Legate, they might as well have been spoken to the wind. Cataneo first marches on La Torre, at the head of the valleys of Lucerna and Angrogna. The inhabitants having abandoned the town, the capture was easy. He then continues his march, believing that when he meets these herdsmen they will not stand for a moment against the shock of his mail-clad warriors. The Piedmontese next reach Bobbio, behind which is the "Barion," which, Dr. Wylie says, "towers into the heavens like an Egyptian obelisk, three thousand feet in height," and that, in comparison with this monolith of nature, "the proudest monument in Europe's proudest city is a mere

child's toy." Bobbio being captured, the army commences to cross the Col Julien, where an amphitheatre of natural wonders may be seen; and if Cataneo's soul had not been shrivelled up within him, he must have paused in his diabolical purpose, when surrounded as he was by this witness of Jehovah's skill and power. But nature had no charms for him. Continuing his path, he sends forward a detachment of seven hundred veterans, who suddenly appear in full view of the valley of Prali, where the peasants were peacefully gathering in their harvest. The soldiers pounce down upon them like vultures, but for once to find they have mistaken their men; the hardy peasants turn upon their assassins, and though rudely armed, rely on a higher power. The result is, the seven hundred warriors are cut to pieces; only one wounded ensign returns to tell Cataneo the fate of his first campaign, and that these Vaudois know how to fight for their country and their God.

The Waldensians now clearly see that one of three courses they must submit to: either to be driven forcibly to mass, be butchered like sheep, or fight for their freedom; and they nobly and patriotically chose the last. If ever war has, or had, a divine sanction, it is such a war as the Vaudois maintained, when at the threshold of their cottages, like lions, they stood at bay, and defended their wives, their children, their homes, and their ancient faith. Cataneo, nothing daunted, moved the main body of his army into the Angrogna Valley, into the passes of the Pra del Tor, shut in by the "Barricade." Along this gorge, the soldiers held their way; on the one side the mountains tower above their heads, and on the other side the naked cliff runs down a thousand feet into the valley below, where a

mountain torrent rushes impetuously along its rocky bed. The soldiers are nearing the Pra, where the Vandois are more thickly congregated. Confident of success, they hasten on, assured if they reach the Pra that the fate of the poor people will soon be settled.

With dread suspense the Vandois await the invaders. At the moment the bolt is about to descend, a small white cloud, no larger than a man's hand, is seen coming down the mountain-side; it increases in size, volume, and density, as it tumbles down the mountain, until it enters the pass, and in one moment effectually closes it up as with gates of iron. The Piedmontese are seized with an indescribable horror, suspended as in mid-heaven in this narrow gorge, fearing to move. But not so the Vandois; they know the hour of their deliverance is come; "the pillar of cloud" beckons them on to victory. Ascending the overhanging mountain, they tear up the rocks and boulders, and hurl them down on their invaders. At the same time others enter the pass and attack the imprisoned soldiers, who, in the dread confusion that prevails, hustle one another down the precipice beneath. Like Pharaoh's army of old, Cataneo's forces were utterly overthrown; of the eighteen thousand that left their homes, scarcely any returned to tell the tale of their defeat.

The Duke of Savoy finding his army cut to pieces, and not then having another, issued a decree, graciously pardoning his innocent subjects for having committed the heinous crime of refusing to be slaughtered! So for a time peace was vouchsafed to the Waldensian churches, and their pastors were once more enabled to move quietly among the people, breaking to them the bread of life

The dawn of the sixteenth century with the German

Reformation, brings the Waldenses again into notice. They find their faith is the new religious movement that is startling Germany, France, Switzerland, and England; and their zeal and courage revive on finding that the faith which to them is so dear is being cherished, preached, and fought for before the whole world. But revived faith and fidelity mean revived persecution, as the following record shows.

In 1561 deputies from their chief towns wait on their sovereign prince, and crave humbly and respectfully for protection while engaged in worshipping God; but the Duke's answer was brief: "The mass or slaughter." This monstrous reply, from one who ought to have employed his life and treasure in protecting his loyal subjects, awoke the indignation of this ancient race, and their slumbering energies were fully roused. They had already patiently suffered too long, and endured too much; and now, rather than be the followers of a base hireling priesthood, and consign their children to degradation, they resolve to fight. Trusting in the God of battles, they will bravely and calmly abide the issue. The Count la Trinita, a bloody man, appointed by a commission to execute the judgment of the Duke and of Christ's Vicar, began to move his armies forward into the valley of Angrogna. The Waldenses, seeing the storm approaching, sent deputies into all their towns and villages with a view of forming an alliance, which was formally sworn to by all the deputies with uplifted hands in the presence of their Maker, January 21st, 1561, "to maintain their primitive faith according to the teaching of Scripture, and to stand by one another in the coming struggle, trusting in God alone."

The campaign about to open is almost unparalleled for



its severity, and is more remarkable in its historical facts than is the most thrilling fiction in romantic incidents. For greater feats of daring, more wonderful deliverances, and truer reliance in moments of terrible danger, we look elsewhere in vain in the world's history. La Trinita knew perfectly well, if ever he was to conquer this indomitable race, he must make himself master of the Pra del Tor, the key to all the important valleys. For this purpose he divided his army into three corps, and commenced the assault from three points of attack at once; but at each he was destined to suffer ignominious defeat, the more so because of the numerical superiority of the invading host. At one point, six Waldensian youths all day held a narrow defile which wound round a projecting crag, where only two men could pass abreast, and as the Piedmontese came up, they were either hurled into the torrent beneath, or shot dead until their bodies blocked up the entrance. La Trinita, finding he could not force his way, fell back into the Rora Valley, and massacred in revenge eighty old people left in their houses.

On Sunday, March 17th, of the same year, La Trinita's army, reinforced by Spanish auxiliaries, again marched on the Pra, and made desperate efforts to take it; but from invisible hiding-places along the mountain-side a deadly fire was poured down, until the soldiers were compelled to retreat, leaving heaps of slain, while scarcely one Vaudois had perished. On April 16th, the Count made his third and final attack on the pass; but their old friend, the fleecy cloud, came again to the rescue of the Vaudois and entrapped the host. The Vaudois, climbing their well-known mountains, hurled the rocks down upon the invaders, hundreds of whom, panic-stricken, fell into the abyss below. The Count, utterly defeated and

discomfited, returned home, never again to put his foot among these hills, where he had suffered so much, and accomplished so little.

An interval of rest and peace came to the Waldenses, so that their preachers moved undisturbed among them. Some years now elapse before we find their country openly invaded; but we must not suppose them exempted from that subtle persecution which Rome has always so skilfully employed, and which has proved so fatal to the spread of the true faith, and so fruitful for the propagation of vile superstition. The tyranny of cruel laws, the horrors of the Inquisition, the ghostly judgments levelled against all heretics, were surely sufficient for Rome's purpose, without the aid of the mercenaries of kings and princes. Nearly a century passed away, when a terrible visitant, the Black Plague, ravaged these valleys, committing frightful havoc among the herdsmen and vine-dressers. In 1650 the Pope, assisted by Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy, sent an army of Capuchins into the country to convert these heretics, a task easier set than accomplished; for, after toiling for some time, they returned home without having made a single convert.

This missionary failure was followed by an infamous order, dated January 25th, 1655, commanding all the Vaudois to quit their homes within three days, or return into the pale of the true Church. To leave their homes, with the snow blocking up all their valleys, was simply impossible, and the alternative appeared worse. On April 17th, 1655, the Marquis de Pianezza, with fifteen thousand troops, appeared at the head of La Torre to enforce this threat, and this at the very moment that Vaudois deputies were petitioning the Duke at his palace

in Turin for peace. Though wholly unprepared for this cruel invasion, the inhabitants of La Torre formed themselves into a square, forced their way through the army of the Marquis, and made good their retreat up into one of their natural fastnesses, singing hymns as they went.

The Marquis thus outflanked, used a weapon the Vaudois have never had any experience at, a weapon forged in Vatican councils, and quite in keeping with the Papal character. Pianezza opened negotiations with these simple-minded people, assured them that he meant them no harm, and offered them an honourable peace if they would admit his soldiers into their houses, so that the Duke might realize the hospitality of his subjects, and be assured of their good-will. This was generously agreed to. For two days the soldiers feasted and enjoyed the friendship of these vine-dressers and shepherds, when, on Saturday, April 24th, 1655, the Glencoe tragedy was here first enacted. At a given signal the soldiers became assassins, butchering in cold blood men and women, children and babies. The inhuman outrages and tortures perpetrated baffle all description. Pastor Leger says they never can be told, because too revolting to relate; and yet the evidence collected of this wholesale massacre was so full, so complete, and so indisputable, that it shocked the civilized world. Rome would like now, if she could, to deny it, and blot out this, and other similar chapters in her history; but in vain: they are written in letters of blood beyond the effacement of any human hand. A thrill of horror rang through Germany and Switzerland; and in England, the sympathy on the one hand, and indignation on the other, knew no bounds. Cromwell wrote to the Duke of Savoy, protesting against this barbarous treatment of innocent, defenceless people.

The nation collected a sum of £38,000, and despatched a special envoy to see to its distribution. Milton, in one of his grandest sonnets, has immortalized this tragedy, calling on the Great Eternal to avenge the sufferings of these saints.

The Marquis was not to be deterred. With a band of five hundred men he tried to take the Rora Valley; but he was opposed by a remarkable Waldensian hero, Captain Joshua Gianavello, who, with six peasants, from a hidden ambush, poured so deadly a fire on the advancing host that fifty-four men were shot down. The foe cannot be grappled with, and this detachment of the Marquis's army returned only to tell of its defeat. The Marquis now tried to enter Rora by strategy, as he had done at Lucerna; but Gianavello knew the traitor too well to trust him, even on his oath. What is an oath to a Jesuit if the dark purposes of Rome are at issue? Four more attempts does Pianezza make on the valley, and each time he is repulsed with heavy slaughter; but instead of reading in these reverses, which were more and more miraculous, the finger of Jehovah, he determined to rush on in his mad career, and dash himself against the impenetrable bosses of the eternal buckler.

his family, should cause him to deny his Redeemer ; and as for the threats of vengeance hurled against him, they might as well be spoken to the Alps themselves as to him.

So scattered were these poor defenceless Vaudois, that Gianavello could only collect five hundred men ; yet with this remnant of his brethren, supported by the invisible arm of the Almighty, he fell upon a host numbering fifteen thousand picked veterans, and however chimerical or impossible it may appear, the most creditable historians assert, that this band of lions drove the great army like chaff before them, from town to village, leaving them dead by hundreds, while scarcely a Vaudois fell.

The prodigies of valour performed by these persecuted patriots awoke again the sympathies of England. The Puritan blood curdled at reading the accounts of Waldensian sufferings ; and Cromwell wrote, May 26th, 1658, to Louis XIV., to step in and stop these horrible persecutions ; and through his powerful intervention, a peace was patched up, as usual, all in favour of the Piedmontese.

After thirty years' comparative respite, Louis XIV., then nearing the grave, determined to atone for his many sins by an act of grace, as he styled it. And what might this act of grace be ? It was to extirpate Protestantism in the Waldensian Valleys ! Having revoked the Edict of Nantes, which was well-nigh the only act of mercy the French Huguenots had ever received, and the revocation of which was so injurious to France, that many of her noblest and ablest citizens, deprived of protection, were driven to choose a voluntary exile from their country, Louis now promulgated a decree, with

nine clauses, compelling all Vaudois to instantly return to the Church of Rome on pain of death, and further abolishing all their ancient rights and privileges. What could these distressed people do? Their protectors and champions seemed gone. Cromwell was in his grave, Gianavello in exile, and Protestantism in France, Germany, and Holland seemed everywhere worried. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the Vaudois unite, and chase the armies of France from the valley of San Martino; and if the sword had been the only argument France and Rome could use with these apparently defenceless peasants, they met more than their match in the Vaudois. But the old argument of treachery again proved successful. Through negotiation, French soldiers are quartered in the various valleys, and then treacherously turn upon those who are housing them, and savagely murder three thousand in cold blood. Twelve thousand others of these poor Waldenses, the entire remaining population, are chased from their ancient heritage, from the land of their birth, into Piedmontese fortresses and gaols. Never before or since has it occurred that a whole race has been imprisoned, but here were twelve thousand innocent and defenceless human beings, against whom no crime had ever been proved, immured in dungeons.

When, after the most powerful intercession, these prisons were opened, three thousand skeletons crawled out, many to perish at once, or on the road in their journey to Geneva, where, all honour to this noble town, the citizens hospitably entertained them. But the survivors of these people yearned towards their own dear country, and longed to return; and, notwithstanding all they had suffered, they determined to make the attempt. This return of the patriots is one of the

most famous passages in history; it is known by the name of "La Rentrée Glorienne." The first attempt proved abortive, for the Swiss, fearful of the consequences to themselves, seized the Bridge of St. Maurice, the key of the Rhone Valley, and stopped the expedition. But the Vaudois knew how to bide their time, and it came at last. To those who wait on the Lord, their strength shall be renewed.

William, Prince of Orange, mounted the throne of England, and sent his armies against France; and the great ones of the earth being thus occupied, made the circumstances favourable for the eight hundred surviving Waldenses to return to their native land. Assembling stealthily by night on the shores of Lake Lemán, they crossed the placid waters, and then, led by a devoted hero, Henry Arnaud, they pursued their way with caution along the valley of the Arve, taking as they went some of the leading men as hostages. Reaching Sallenches, they passed on up the steep side of the Col Joli, 7,240 feet high; then crossing Bonhomme, the adjoining mountain to Mont Blanc, and sinking to their middle in snow, yet scarcely resting a moment, they crossed Mont Cenis, and on August 24th reached the valley of Dora. Here, at the narrow defile of the Col D'Albin, they encountered the first check; an army of two thousand five hundred regular French troops was drawn up to oppose them. The Vaudois knew that it was life or death, and that success must depend on the suddenness of the onslaught. With the heroism and impetuosity that always stood them in need, they threw themselves like a thunderbolt on this host. The French fought well for two hours, but were at last utterly routed; six hundred were left dead upon the field, besides the wounded; and

the bag and baggage, so much needed, was the prize of the conquerors. The Vaudois raised a triumphant shout to heaven for this marvellous victory, as only fifteen of their number had perished. The following day was Sunday, and on Mont Sei they worshipped, as their fathers had done before them, under the broad canopy of heaven, and making the hills vocal with praise. On the twelfth day after crossing Lake Leman, scarcely more than seven of the eight hundred entered the glorious valley of San Martino, and in the Prali they unitedly sing the seventy-fourth Psalm.

After three and a half years had passed since they had left the dungeons of Turin, they were once more at home among their own dear valleys. But the Piedmontese were still in possession, and had to be driven out. So, climbing the Col Julien to enter Lucerna, they found at the summit of the pass an army of three thousand Piedmontese drawn up to oppose them; these soldiers shouted out, "Come on, ye 'barbets;' we guard the pass." The Vaudois needed no invitation to "come on;" they had come on through untold dangers of snow and ice and armed opposition, and now, at the threshold of their own inheritance, to be driven back was not to be dreamt of. To fall on this host like an avalanche and sweep them from their path was, as it were, the work of a moment. Still climbing on, Henry Arnaud determined to winter in La Balsiglia, the strongest naturally fortified place in their mountains. Three days after they were entrenched behind this natural rampart, the French General, Catinat, arrived, and was repulsed with heavy slaughter. The attack was not renewed till the spring of the year, when, with five hundred picked musketeers and seven thousand reserves, Catinat expected in an hour to



dislodge Arnaud's little band ; and he even brought fireworks to celebrate the victory he meant to win, which, however, were not needed, for the whole five hundred were cut to pieces, and the Vandois, remarkable as it may appear, sustained no loss. Cannon are now brought up to batter down the wooden barricades ; all now seems lost. The barricades are forced, and the Balsiglia is exposed to the mercy of Catinat. But no ; just as he is about to seize his prey, the old friend of the Vandois once more appears ; the fleecy cloud descends the mountain-side and envelopes the invaders ; and while under this protection, Arnaud and his friends crawl on their hands and knees through the Piedmontese lines, along precipices frightful to behold ; and, when morning dawned, to the dismay of Catinat, the Balsiglia is empty, and Arnaud is seen with his devoted band entering the pass of the Pra del Tor.

Here the welcome news is brought by deputies, of the mighty coalition formed against France ; England, Germany, Holland, and Spain having combined to break the power of Louis XIV. The Duke of Savoy had been given three days to make up his mind on which side he would enlist, and he wisely decided to join the coalition ; and one of the conditions was that the Piedmontese were instantly to be withdrawn from Waldensia. And so at last peace comes to the distressed Vaudois, and the refugees in Italy, Germany, and Switzerland returned to occupy the lovely vales of these still famous mountains.

What lessons are wrapt up in the remarkable history of this people ! As one reads, it seems more like the shifting scenes of a drama. Who cannot see in the sufferings, toils, and preservations of these people, the great lesson, that fidelity to God is always rewarded and

always successful in the end? Truth must triumph. The battle may be long and fierce, but it is not uncertain.

In every age God has reserved to Himself a remnant, and protected this remnant in the hour of its direst distresses and temptations. Persecutions and trials seem to be the allotted portion of God's children. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," are the words of the Divine Master. We can now calmly look back on these events, and see that, after all, the Vaudois, and not the Piedmontese faith has triumphed in the world. Protestantism, and the principles of the Reformation, now hold supremacy in most parts of Europe, and will continue to hold it so long as the Word of God is exalted in our midst. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."



## THE FRENCH REFORMATION.

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### LIFE AND TIMES OF CALVIN AND OTHERS.



THE country we are now to look at is remarkable as being situated in the very centre of civilization, and as possessing a large and industrious population.

It is characteristic of the French people, to espouse heartily or oppose vigorously all that comes in their way.

The narrative of the Protestant Reformation in France is one of the most tragical in history. The first sign of this great movement appeared at Etaples, a village of Picardy, where Jacques Lefevre was born in 1455; but it was not till the year 1510 that the truth as it is in Jesus first became known to him. The Bible, which has been in all ages the appointed means of bringing so many from superstition and darkness, into the liberty of Christ, came into the hands of Lefevre. Here he finds the doctrine of justification by faith; a new and divine light streams into his soul, and this light must be made known to others.

At the Sorbonne, the great school of theology in Paris, Lefevre boldly proclaims his new creed. But this old-fashioned seminary is in no mood to accept so startling a doctrine; its professors for ages have revelled in the grovelling superstitions of Rome, and they are not dis-

posed to have their confidence in the fabric of human merit disturbed, and the doctrine of justification by works shattered. The majority of them are angry at the boldness of Lefevre, but there are one or two who drink in with avidity the glorious news he brings. Among them is William Farel, born at Grenoble in 1489; he is destined to take a prominent part in the Swiss Reformation. There is also William Briçonnet, whose eyes had been opened, like Luther's, by a visit to Rome, where he found plenty of the sham and tinsel of false, but none of the spirit and virtue of true religion. On Briçonnet's return to Paris, Lefevre placed the Scriptures in his hands, which proved the turning-point in his spiritual life.

The dawn of the sixteenth century found that most famous of Popes, Leo X., wearing the tiara. He lived in the soft luxury of an Eastern potentate, and he is reported to have said, "What a profitable affair this fable of Christ has been to us!" To wit, Peter's Pence!

Francis I. is on the throne of France; and by his side is seated his lovely, high-minded, and generous-hearted sister, Margaret of Valois. Although in early life dearly attached to one another, they are now destined to take opposite sides in the coming struggle; Margaret to choose the better part, and Francis to stake his throne, his fortune, and his life in combat with the Reformation. William Briçonnet was the messenger of the King of kings who brought peace to the soul of Margaret of Valois, by placing the Scriptures in her hands: these soon proved as attractive and instructive to her as they had been to himself.

In 1522 Lefevre, who for some time had been working laboriously, produced a part of the New Testament in the

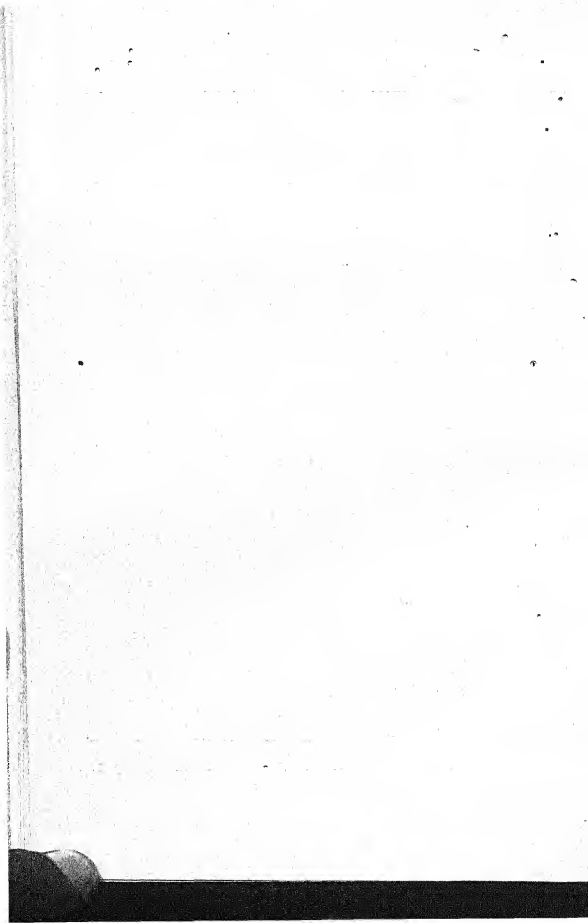
language of the people. Without this aid no Reformation can quickly advance, and in the month of October, 1524, the work was completed, and was joyfully received by those who were favourably inclined to the reformed faith.

In the town of Meaux, where Briçonnet was Bishop, the Reformation made unmistakable progress; and here, too, persecution began its work. The hatred to the new faith was so intense, that no amount of torture was considered too great to extirpate the evil that was springing up in France. Selections of heretics for punishment were made from high and low alike, in the hope of breaking the spirit of the new disciples. One of the first to suffer was Leclerc, a wool-comber. Although of humble origin, he was mighty in the Scriptures and exalted in faith. He was the first to undergo the penalty of his confession, and frightful tortures were inflicted upon him with a view of drawing from him the names of his fellow disciples. But he was steadfast; and while burning at the stake, he continued to quote from the inspired Word: "O Israel, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield." His spirit thus passed away to join the army of martyrs, of whom, the Apostle wrote, the "world was not worthy."

We are now to look at the foremost man of the French Reformation, John Calvin. Unlike Luther's advent in Germany, which in appearance resembled a meteor, Calvin's approach is more gradual and less startling, but his influence is destined to be world-wide. He was born at Noyon, in Picardy, July 10th, 1509. His parentage was humble, but he nevertheless received what would now be termed a liberal education. At fourteen years of age an opportunity was presented for a visit to the French



JOHN CALVIN. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY HONDIUS. p. 112.



capital, to better prosecute his studies. This was the more welcome to Calvin's father, inasmuch as the Black Plague had broken out in Noyon, and was committing fearful ravages among all classes. He thus escaped this plague, according to his enemies, only to catch the religious plague then raging in the capital. At Paris, young Calvin took his stand side by side with much older scholars, and soon showed by his rapid advancement that no ordinary or common-place mind was in their midst.

Before Calvin is to experience the power and happiness of the Gospel, he is first to taste the bitterness of spiritual darkness, and for this purpose he had entered the right school. The Sorbonne, above all places, while boasting of its learning, was disgraced by its licentiousness. Many of its members were as base as they were wise, as voluptuous as they were learned. This was deeply to be deplored, because knowledge is power, and a razor is more dangerous than a rusty knife. Above all, the Sorbonne was the school of persecution; all who did not see as it saw, or believe what it believed, or teach what it taught, must be punished.

A cousin of Calvin's, by name Olivetan, comes to Paris. This young man had been refreshed by the preaching of Lefevre, and, anxious for the salvation of his distinguished cousin, places the truth before him, and the two dispute, the one for Protestantism, the other for Popery. The contest is a fierce one, and on it, humanly speaking, may be said to hang the destiny of tens of thousands in France and Switzerland. Calvin was thus roused to deeper thought and more searching inquiry, the result of which disturbed his present belief and troubled his conscience. He seeks for peace, and



cannot find it in counting beads, and adoring saints. He is thus led to the fountain-head; and here, in the pure Word of God, he finds that which is dearer than life, that without which life is too often either an empty void or a fitful fever. "If in this world only we have hope, we are of all men the most miserable." It was 1527, according to D'Aubigné, when Calvin's conversion to Protestantism took place. Quitting for a time the French capital, Calvin goes to Orleans to study jurisprudence. Here his attachment to the Church of Rome seems to have been finally severed. From Orleans he travels to Bourges, where he makes his first essay as a preacher. This city, under the protection of Margaret of Valois, listens to the welcome news the young disciple brings. His preaching here, however, is abruptly terminated by a summons to his native town, where his father is dying. On reaching Paris, he finds the city disturbed by the news that Louis de Berquin, the most brilliant and accomplished star of the Reformation, is to die at the stake. This distinguished nobleman had been a most devout and upright papist all his life, but on finding the truth, his renunciation of the errors of Rome was complete and decided. His new faith is not to be hid "under a bushel." No; the world shall know the friend he has found. Before the Sorbonne, he enunciates, explains, and enforces his creed; and so great is his zeal and eloquence, that none can answer or gainsay it. But what cannot be opposed by reason or argument, may be crushed by brute force. The Sorbonne applies all its efforts, and employs all its powers, to destroy this gifted man. Notwithstanding, like Pilate of old, the King protested, and three times used his prerogative to save him, its insatiable rage prevails; and

in the Place de Grève, on April 22nd, 1529, Louis de Berquin is publicly burned to death.

This martyr-fire was the appointed means of rousing the slumbering people of France, as Cranmer's and Ridley's roused, a few years later, the people of England. There was one in the crowd who beheld this faithful servant of Christ sealing his witness with his blood, upon whom this martyrdom was to produce a profound and lasting impression. John Calvin is shortly to come into the forefront of the battle, and throw down his challenge to the Church of Rome.

Lefevre and Farel had vainly endeavoured to persuade Francis I. to befriend Protestantism; but this King was too much engaged with politics to think about religion; moreover, he had hardly recovered from the sting of Pavia, and was already fully employed in schemes to thwart his adversary and rival, Charles V. But if Francis would not help Protestantism, Margaret, his sister, would. If the Sorbonne forbade preaching in French churches, they had no jurisdiction in the Queen's palace. So at the Louvre, every day at noon, Margaret held a Lutheran service, conducted by her chaplain, Roussel, who had the wisdom (it would be well if others had) not to spend his strength in overthrowing error, but in proclaiming truth. The rooms were found far too small for the crowds that came; and at last Margaret persuades her brother to grant two churches in Paris in which to preach the reformed faith. This last step inflames the haughty Sorbonne. They petition the King, the Chancellor, the Archbishop, and, last of all, entreat the populace to crush this hydra that was rising in their midst. The appeal to the populace was not in vain. The idle and indifferent in Paris were

ready to do the Sorbonne's bidding; and notwithstanding the Queen strove hard to turn the tide of ignorant and furious indignation which everywhere was rising, all was in vain.

Paris was blind. It was the hour of her special visitation; and, like Jerusalem of old, she stopped her ears, and steeled her heart against conviction, and the Gospel, most unhappily, was rejected by her. Among those who fell under the persecuting crusade which ensued was a Dominican friar, named Alexander. This man, brought suddenly to see the truth, yet stood firm in the hour of trial. His death is worthy to be chronicled in everlasting fame. His journey to the stake was more like a missionary's tour than a march to death; all his guards were converted, and he bore the most frightful tortures without a murmur and with heroic triumph. This martyrdom was but one of many hundreds that the infatuated French mob gazed on unmoved. Margaret's noble-minded efforts to save France were of no avail, and the Parisians at least made up their minds to choose Baal rather than God.

Calvin, who was now in Paris, was being narrowly watched; and the Sorbonne becoming possessed of an address written by him, at once determined to bring him to the stake. In fact, the Lieutenant-Criminal was on his way to apprehend him, when the news reached Calvin's lodgings; and not a moment too soon, for while the Reformer was being lowered by a rope into a back street, the guard was thundering at the front door. Dressed as a peasant, with a hoe on his shoulder, he fled through the gates of Paris, first to Orleans, then to Tours and Angoulême. There, at the magnificent château of Du Tillet, the seat of a noble and wealthy Protestant family, whose library numbers four thousand

volumes, he rested in peace. It was in this château, with its store of literary wealth, Calvin plans and commences a work known as the "Christian Institutes," which, D'Aubigné says, is the greatest literary work of the Reformation. When the sky had somewhat cleared, Calvin journeyed on to Poitiers; and it is believed that in this town the Lord's Supper as a "memorial" was instituted, and here in a cave, known as Calvin's Grotto, it was first administered.

We are now to turn to an event big with interest to the world at large, and France in particular. Francis, as already stated, was revolving schemes for curbing the ever-increasing power of Charles V.; and at last he hit on a plan which would be the means of linking the chair of St. Peter for the future with the throne of France, and so detaching it from Spain. The Pope, Clement VII., of the great house of Medici, had a niece, a little fair-haired girl of fourteen, by name Catharine de Medici; and Francis now determines to propose an alliance by marriage between this girl and his second son, Henry, Duke of Orleans. The brilliancy of this proposed match dazzled the Pope. To think of the King of France proposing an alliance between his own royal son and a merchant's daughter; and yet it was quite true. The dowry that this young girl was to bring to France was Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, Parma, Modena, Urbino, and Reggio, besides Milan and Genoa; these possessions would be a handsome set-off against the losses at Pavia. The dowry was a large one, but Clement most cheerfully consented to it; the more so, because he had not the slightest intention of fulfilling this part of the contract. Catharine was the daughter of Lorenzo II., a descendant of Cosmo, the wealthy mer-

chant and founder of the great house of Medici; her father and mother both dying while Catharine was young, her Uncle, Clement VII., became her lawful guardian. This girl was soon to become, as Queen of Henry II., the central figure in France, and even in Europe. Before her fiery passions and her inordinate love of power, all were expected to yield, until her name became a terror to France, and her deeds of infamy unparalleled in history. The devastating influence of her wickedness France, even to this day, has not been able to efface.

The marriage was celebrated in Marseilles, in October, 1533. The Pope set sail from his native shores, and, after a tempestuous passage, reached the French city, where Francis waited to greet him. Amid the most gorgeous ceremonies and festivities Catharine and the Duke of Orleans were united. Pope Clement returned home only to die, bequeathing as a legacy his wickedness to his niece, who, from the day she first put her foot upon the soil, seemed to bring down curses upon France. No one could have supposed that the opportunity would have presented itself for the cruel display of the power she so much loved; but, as D'Aubigné has truly observed, "the moment she became linked to the throne of France, every fortune seemed to wait upon her, and even death itself was hand and glove in her darkest plots." Death paid frequent visits to the palace of the Louvre during her reign, but each time to help her projects and extend her power. First the Dauphine was laid low, and the Duke, her husband, became heir to the throne; then her father-in-law, Francis I., was summoned to the grave, and her husband, the Duke, reigned; then he, as Henry II., died shortly afterwards, and his imbecile son, Francis II.,

mounted the throne, but his mother really reigned; and now Francis II. is struck down, and his more imbecile brother, Charles IX., nominally reigns, but Catharine rules. Casting off the Guises, who had been partners with her in rearing her empire of sin, she now stands alone, towering above all; and even when the hand of Charles was stiffened in death, and Henry III. reigns, Catharine is still the mainspring of all government in France.

We must again turn to Calvin, who is henceforth the centre of Protestantism, and whose influence for good is to tower aloft, like Catharine's for evil. Calvin visited Paris for the third time, and there came across an individual with whom in later years his name is unpleasantly associated. Michael Servetus is this man, a Spaniard, whose learning and wild rationalistic theories led him to ruin and finally to the stake. Calvin's labours are now exerted among the humbler classes in Paris; and with these his work was eminently successful. With all the barriers in the way, the number of his disciples continued to increase; and in later years many of Calvin's converts to Christianity cheerfully sealed their witness to its truth, at the stakes erected by the Sorbonne in Paris.

Francis I. had not yet thrown all his power and influence against Protestantism, for it had too many and too powerful supporters to be hastily destroyed; but the time now arrives. Differences of opinion concerning Church polity having taken place in the Reformed Church in France, William Farel and other Swiss pastors are appealed to as referees. The result was that Farel wrote a treatise, entitled "True Articles on the Horrible Popish Mass," which, for burning zeal,

withering sarcasm, and trenchant arguments, is without a rival. It was decided to print and circulate this treatise widely through France, and to have it nailed in public places; and this was done. The result was what might have been expected; the most frightful storm burst over Paris and France. The King's rage was unbounded. Every heretic directly or indirectly connected with this pamphlet was doomed to perish. The Lieutenant-Criminal, Jean Morin, was to begin at once, and bring to the stake all suspected of Protestantism. The horrors of these persecutions baffle description, but they were patiently borne by such men as Du Bourg, Bartholomew Millon, and Poille. On January 21st, 1535, a day black in history to France, at the instigation of the Romish Church, Francis ordained a great procession and fast. All the hierarchy of the Papal Church take part in this procession, which traverses Paris, bearing aloft the host, under a magnificent canopy borne by princes of the blood-royal. This imposing spectacle is to wind up by a great purgation of the remaining heretics, who are to be collected and burned in one great faggot pile. The King is an eye-witness of all these horrors, which are not to atone for the sins of the court or the sins of the people, but merely for the supposed affront given to the mass. This day, January 21st, proved a day of ill-omen to France. Dr. Wylie points out that on this same day, in 1793, Louis XVI. was dragged to the block, to be followed by two thousand eight hundred victims, who were guillotined in the Place de la Concorde. Again, on January 21st, 1871, Paris, the proud capital of the first military power in the world, after suffering all the horrors of a protracted siege, opened its gates to German conquerors. Francis, after burning

every Lutheran he could find, proceeded a step further in his persecuting frenzy, by proscribing printing throughout the realm, and forbidding, on pain of death, any one to have anything to do with it. Margaret of Valois, sick at heart and weary of the King's treatment of the reformed religion, retired to her palace in Bearn, where, in 1549, she died, leaving behind her illustrious daughter, Jeanne D'Albret, one of the noblest and most gifted women of France.

Calvin, driven by persecution from Paris, reached Basle, in Switzerland, which was a refuge for Protestants from many lands. Here, at the humble dwelling of Catharine Klein, Calvin bends all his energies to the completion of his "Institutes." He was stimulated by the news of the horrors perpetrated in Paris; and if he could not, like an Elijah or a John the Baptist, thunder the eternal vengeance against these atrocious deeds, he had a pen, and he would use it in defence of the Gospel; he would show the world the purity, sublimity, and power of God's truth. The "Institutes of the Christian Religion" is an exposition of the faith, setting forth *in extenso* the plan of salvation, and God's dealings with man. D'Aubigné says of this work, that "Calvin went to the Gospel springs, and there collecting into a golden cup the pure and living waters of divine revelation, presented them to the nations to quench their thirst." Printed and published at Basle in 1536, and afterwards circulated in every country in Europe, this work was hailed with joy by the friends of the Reformation: it was dedicated to Francis himself. Such a work was greatly needed to rouse the slumbering energies of half-hearted Protestants, and to cheer and sustain the courage of the faithful and persecuted.



On March 31st, 1547, Francis I. died; but before his death he added one more tragedy to the chapter of horrors his life embraced. In Provence, one of the departments of France inhabited by Vandois refugees, he caused twenty-two towns and villages to be sacked by his soldiers, and every Protestant to be put to the sword. This was done as an act of grace to atone for his many sins; but the horrors of this dreadful butchery haunted him to the last hour of his life.

The new King, Henry II., husband of Catharine, followed in the footsteps of his father, with persecutions fiercer than ever; and, with a view of arresting the continued spread of heresy, he convened a "Mecuriale," or Council-General, at which all the princes of the blood-royal and dignitaries of the Romish Church were present. The impeachment and condemnation of heretics formed the first and chief business. Some of the senators were for moderation, especially a nobleman named Du Bourg, who said, "How grave a matter they had in hand, and how careful they ought to be before consigning men to the flames against whom no crime was proved, who were generally peaceful and orderly subjects, and who died praying for the King!" These were surely mild words, if reasonable men were being spoken to; but the King was so enraged at this speech, that he ordered the Constable, Count Montgomery, to arrest Du Bourg and fling him into the Bastile. The King had fully resolved to wreak his vengeance on the Huguenots; his finger should be as his father's thigh in comparison with his treatment of heretics, and Du Bourg should be a notable example to others. But, before the day fixed for his execution came round, it was Henry II., and not Du Bourg, who was to appear at the tribunal of the most High.

Fourteen days only have elapsed since the King left the Mecuriale, and this period has been spent in festivities occasioned by the marriage of his daughter to Philip II. of Spain. These rejoicings are terminated by a grand tournament in the Faubourg St. Antoine, in which the King, who was a doughty cavalier, took a prominent part, and having vanquished many distinguished champions, resolved, before the day closed, to run a lance with the Constable, Count Montgomery. It was in vain that the Constable begged to be excused; the King was determined. The two champions take their places, and, at the sound of the bugle, charge each other in full career; the lances shiver to the gauntlet grasp. But the King's visor suddenly flies open; a splinter from Montgomery's lance enters his eye and penetrates deep into the brain. The King, mortally wounded, is borne to the palace, and on July 10th, 1559, he dies, in the forty-first year of his age. It is a curious coincidence that, when the King was laid in state in the palace where the bridal festivities were scarcely ended, the piece of tapestry thrown over the body had worked on it the scene of the conversion of St. Paul, under which was written, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" reminding us of the Emperor Julian's words, who fell warring against Christ, "Thou hast overcome, O Galilean."

Notwithstanding the persecutions raging in the capital and throughout France, the Word of God was slowly traversing the kingdom by means of colporteurs, who, laden with Bibles and tracts from Swiss printing presses, were well received by the peasants in the various villages through which they passed. So far from the fierce persecutions diminishing the converts to Protestantism, the martyr-fires were bearing precious fruit, and Huguenot

churches and congregations were springing up everywhere.

It is important to note who was at the head of affairs in France, for at the right door must these iniquities be laid. Francis II., the late King's eldest son, sixteen years of age, had ascended the throne. His mother, Catharine de Medici, had taught him nothing good, so that it is not surprising to find him entirely devoid of all moral principle. Catharine still had formidable rivals in her plans and plots in the powerful family of the Guises, who had the nearest *entrées* to the King's ear through their beautiful niece, Mary, Queen of Scots, now wife of Francis II.

It will be well also to run over the names of other men of note who, at this period, influenced the history of France, some of whom will figure prominently in the great tragedy that is already foreshadowed. First is Anthony de Bourbon, better known as the King of Navarre, who married Jeanne D'Albret, the most illustrious Protestant woman in France; secondly, the Prince of Condé, brother of Navarre; and, thirdly, Admiral Coligny, to whom Protestantism was a reality and not a political sentiment. Coligny was brought to know God, like many before and since, by a sudden view of the truth of the Scriptures. This renowned French nobleman became a soldier of the cross, and threw his rank, fortune, and life into the Protestant cause.

The first persecuting act of Francis II. was having the Councillor Du Bourg strangled, and then publicly burned, in the Place de Grève. The Inquisition, or "Chambres Ardentes," as it was called, was now set up in Paris by the Guises, whose hatred of Protestantism knew no bounds. This Inquisition was presided over

by three infamous Spaniards, before whom every one suspected of heresy was dragged and tortured, and many afterwards burned. In 1560, a political league was formed, with a view to overthrow the power of the Guises, to establish the reformed faith, and to place the Prince of Condé on the throne. This plot, like most others, was divulged by some half-hearted partisan at the eleventh hour, and dire was the vengeance taken by the Guises on the conspirators. At Amboise, where the plot was concerted, twelve hundred Protestants were butchered in one day; and to further punish this daring attempt to overthrow a reign of terror, the Guises determined to outlaw the Prince of Condé, and put a price upon his head. The decree for this only awaited the royal signature, when Francis II. himself is summoned to his account in December, 1560, at the age of seventeen, after a reign of only seventeen months. How are the mighty fallen! He is carried to the grave at St. Denis more like a pauper than a king; only two or three old servants followed the corpse. Catharine de Medici's day of supreme power is now dawning. Mary, Queen of Scots, her daughter-in-law, returns to her native land, and Charles IX., Catharine's son, at the age of nine, ascends the throne.

There now arose in Paris what is well known in history as the "Triumvirate," ostensibly to assist in the government, but really for the persecution of the Huguenots. It was composed of the Duke of Guise, the Constable Montmorency, and the Marshal St. André; and though these men were vastly different in their characters, they were united on the one ground of hatred to Protestantism.

On September 5th, 1561, a Conference was convened at Poissy to consider the religious differences that dis-

tracted France. The assemblage was a brilliant one, and if pomp could have made it a success, it was not lacking. The Protestants sent deputies, and among them the famous scholar and historian, Theodore Beza, who championed their cause before the Council in so masterly and yet so reverently a manner, that, had he been addressing reasonable men, he must have triumphed. He merely craved for religious toleration to harmless, peaceable men. But he might as well have spoken to the wind as speak to the Council of Poissy. The Roman Catholics were more violent than ever; the Protestants had only been summoned to gauge their strength, and to insult them. Meantime the reformed faith was rapidly spreading, and so numerous were the converts, that the Romanists beheld with alarm whole towns going over to Protestantism. The Duke of Guise, who had smothered his rage for some time, now broke out; and his vengeance fell first on a small place called Vassy, where, on February 28th, 1562, he massacred in cold blood a congregation of sixty to eighty persons, and wounded two hundred and fifty more, leaving ruin and misery behind him. At Tours and Toulouse the same horrible persecutions took place. In Paris, where the Duke's power was supreme, the tyranny was awful; one had only to raise the cry of "A Huguenot!" for some one to massacre him. If any one had a spite against another, he had only to call him a Huguenot to get him killed.

Admiral Coligny was indisputably the head of the Huguenot party in France. He was at this time seriously revolving in his mind whether to unsheathe his sword in defence of his religion, or would he be longer justified in remaining quiet, while his own dear co-religionists were being butchered all around him.

His wife, the noble-minded Charlotte Laval, awoke one night tormented by her dreams, thinking how comfortable the Admiral and herself were in their own secure Castle of Chatillon, while their suffering countrymen were perishing unsupported. The Admiral said, "Are you prepared to see me defeated, dragged to a scaffold, my name and family branded, outlawed, our estates confiscated, and children beggared? I will give you three weeks to consider and fortify yourself; I will then go forth to perish with my countrymen." Her reply was as prompt as it was heroic: "The three weeks are gone already; go forth in God's name, and He will protect you."

The Protestant chiefs were now invited to oppose the lawless oppression of their brethren; and so formidable a front did they present, that in a few days the Prince of Condé entered and took Orleans at the head of five thousand troops. Here the Protestant standard was formally pitched, and round it gathered the flower of the French nobility. On the Huguenot banner was inscribed, "Liberty of Worship." The Huguenots were masters of the ancient city of Rouen, which commands the Seine, and thus would be able to cut off supplies for Paris. The Romanist army, well disciplined, ably commanded, and implacable in its hatred of Protestantism, marched on the city; but notwithstanding Condé's army was strongly posted before it, and he was loyally backed by the citizens and aided by English volunteers, it was destined to fall. The army of Catharine was too strong, and after a siege of some weeks, Rouen fell, and the Romanists commenced the work of rapine and plunder. This severe loss was followed by another still worse: a pitched battle outside the city, in which the Huguenots

were totally routed; though, on the side of the Romanists, the Marshal St. André was killed, and Montmorency mortally wounded, leaving only the Duke of Guise of the Triumvirate alive; but, on the Protestant side, the Prince of Condé was taken prisoner. At an early stage in this battle fortune seemed to favour the Huguenots' arms, and a messenger, escaping from the battle-field, reached Paris and reported to the Queen-Mother that her army was defeated; upon hearing which, she coolly said to her maids-in-waiting, "Then in future we must say our prayers in French."

The Duke of Guise, following up his success, resolved to storm Orleans and lay it in ashes, and thus unearth every fox, as he termed the Huguenots, and butcher them wholesale. But a higher power determined it otherwise. "Man proposes, God disposes." The night before the city was to be destroyed, the Duke goes through his camp to inspect his troops. Some distance from the camp, by the road-side, are two walnut trees, and, hidden by their shade and branches, sits a solitary figure on horseback; he is waiting and watching for somebody. Presently the sound of horse's hoofs is heard in the distance, and as they approach, the hiding figure perceives his victim close at hand; he lets him pass, and quickly dashing up behind him, fires his pistol through the Duke's shoulder, who immediately falls forward, mortally wounded, and is carried by his attendants to his bed, from which he never rises. The assassin was John Poltrot, who had been maddened by the Duke's butcheries; and so paralysed was he by his deed, that he rode round the trees all night, and quietly allowed himself to be apprehended in the morning and sent to Paris, where he was publicly executed by order of the government.

How are the mighty humbled! It is not a little remarkable that at the very moment the foremost man in all France, politically speaking, thought himself able to stamp out the hated cause of the Huguenots, in the trite but eloquent words of Pasquier, "his horn was lowered." The Triumvirate having vanished, Catharine de Medici, the niece of Pope Clement VII., stood supreme in power. Just thirty years had passed since Catharine first entered the country, and now her long-awaited and wished-for hour had come, when in truth she was mistress of all France.

Having concluded a peace with Prince Condé, all in favour of herself, she set off on a tour of inspection through the country, taking with her the King, her imbecile son, Charles IX.; and, supported by a brilliant and imposing cavalcade, the procession moved from town to town. Smiles and promises were freely given to the Huguenots, but nothing more substantial; while, wherever the iconoclasts had been busy, their work was studiously pointed out to the weak young King, that his half-witted brain might early be impressed with the monstrosity of Huguenotism, and thus prepare him for his part in its hoped-for extirpation. Catharine was anxious to satisfy herself as to the strength and reality of Protestantism, and of this she found abundant evidence wherever she travelled. The great ones of the earth, whether kings or statesmen, have seldom been able to understand the power of true religious faith in a crucified Saviour, faith that the sword has vainly attempted to annihilate, and that armies have vainly attempted to put to rout; which has been burned at a thousand stakes, imprisoned, tortured, outraged, and persecuted in innumerable ways;



and which, notwithstanding this prolonged and frightful treatment, has refused to die. Nay, the more it is assaulted the more irresistible it grows, the more it is hunted the mightier it becomes, and, armed with invisible weapons, returns to the conflict more vigorous than ever. This Protestant Reformation is a mystery.

It is confidently believed that at Bayonne, on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, the St. Bartholomew Massacre was first projected. Here Catharine met the envoy of Philip II., the terrible Duke of Alva, and with him the envoy of Pius V.; and these three "worthies" are believed to have then arranged the outline of this murderous plot.

Soon after this meeting had taken place, at the end of 1568, a preliminary attempt was made on the lives of Condé and Coligny; but they avoided the danger and reached La Rochelle, the famous stronghold of Protestantism. Here the Protestant forces were gathered, and to the camp came Jeanne D'Albret, the high-minded and noble daughter of Margaret of Valois, accompanied by her son, the young Prince of Bearn. On March 15th, 1569, the royal forces met the army of Coligny on the fatal field of Jarnac, where the Protestants were completely routed; and although the loss was partially repaired, it was quickly followed by a more fatal affray, and a darker day for the Huguenots.

On October 3rd, in the same year, the memorable battle of Montcontour was fought. At the outset Coligny's jaw was broken by a bullet, which disabled him from command, and the numerical superiority of the royal forces told with awful effect. Out of the Protestant ranks of twenty-five thousand who entered the field, only eight thousand returned alive. The Government in

Paris, maddened at the obstinacy of the Admiral, and his determined and persistent resistance, outlawed him, and put a price of thirty thousand crowns upon his head; and, in addition to this, burned to the ground his magnificent Castle of Chatillon. Pope Pius V. gave the *coup de grâce* to this gentle treatment by cursing him as an infamous heretic, and calling on all true-hearted Christians to take away his life. Coligny calmly bore all this with a heroism and Christian fortitude worthy of our highest admiration; writing to his friends, October 16th, 1569, he said, "We must follow Jesus Christ to the end: our Captain who has gone before us."

To some half-hearted or worldly-minded people Protestantism might appear to have received its final sentence. Condé was dead, and the battle of Montcontour had completely routed the Huguenot army. But Coligny, a man of faith, looked higher, and saw signs all around him that the reformed faith was not dead, but alive everywhere; and so true was this belief, that in the spring of 1570 Coligny was at the head of another large army, under the very walls of Paris; and so formidable a front did this army present, that Catharine was only too glad to make peace with the Admiral, whose only object in drawing the sword was to obtain an honourable peace for his distressed co-religionists, a peace that would give them religious liberty. A treaty, known as the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, was signed August 8th, 1570, for the security of which four towns were handed over to the Huguenots; and into La Rochelle, the chief of these, their army retired.

Now came a peace of two years, and France had rest, a temporary lull in the storm that had raged so long. During this period, namely, in 1571, a national Pro-

testant Synod was convened, and held at La Rochelle, presided over by Theodore Beza, and attended by deputies from all the leading cities of the kingdom. Here was a time of great joy and refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and truly it may be said that Protestantism was now in its zenith in this unhappy country. Soon after the conference, this mighty principle as a political power begins to sink, and the day and hour of France's delivery from the thralldom of Rome passes away, not again to return.

The Synod is over, and we are now to look at the more immediate circumstances that led to the great tragedy which is fast approaching. It is tolerably well authenticated that all the heads of the Romish Church had a share in this awful business. The reigning Pontiff at Rome was Pius V. when the measure at Bayonne was first planned. He wrote to his dear son, Charles IX., importuning him, for the love of God, to fall on the Huguenots without pity. In the same unloving strains he wrote to Catharine, to whom any arguments were quite superfluous. Philip II. and Alva urged the same necessity, seeing they were both engaged in the same awful work in the Netherlands. The prevailing idea was to concoct some scheme by which all the heads of the Huguenot party might be gathered together in Paris, and then to massacre them.

Two plans are hit upon, both of which would tend to disguise the smothered feeling of hatred that Catharine cherished against the professors of the reformed faith. The first was a marriage between Charles IX.'s sister and the young King of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV.), son of the illustrious Protestant, Jeanne D'Albret; the second was to fit out a volunteer corps, to help the

Prince of Orange in the Netherlands, and for this purpose to invite Coligny to court to arrange measures. He went accordingly to Blois, where the court was then sitting, and here for some days he was caressed and loaded with favours. In March, 1572, Jeanne D'Albret, who had come to Paris with her son to be present at the marriage, suddenly sickened and died, some say of a subtle poison which was made to exude from kid gloves. While all this is going on, the air seems growing heavier, and the clouds seem darkening; yet the court still dissembles, and nothing is left undone to ward off the suspicion that foul play was contemplated. The Queen-Mother and the King continued to simulate unabated affection for the Huguenots.

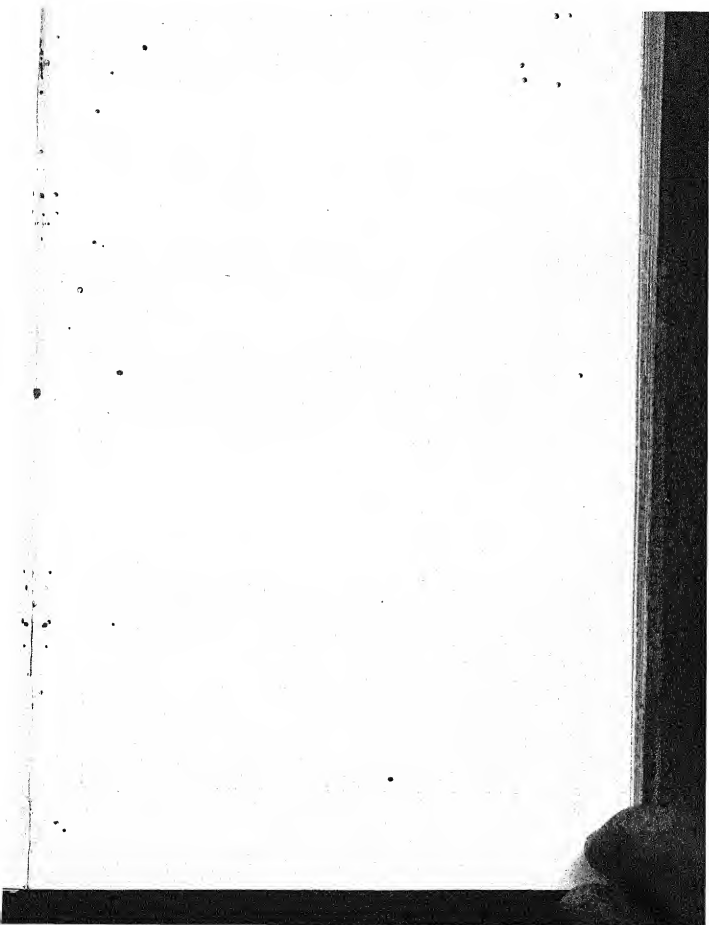
The middle of August has come, and the marriage takes place amid the most brilliant ceremonies; and none could have supposed, as they watched the guests, that in less than a week a mine would be sprung under them that would vibrate through Europe. The four days following the nuptials were employed by Catharine and her agents in ripening the plot. No effort was spared in collecting all the representative men of the reformed faith into the capital. Some invited for one purpose, some for another; but all with an assurance of safety, and unbounded expressions of good-will and fraternity. Before the actual day arrived, one of the prime movers and arch conspirators was removed from the stage. Death, who waits for no man or event, hurried to the tomb the Pope himself; he was not permitted to gloat over the dire tragedy now fully prepared.

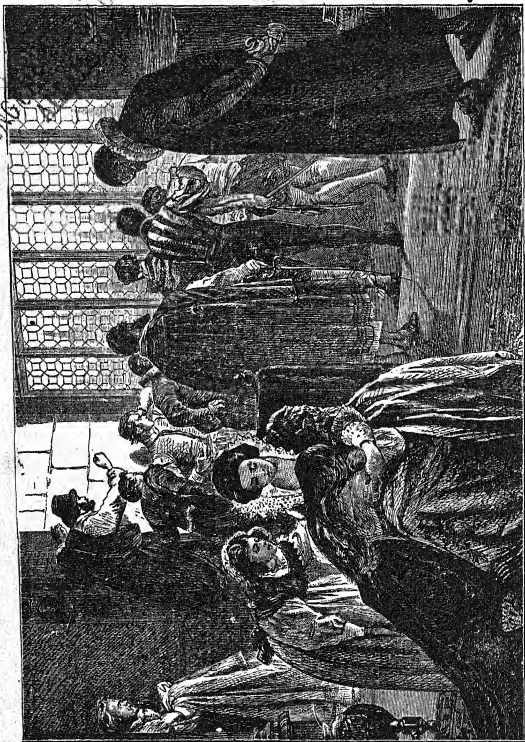
On Friday, August 22nd, as Coligny was returning on foot from the Louvre, he was fired at from a house in

the Rue des Fossés St. Germain, and one of the balls aimed at him carried off two of his fingers from his right hand. The assassin made his escape, and Coligny, with patience and resignation, bore this warning of the impending storm. Catharine and Charles instantly repaired to the Admiral's lodgings, and protested against this diabolical attempt on so noble a life, and promised that the perpetrator should be brought to justice. The King ordered the gates of Paris to be closed, ostensibly to prevent the assassin from escaping (who was already beyond reach), but really to prevent the flight of the Huguenots, some of whom, now too late, apprehended the worst.

Friday night and Saturday were spent in anxious fears on the one side, and further deliberations and renewed arrangements on the other; for now that Charles IX. stood face to face with this gigantic crime, his courage failed him, and he showed signs of countermanding his orders. Catharine, well knowing his mind and temper, had provided against this possible reaction. She warned Charles that, unless he wished himself to perish, he must not dream of retracting; and Charles, now fearful of his own safety, said, "Let all perish, leave not one to upbraid me hereafter."

It was midnight of Saturday, and the dawn of Sunday was to be "hallowed" by the outbreak of the massacre. To rouse the butchers, the Roman Catholics were informed a Huguenot plot had been discovered to massacre the King and Court. The Queen-Mother had not left Charles a moment, for fear he should change his mind; even at the last moment, at two o'clock in the morning, Catharine dispatched a messenger to toll the bell of the Church of St. Germain L'Auxerois. The





MASSACRE OF ST BARTHOLOMEW—SEIZURE OF THE ENGLISH EMBASSY

moment it sounded, a pistol-shot was heard, and the King, terrified (as well he might be), summoned a messenger to stop the carnage. But it was too late; the great bell of the Palace de Justice began to toll its awful summons, and the infuriated mob was now heard crying, "Kill, kill all; blood-letting is good in August."

The Admiral was to be the first great victim, and to secure him, the Duke of Guise (another worthy representative of this notorious family), with three hundred gentlemen, galloped off to the Admiral's lodgings. To surround the house, to slaughter the men-at-arms who defended it, was the work of a moment; and Coligny, startled from his sleep, said to his servant, "God calls us to himself." Time only elapsed for a short prayer, and the next moment the door was burst in, and he was surrounded by soldiers, who, despatching him with their daggers, flung his body out of the window, for the Duke of Guise, who was waiting below, to spurn and satiate his revenge on his old adversary. The Duke's soldiers, then mingling with the furious, ever-increasing mob of assassins, like blood-hounds, pursued their awful mission, passing from street to street, and house to house; and the unarmed, innocent Huguenots were hunted to death. In the Louvre alone some two hundred Protestant nobles and gentlemen of rank, who had been invited as guests to the Court, were barbarously butchered. When the day dawned, and the sun rose, the ghastly spectacle defied description.

This day was Sunday, August 24th, St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572; a day never to be forgotten by the world, memorable for the most gigantic crime that has ever startled Christendom. All day long the massacre raged, until the River Seine ran red with blood; and some



assert that the bridges were blocked by dead corpses as they were borne down the stream ; and it is also credibly stated that Charles IX. amused himself by firing his arquebus at the bodies as they floated by. But not to Paris alone was this massacre confined ; all over France it raged, and, according to the historian Sully, the most reliable authority, seventy thousand Huguenots perished throughout France by this one massacre. To justify themselves before the world, the Court trumped up a story that this carnage was to avoid a Huguenot plot that had been discovered in Paris, a tale so chimerical that no one believed it. England's horror and indignation knew no bounds ; the Ambassador at the Court of Elizabeth was scowled upon, and Elizabeth and her attendants were robed in deep mourning. In Scotland, John Knox, though old and infirm, summoned his remaining strength to denounce the merited vengeance of Heaven against the Queen-Mother and Charles IX.

But how different did Rome and Madrid receive the tidings that this work was done ! Rome was intoxicated with joy ; the cannon of St. Angelo boomed forth in thanksgiving ; fireworks and bonfires celebrated the event ; and Gregory XIII., after going in state three times to give thanks for the deliverance from the Church's enemies, rewarded the messenger who brought the news with 1,000 crowns, and caused a medal to be struck, commemorating the event. Madrid was equally delighted, and for one week revelled in *fêtes* to celebrate the transactions. This is a picture of the Church of Rome : let none mistake her name or her nature ; she has been, and is still, "*Semper eadem.*" Her darkest and foulest deeds she has crowned with laurels ; the instigators and perpetrators of her murders she has

lauded and canonized. So far from regretting her many, many acts of unparalleled infamy, she has gloated over them, and would, if opportunity offered, repeat them; and all this under the name of religion.

One would have supposed the St. Bartholomew massacre would have stamped out Protestantism from France; and so it would if the reformed faith had been merely a political or social power; but it is a living, mighty principle, which contains the germ of immortality. Refusing to die, the faithful again drew together, and La Rochelle and Sancerre became the strongholds of Huguenotism. When the royal forces encamped before Sancerre, the citizens cried out, "We are true men here, and not assassins;" and for ten months did this gallant city hold out against overwhelming odds, enduring many months of famine, until relief came. La Rochelle was still more hotly besieged; twenty-nine times the Duke of Anjou assaulted the walls, and twenty-nine times was he driven back with heavy slaughter, until, weary with losses and disappointments, he withdrew his army from a city whose watchword was "No surrender."

Soon after these events, Charles IX., stung with remorse, and haunted day and night with fearful forebodings, resulting from his part in the St. Bartholomew massacre, neared his end. Seized with a loathsome malady, on his bed he cried out pitifully for mercy, and his only comforter was a Huguenot nurse. On May 30th, 1574, he died, at the age of twenty-five, and in the fourteenth year of his reign.

The Duke of Anjou, brother of Charles IX., now assumed the crown under the title of Henry III. Devoid of every good quality, and possessing innumerable vices,

it is not to be wondered that he followed in the footsteps of his mother. Meanwhile the Protestants are growing daily stronger; for at their head is Henry of Navarre, the white-plumed chief, who is shortly to achieve brilliant fame.

It is necessary to record the origin of what is known in history as "The League." It was formed in Paris for the extermination of heresy and the propagation of the Romish faith. At its head were the Duke of Guise, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and many of the French Jesuits, and at its back the scum of Paris. Into this League Henry III. threw his crown, for he had nothing else to throw.

The Duke of Guise, seeing the King was a mere puppet, sought the crown for himself; and, supported by his uncle, the powerful Cardinal bid fair to obtain it. Henry, seeing the crisis, retired to the palace at Blois, and by wiles and smiles succeeded in persuading the Duke to visit him there. The Duke was warned by his friends not to go; but, unsuspecting any treachery, he went, and in the antechamber of the palace met his doom. At a given signal, the King's halberdiers despatched him. The Cardinal was also secretly assassinated. And thus these two men, who had so prominently figured in the great massacre, both met with violent deaths.

At the very moment the Duke of Guise is being killed in one apartment in the royal palace, the Queen-Mother is slowly dying in another, and in twelve days she breathed her last. She died without a mourner, unregretted by any one, having lived to see all her family and partners in guilt perish, to see the failure of all her plans, and the sacred cause she had so long hunted to death as vigorous

and prosperous as ever. Henry III., the last of the ill-fated family, was despatched by a monk while in his tent outside the gates of Paris. So ended the reign of terror and of the powerful House of Valois.

Henry of Navarre now came to the throne as Henry IV. His bravery and chivalry were of a high order, but his religious faith and Protestant principles were not to be relied on. He was with his army encamped before Paris at the death of Henry III., but the Roman Catholic nobles and the League refused to recognize him as their king unless he would abjure his faith. Instead of following the noble example of his mother, who had put her religion before a throne, he put his throne before his religion; he tried to conciliate both parties, and pleased neither.

Meantime, the Romanists grew stronger than ever, and, pressing hard on the forces of Henry, compelled him to fall back; and being pursued, he halted in front of Dieppe, where he joined battle, and entirely routed the army of Paris. In this battle Navarre's reputation was fully established as the first military man in France. Again marching forward, Henry encamped at Tours, and in the spring of 1590 marched on Paris, where, on the 14th of March, he met the army of the League on the memorable plains of Ivry. Henry, before joining battle, solemnly appealed to Heaven to bear witness to the justice of his cause, and, after kneeling in prayer, fell upon the enemy, who were completely routed, and the flower of the Romanist army was left upon the field. If Henry had followed up with promptitude this great victory, Paris must have fallen; but he allowed the opportunity again to slip by, and the League once more drew its forces together, and this time was sup-

ported by the Duke of Parma, with his Spanish auxiliaries. It was now that Henry was led to take the fatal step which for ever stains his name. Son of the celebrated Jeanne D'Albret, he believed, if ever he was to be King of France in deed, as well as in name, he must apostatize his faith, and, after long deliberations and bitter reproachings of conscience, he publicly abjured Protestantism and went over to the Church of Rome. From the day he made this fatal mistake, peace and happiness are said to have forsaken him. The Huguenots were disgusted at the treatment of their faith by one who bore so illustrious a name, and whose ancestors had so loyally defended Protestantism. To partly atone for the stigma thus cast upon them, and to appease their righteous indignation, Henry of Navarre signed, on April 15th, 1598, the "Edict of Nantes," to be perpetual and irrevocable. This was the greatest charter ever passed in France; it assured full liberty of conscience to all, and the public worship of God in the Huguenot form in most of the towns and villages in the kingdom; and, as a security for its just and faithful observance, two hundred towns were put into Huguenot hands for safe keeping.

Henry further set himself to devise administrative reforms, for France impoverished by civil wars, was almost bankrupt; and so successful was the King, that in a few years the whole face of matters changed, and France began to show the same vast recuperative powers which in our own day she has so marvellously displayed. Henry's end drew near. Having formed an alliance with England to curb the growing and ever-threatening power of Spain and Austria, he prepared to enter Germany with an army. A mysterious mental impres-

sion haunted him, that he should never put his foot in Germany, but would suddenly die in a carriage, and in vain he tried to shake it off. May 19th, 1610, was fixed for his departure for Germany, but on May 16th he was so distressed in mind that in the afternoon he ordered his carriage for a drive in the park. After leaving the palace, the carriage drove along the Rue St. Honoré into the narrow Rue de la Ferronnière, where, as it stopped close by the kerb to allow a cart to pass, a monk, named François Ravallac, a Jesuit, got upon the step and plunged a long knife into the King's side, close by his heart, and before the carriage could reach the Louvre Henry had breathed his last. The monk was arrested immediately, but before his execution he justified the deed on the score of the King's lenient treatment of heretics, and this seeing he was a professed Catholic. This King's history is in itself a moral and a lesson. The moment he faltered with the noble heritage of his birth, his mother's faith, and threw himself into the hands of the Jesuits, his glory began to wane, and his name was tarnished. The very men he had apostatized to please, provided the instrument of his destruction. Beware of the Jesuit, under whatever garb he may appear, and however plausible his work may seem; he is the same always, and death and destruction await those who are led captive by his wiles. The great events of the seventeenth century close with Henry's death, and henceforth the Reformation must be followed in other lands.

And first, what has France been without the Gospel? Let us see what the counsel of the Jesuits has done for this unhappy land. Nothing but disasters have been her portion for nearly three hundred years.

During the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV. innumerable troubles came upon her. While Gustavus Adolphus was rolling back the armies of the Empire in Germany, whilst Oliver Cromwell with his Ironsides was mowing down the forces of the Royalists in England, Louis XIII. was conspiring against the religion and liberties of his people; and the tyranny they suffered culminated when Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, by which the best, bravest, and most loyal families in France were driven from their own land. This act prevented any one, on pain of death, espousing the Huguenot cause.

What was the outcome of this awful tyranny? Was it not the Revolution of 1793, when Louis XVI. was dragged by an infuriated mob to the block, and two thousand eight hundred persons were guillotined in the Place de la Concorde; when the firebrands of the Revolution, Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, assumed the reins of anarchy, for it cannot be called government; when Charlotte Corday travelled three hundred miles on foot to plunge her dagger into the breast of that infamous butcher, Marat, and send him to his account? From this awful period emerged the imperial despot, Napoleon, an adventurer from Corsica, who grasped with iron hand the wheel of state, rose by military genius and daring to become the leader of the mightiest of armies, with which he overran all Europe, until the world turned pale at the very rattle of his cannon. At Waterloo, "the Empire of a hundred days," as it was termed, crumbled into the dust, and the man whose deeds had brought death and destruction wherever he went, was again an exile, never to return.

A few years only pass away, and a Napoleon is again on the throne, and in 1870 we are face to face with the

collapse of modern France. A great divine of the present day has truly observed, "Warnings enough she had received (warnings of splendour overwhelmed with darkness, warnings of strength smitten with decrepitude, warnings of defeat, warnings of massacre, warnings of revolution) from the day when her great monarch so sadly confessed to a little child he had loved war too much, to the day when her imperial adventurer had time in his lonely Isle to meditate on his audacious blasphemy, 'Men of my stamp do not commit crimes.' But as fast as she had received such lessons she had forgotten them. Her religion had become a godless materialism, her practice a calculated sensuality, her literature a cynical journalism which sneered at every belief, and a leprous fiction which poisoned every virtue. She trusted in her armies, in her numbers, in the *elan* of her soldiers, in the persiflage of her journalists, in the vapouring patriotism of her Boulevards; in short, in anything and everything save in God and in the right. What became of it? Her magnificence evaporated like a vision of the Apocalypse; her Emperor became a broken, a despised idol; her strength like the exhumed body of some dead king slipped into ashes at a touch. The cause of this utter collapse lay in her puerile vanity, in her administrative corruption, in her *bourgeois* materialism, which desired nothing but vulgar luxury, in the absence of all dignity and seriousness in the old, of all subordination and discipline in the young."

"The question is simply this: Is it right, distinctly yes or no, that there should be a government, a society, a morality, a religion; ought men to toil, ought women to be respected, is truth the end, is justice the support, is the good absolute?



"Yes, yes! a thousand times, yes! And societies, governments, families, individuals, can they, if they would, be noble, be virtuous, be pure and upright, and yet do without these conditions? No, no! a thousand times, no!" Would that poor France would write the lesson down, write it not only on her great public buildings, but on the hearts of all her people, that Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity are empty sounds without the living principle of Christianity.



## THE JESUITS.

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THE enemies of Protestantism at the dawn of the sixteenth century began to realize that if the new movement known as the Reformation was ever to be arrested, other weapons than fire and sword must be brought to bear against it. The most faithful adherents of the Papacy realized that all the armies of Spain and France were powerless to break the spell that sustained the Protestant faith. Foes, though powerful, if open and seen, can be met and defied; enemies under the guise of friends are hard to overcome.

The new foes Protestantism had to fight against were named Jesuits, and it is well we should know something about these subtle agents, who, so often under the garb of angels, are usually the emissaries of darkness and death.

Let us first consider the man who founded this host, which has done so much to harm the Church of the living God.

Ignatius Loyola, born in his father's castle at Loyola, in the province of Guipuzcoa, in Spain, in 1491, was brought up in the gay court of Ferdinand, joined himself to the military party in the land, and, in common with many other nobles, aided in the religious war to exterminate the Moors. While engaged in the battle of Pampluna he was dangerously wounded, and carried from

the conflict, never again to assume the military profession. While on his bed, his soul was stirred within him by reading the lives of hermits and saints, who, by penance and self-denial, had won the fame of the Catholic Church. According to the historian of Loyola, he laid down on this bed a "knight of the burning sword, he rose up a saint of the burning torch."

Naturally of an excitable and enthusiastic temperament, he was doubly so after his illness and close confinement. Believing his past life to have been a delusion, he resolved to atone for all his sins by penance, pilgrimages, and dedicating his life to the service of the blessed Virgin. Retiring to a lonely cave to fit himself for his mission, he laid on one side the garb of his nobility, and clothed himself in rags, and endured the most dreadful self-inflicted privations.

During this period of fanatical probation his mind was so worked upon that he saw divers visions and had many dreams, and on partaking of the Sacrament, the visible presence in the host of the great God, under the cover of the sacramental bread, was clearly seen by him. Loyola first journeyed barefooted to Jerusalem, and was spurned from the sacred shrine. Returning to Spain, he underwent a course of study and further training, and then went to Paris. At the French capital he worked more assiduously than ever, and was successful in winning the assistance of two men whose names afterwards became famous as his chief leaders. Peter Fabre, Francis Xavier, and Loyola, together with six others, having solemnly sworn to defend one another and to serve the Pope, prepared to start for the Eternal City.

On the road the new-found zeal of some of Loyola's followers was well-nigh extinguished; but this dauntless

man was able to revive his adherents by the assurance of the favourable reception the Pope would give them. And so it fell out; for Paul III. was surrounded with enemies and difficulties, and was glad to meet with any who were ready to devote their lives and services to his cause. Two of Loyola's doctrines were most palatable to his Holiness: the first, of unreserved obedience to Christ's Vicar; and the second, a vow of poverty, by which Loyola pledged himself to serve the Church free of all charge; not one penny was ever to be asked from the Papal See.

The new order, by a special Bull dated September 27th, 1540, was named the Company of Jesus.

\* Thus legally constituted a Society of the highest spiritual authority, Ignatius burned to achieve the victory he had mapped out for his life (the conquest of both hemispheres was the little plan resolved upon); so that the day should come when his followers should be as the sand on the sea-shore, and his power as the power of Jehovah. His first task was the preparation of the laws of the Society, which were termed the "Constitutions," and which were finally settled after years of thought and preparation, and which, in their entirety, are a masterpiece of organization.

No corner or loop-hole seems left in the elaborate plan devised for the work of this vast agency; every member and follower was to be as silent as the grave as to the plans to be pursued.

The head of this formidable Society is the General; his power is not only absolute, but illimitable. He alone makes laws; he assigns to all provincials, superiors, and officers all their duties and the extent of their powers.

The Society in its scope and ramifications covers the

globe. First, there are six great divisions, termed *Assistanzen*, or *princedoms*. These are subdivided into thirty-seven provinces.

From the centre at Rome, the General, through his officers, surveys the world. All ranks, from a prince to a peasant, all professions, all grades of learning, are enrolled in this order. Men in all ranks and conditions in life are employed as agents. There is no guise or disguise a Jesuit may not wear, no artifice or stratagem he may not employ, if by these means the interests of the Society can be furthered.

The qualification for membership is most severe; a course of training, unexampled in rigour, has to be gone through. First come the *Novitiates*. When a person is found who wishes to join, a strict inquiry is made as to his talents, disposition, family, and former life; and, if not likely to be of service to the Society, he is at once dismissed. If, however, he is suitable, for two years he is subjected to severe privations to test his fidelity, and if he acquits himself well, he is advanced to the

Second grade, or company of "*Indifferents*." Here, although certain of the laws are shown him, the more important are still withheld. For any work or mission an Indifferent must have no preference, if sent to a palace or to a hovel; to entertain a preference is a deadly sin, for complete resignation of the will is an essential law of the Jesuits. Now he is admitted among the scholars, and sent to a college richly endowed, where, on entering, he takes the three vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. According to the mental talents he now displays, his future life is shaped for him by his superiors. He now passes into the

Third stage, called *Coadjutors*. The *Coadjutors* are

divided into Spiritual and Temporal. The Temporal minister in the lowest offices, as cooks, porters, and other menial workers. The Spiritual assist in hearing confessions and teaching; in this work they remain for a long time, and are subjected to every test before being permitted to enter the higher and last grade of this Society, known as "The Professed."

Before entering here they take the most solemn of all oaths, swearing entire allegiance to the General, who holds the place of God in this Society.

"The Professed" alone know the dark secrets of the order. Perfection in Jesuitism can only be reached by resigning the will, judgment, and conscience, putting them, in fact, at the feet of the General; and to obey without a scruple any commission in any part of the world, without even questioning the why or the wherefore. Obedience is styled "the tomb of the will," a blessed blindness which causes the soul to see the road to salvation.

All this is the special drilling Loyola saw was necessary to train his men to stop the advance of Protestantism and roll back the dawn of the Reformation. The weapons to extinguish light, truth, and liberty must be forged under the shades of darkness and Hades, and prepared by innumerable experiments.

Now we come to look at the moral code of the Jesuits, the key-note of which is the infamous maxim, that "the end sanctifies the means." Before this maxim the sublimity of the Decalogue is overthrown, for there is no crime, atrocity, or sin, but may be permitted by this rule. Further, the greatest act of villainy is beautified and rendered holy if done for the honour of the Society.

One of their chief codes is that of Probabilism, by

which, if a thing is probably right, but more probably wrong, the latter may be done if it helps the Society. Blaise Pascal has fully shown up the wickedness of these various laws, termed *moral*, but most immoral in every respect.

The Jesuits teach that regicide, murder, lying, and theft are all perfectly allowable if the interest of the Society can be furthered thereby.

The secret instructions of the Jesuits to their agents are shrewd, practical, and precise. Their field of operation is Christendom. They are to begin by establishing convents and colleges in all chief cities, in the centres of population and wealth. If any one asks, "What brings the Jesuit fathers among us?" they are to reply, "The salvation of souls;" and this seems so pious a mission that the ignorant will welcome them. Though the individual Jesuit takes the vow of poverty, the Society takes no such vow, and holds property to any amount.

The rich are specially cared for, and all their whims and fancies can be gratified by arrangements with this Society. Unlawful marriages, unlawful wars, may be arranged by the agents of the Society of Jesus.

To instruct the young and to school children, the Jesuits have been specially commissioned, and thus at an early age prepare the mind for after life.

Poland has been afflicted by this scourge, and it has fallen into decay through the blight of this deadly agency. The Society has made careful provision for securing the patronage of rich widows, and ultimately garnering in their wealth and property.

Armed in this way with these secret instructions, the soldiers of Loyola begin their work; they go forth fully equipped for every task, and enter every city to make

converts. Lainez and Xavier, two of the most distinguished followers of Loyola, were successful in winning converts in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Poland; vast numbers were soon brought over to this order. In France the work was not so easy, and it was a long time before a foothold was obtained; yet one of their first decisive acts was the assassination of Henry III., and afterwards Henry IV.

In Austria, they were invited by Ferdinand I., in 1551; and from the date of their entry into Vienna commence the crimes and woes of the House of Austria.

They made many unsuccessful attempts in Germany, but at last, at Cologne, obtained a resting-place, and, by patient toil, turned this city into what it is to-day, the Rome of the North. They also made an entrance to Ingolstadt and Heidelberg; at the former place they obtained the upper hand in all the colleges; and from this and other centres Germany began to groan again under an iliad of Papal woes, so that Protestantism was destined almost to perish, until her deliverance drew nigh, when God summoned from afar Gustavus Adolphus, who, with his legions of heroes, rescued the remnant of Protestantism from the deadly blast of this awful Society.

At one time Poland was one of the most flourishing and the most enlightened countries in the world, but from the moment Sigismund III. put himself into the hands of the Jesuits, her glory began to wane, until she fell into the miserable plight we see her to-day. Not content with European conquests, they pushed into Asia, Africa, and among the Indians of America; they made converts everywhere. In 1773, Clement XIV., oppressed by the wrongs committed by this vast organization, issued a Bull dissolving it. This was not done till every attempt at



reformation had failed; but, as the Bull explained (and coming from a sworn friend, we may believe it), every crime was laid at their door: murders, revolutions; and, in fine, the peace of the Holy Catholic Church has been destroyed. Clement XIII. had died suddenly and mysteriously, and now Clement XIV.'s day came, for after issuing this famous Bull he began to fade away, and sank like a shadow into his grave.

If Popes are not infallible, they are liable to sudden and most mysterious deaths. Perhaps some of these deaths the Jesuits can explain.

Although the French Revolution for a time overshadowed and eclipsed the Jesuits, Pope Pius VII, by a Bull dated August 7th, 1814, restored the order to its former position and importance.

The last implement of power wielded by the Jesuits has yet to be referred to, and this is the Inquisition. Although established before their time, it became truly mighty under their special patronage; all the horrors and terrors associated with it (of which Nuremberg might a tale unfold) were cheerfully welcomed, and readily used to further the infamous ends of this Society. Here, then, is a faint picture of the formation, character, and work of the Order of Jesuits, which is unrivalled for mischief and wickedness in the wide, wide world. One can but pray

“That God will speed the time  
When all this wrong may cease,  
And men of every clime  
Shall live in bonds of peace.”

## THE REFORMATION IN THE NETHERLANDS.

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WE are now to trace the wondrous movement among the hardy and indomitable people whose little country in part stretches out into the German Ocean, and of which Goldsmith says that it

“Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,  
Scoops out an empire and usurps the shore,  
While the pent ocean rising o’er the pile,  
Sees an amphibious world beneath her smile.”

This industrious race of men drained a swamp, and erected impassable barriers to the greedy ocean, reared cities and towns which, for opulence and commercial prosperity, rivalled any cities in the world. It is the end of the fifteenth and dawn of the sixteenth century, and this hardy yet opulent people were coming prominently into note, so that the ruling powers in Europe were attracted to their land.

The flourishing cities of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, and Mechlin were crowded with merchants whose ships traded everywhere, and whose goods were unrivalled even in the marts of Nuremberg and Venice, so that they began to excite the envy of their foreign rivals. Before the story of their woes is related, we must look at the new religious light that shone here, and see how it first beamed forth.

As early as the thirteenth century Rome had a firm foothold in the Netherlands. Utrecht, Brabant, and Flanders all had their Bishops, who demeaned themselves with the arrogance and assumption of Popes. Faint streams of light began to illumine the horizon even at this very early date. First the disciples of Peter Waldo and refugees from Waldensia, and, coming nearer the Reformation, Thomas a'Kempis, and John Wessel, assisted in hastening on the day of liberty. The efforts of these men were, comparatively speaking, humble, and the results of their labours meagre, yet they were helping to usher in a greater and more glorious era. Many, also, who from the city of Mechlin had rallied round the standard of Henry de Beaufort, and gone forth to exterminate the poor Hussites, had returned converted to their doctrines, and impressed with the power, beauty, and simplicity of their religion. The Protestant faith soon made rapid strides in this country, and converts from all ranks and of every age were daily enrolling themselves under its banner. Coeval with its spread, came cruel repressive edicts and persecutions, which, as in other lands, so far from crushing the faith or diminishing its supporters, only tended to hasten on the Gospel chariot.

The Emperor Charles V. was now master of the Low Countries, and his deputy, or governor, received orders from Madrid to prohibit any of the Emperor's subjects in the States becoming contaminated with heresy. Ever since Charles had issued his decretals against Luther, he had kept up a continual fire of ordinances prohibiting, on pain of death, the spread of Lutheranism in the Netherlands. The severity of these persecuting laws defeated their own ends; and so far from quenching the

zeal that was everywhere kindled, it was greatly enhanced. Antwerp especially showed that among the roll of honourable names in her midst she had those upon whom all the terrors of the Emperor and the denunciations of Rome had no effect. So sharp a look-out did the agents of the Papacy keep, that the moment a Reformatist preacher was detected at his calling, he was kidnapped and taken before Inquisitors. If he recanted, he might escape; if not, his march to the stake was a short one.

A great impetus was now given to the Reformation here by the translation into Dutch of Luther's Bible. The translation was very imperfect, but it was most helpful at this period to those just emerging from darkness, and who were striving and yearning after the truth. Some of the more conscientious of the monks anxiously perused the book, firmly and innocently believing it sanctioned all their doctrines, and approved all their deeds; and these men were surprised and enlightened to find that, so far from approving and enforcing their doctrines and practices, the Bible everywhere condemned them. Every prophecy and every parable was a condemnation of the sins and wickedness of the Church of Rome.

John de Bakker (September 15th, 1525), one of the earliest martyrs in Holland, showed, by his lovely spirit and courageous demeanour, the true temper of the Reformed faith. On a mere suspicion of heresy, he was taken before the Inquisitors; and, to save them the trouble of catechizing him, he fearlessly confessed his faith in Christ, and his belief that the Scriptures were the sole authority in matters of religion. When at the stake he called on his brethren to stand firm, after which he exclaimed, "O death, where is thy sting?" and whilst praying for his persecutors his spirit passed away. His

constancy and heroism under suffering soon bore precious fruit, and produced on the assembled crowds an impression far greater, deeper, and more lasting than that of any sermons.

An event of vital interest to the Netherlands took place on October 25th, 1555. The Emperor Charles V., in the palace of Brussels, in the presence of an imposing assemblage, formally abdicated the sovereignty of the States-General in favour of his son, Philip II, a name which is soon to become a terror among these confiding people. It is impossible to describe the brilliancy of the scene. The Emperor, in his feebleness, leans on the arm of the young and handsome Prince of Orange, whom he little dreamed was so soon to become the opponent of his son's lawless ambition, and who was destined to fling himself, his fortune, and all he held dear in life, against the deadly policy of this blood-thirsty son. The ceremony is over; but before the new King departs to Spain he determines to let the Netherlanders understand what his treatment of the Reformed faith would be, that his little finger should be thicker than his father's thigh. He made it clearly known that to sing a hymn, to read a verse of Scripture, to meet for public or private worship, to breathe a word against the Holy Catholic Church, or the mass, or the blessed Virgin, would be held a crime worthy of death. To give full effect to this atrocious edict, he established by law the "Holy Inquisition," a fit contrivance of ecclesiastical tyrants to strengthen their dread and merciless power, and which so soon became the terror of the Christian world.

Philip, on assuming the crown, had sworn to maintain the ancient rights, charters, and liberties of the people; and one main featuré was that no foreign soldiers should

be brought into the country. But this condition, like all his other oaths and promises, he now made no scruple in breaking. Four thousand regular Spanish troops were quartered in Flanders, and more were expected; and so obnoxious and rapacious were these men, that many of the Dutch were heard to say, "They would rather be swallowed up by the ocean than devoured piecemeal by Spanish greed and cunning." Philip having delivered his farewell address to the States-General, and borrowed three millions of gold florins from the merchants, appointed his sister, the Duchess of Parma, as Regent, and prepared to set sail for Spain. He uttered no word about withdrawing his soldiers, concerning which the deputies were most anxious; and they saw the Spanish fleet bear the tyrant from their shores, leaving behind him these ready instruments of oppression and persecution.

The real ruler now of the Netherlands was the Bishop of Arras, better known in history as Cardinal Granvelle. This man, haughty, supercilious, cunning, and terribly wicked, was the tool in Philip's hands for his heartless work. The hierarchy of the Romish Church had been augmented by the importation of several foreign bishops, who were not only forced upon the people, but were given absolute power in matters of local government, and this in preference to the provincial nobility, including Orange, Egmont, and Horn. Meanwhile the Inquisition carried on the work of its dreaded mission, some of its inflictions being too painful to describe, and some of the incidents connected with its victims too harrowing even to mention, yet they would show only too well the patience and fortitude of these suffering people.

One man, Walter Capel, renowned for his almsgiving, liberality, and especial care for the poor, was taken be-

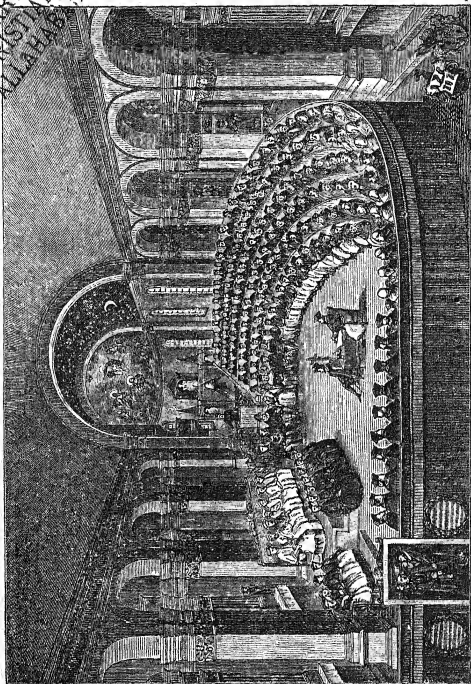
fore the judges; and while being tried, a half-crazed man whom Capel had often fed, forced his way into the room, and cried out, "Take care what you do; this man has done no harm; he has only fed me when starving." Notwithstanding this gentle warning, Walter Capel was burned to death; and this poor man collected together his bones, put them into a bag, and reaching the house of a burgomaster, where the magistrates were dining, forced his way into the dining-hall, and throwing down his burden, exclaimed, "Now then, you murderers, you have eaten his flesh; you had better eat his bones."

At Valenciennes, a fearful riot broke out because two of the most popular preachers had been condemned to be burned. The populace rose, tore down the faggot piles, and bursting open the prison, liberated their favourites. This popular outbreak was, however, fearfully expiated, as the Spanish troops were sent into the city, and they took vengeance on the unarmed citizens.

The general disaffection of all classes to the Spanish yoke grew daily, and the tyranny and persecutions of Cardinal Granvelle became almost unbearable. All parties represented to Philip that, unless he were willing the country should break from its allegiance, this detested man must instantly be withdrawn. This recommendation came from the Regent, and was supported by the Prince of Orange and Counts Egmont and Horn. Philip at length, aroused to the critical state of his affairs, recalled the Cardinal, although it was publicly announced that he had left Holland merely to pay a visit to his mother; a mark of filial affection so sudden and so unexpected, that no one believed it. Although Cardinal Granvelle had gone, the Inquisition remained behind, with all its deadly machinery and horrors.







COUNCIL OF TRENT. FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE AT TRENT.

It was in May, 1566, that the Protestant Netherlanders formulated their Confession of Faith. It consisted of a complete though simple statement of their creed, and was similar in scope and catholicity to the Augsburg Confession. It firmly upheld the justice and wisdom of freedom of conscience in matters purely spiritual, and the necessity for toleration. This manifesto was circulated throughout Holland and Flanders, and a copy forwarded to Philip himself.

Orange, who was now summoned to the Council-chamber by the Regent, represented to her that if Philip desired to save the country from utter ruin, he must convene the States-General, and allow the deputies to once more assist in governing their own country. This the Duchess knew full well her brother would never consent to; but, by way of doing something, it was resolved to send Count Egmont as a special envoy to Madrid, to represent to Philip in person the crushing wrongs the country was suffering. But this expedient proved utterly futile. No sooner had the Count arrived at Madrid than he was most flatteringly received. He was loaded with presents and caresses, and smiles and promises were lavished upon him, but not a syllable was said about redress; and the Count returned home to find his countrymen disgusted with the fruitlessness of his mission.

The decrees of the Council of Trent were enforced with greater rigour than ever; for Philip's private instructions were still more positive that the burning of heretics should go forward. It was shortly after the festivities on the marriage of the young Duke of Parma, whose name afterwards became so fearfully notorious, that a powerful league was formed in the country, known as

the Confederates. At its head was Count Brederode, Charles de Mansfield, and Louis of Nassau; and a document was signed, by which they pledged one another to defend their ancient rights and liberties against the now intolerable oppression of Spain. Two thousand signatures were instantly attached to this instrument; and in April, 1566, the Count, at the head of two hundred nobles and knights, formally presented a petition, at the old palace in Brussels, to the Duchess of Parma. The cavalcade accompanying this deputation was so imposing, and the address delivered so just and so trenchant, that the Regent was bewildered how to answer the appeal. When a bitter Papist, the Count Berlaymont, seeing her fear, said to her, "Why, madam, should you be afraid of these beggars?" the Confederates caught up the word. "Beggars do you call us? Let it be so; henceforth we will be known as such." And so it turned out; for these Beggars afterwards became so formidable by land and sea, that all their adversaries cringed before them. The reply the Confederates ultimately got was the usual one, that Philip's orders were positive; but that, until his will was further known, the Inquisitors should be told to proceed "gently." Fancy gentleness from Inquisitors! This humane order the Regent termed "Moderation," but the Beggars termed it "*Murderation*."

Now that private worship became impossible, owing to the innumerable spies posted in every town, field-preaching was organized, and the congregations went to the appointed places fully armed. The first great gathering is reported to have been near Ghent. Seven thousand persons assembled there to hear the Gospel proclaimed. So rapturously was the message of Divine love received,

that the Reform contagion was spreading everywhere. Enormous gatherings took place in Brabant, and especially at Antwerp; and so large and imposing were the congregations, that the magistrates were powerless to stop these meetings. At Tournay the whole town seemed carried away; and one cannot but admire the heroism of preachers and hearers when we remember that these men, in seeking the Bread of Life, ran the most frightful risks, for Philip's edicts expressly had decreed that to listen to a Lutheran sermon should be adjudged a capital offence.

Following hard on the Confederate deputation came the work of iconoclasts. Under every form of religion there always have been fanatics, and Protestantism has had its share of them. These men appeared in almost every town where the reformed faith had sprung up, and commenced to devastate the churches. In the Low Countries some four hundred churches were sacked, so far as the images were concerned. Among these was Antwerp Cathedral, famed throughout Christendom. This, the finest structure of its kind, was completely stripped of its saints and images; and yet, deplorable as this was in the way it was carried out, it is well to remember that this species of fanaticism was against dead images only, and not living men and women. Yet for every image thus destroyed these poor men and women were fearfully to atone, too often with their own lives.

It was upon Valenciennes that the first terrible blow fell. This city had especially distinguished itself by its readiness to accept the Gospel, and within its walls some of the most eloquent and devoted of Christian pastors might be found. The Spanish auxiliaries had been specially reinforced, and, under the orders of the new Regent,

Noircarmes, a name anything but sweet to remember, were despatched to reduce this nest of heretics. The city closed its gates, and stood firm; but Noircarmes invested it, and although two attempts were made to relieve it, the superior forces of Spain were destined to triumph. The city surrendered on the condition that it should not be sacked, a pledge that Noircarmes forgot the moment he entered. The soldiers, like blood-hounds, were let loose on the unarmed citizens, magistrates, wealthy burghers, and all the Protestant pastors, among whom De Bray and Peregrino de la Grange, men famous in the Protestant ranks, were all ruthlessly and indiscriminately butchered. Many of these pastors and their followers sang hymns together while burning at the stake, and the fortitude they displayed seemed to awe even the assassins themselves.

It is now necessary to glance at the character of the man who was raised up as the champion of the Netherlanders, to dispute the empire with Philip of Spain.

William, Prince of Orange, Stadtholder and Patriot, was alone possessed of a knowledge of the fearful plot that had been hatched at Bayonne, and which in a short time was to break over Paris like an avalanche; yet his own country's trials were so overwhelming that he was powerless to avert so frightful a catastrophe. He had, however, thoroughly satisfied himself that the fanaticism of Philip, supported by his truculent councillors and agents, would never be satiated until the ruin of the Netherlands should be complete and irrevocable. The Prince, therefore, determined to make a final effort to rouse his compeers in rank, to consider the awful abyss on which they were standing. Summoning Counts Horn,

Egmont, Hoogstraaten, and Louis to a private conference at his palace at Dendermonde, he, the hitherto "Silent," opened his mind fully and frankly to these nobles; warning them that unless they acted in concert, and acted with promptitude, the crisis would be upon them. But he spoke to men who dreamed, who could not realize the danger to be so great as represented, or the crisis so imminent; and, what was more, they were not prepared to throw down the gage of battle with a power that overshadowed half Europe. Horn and Egmont could not bring their minds to break the allegiance they had sworn to Philip at his coronation; little thinking how soon they were to experience the perfidy of him in whom they were blindly trusting. William, seeing his counsel had failed, took affectionate leave of these friends; warning them that Spain's next move would, he feared, be over their prostrate bodies, notwithstanding they had so nobly contributed to consolidate her power. The Prince then retired to Nassau, in Germany, where, on his own estates, he could watch the current of events. He had not long to wait, for the horizon, already threatening, soon became covered with dark clouds.

Philip, whose persecuting frenzy was not yet at its highest point, summoned his great General, Alva, from Carthagera, and, placing him at the head of ten thousand Spanish veterans, sent him over the Alps, through Switzerland, into the Netherlands; thero to intimidate and quiet his ungrateful and turbulent subjects, upon whom his previous "gentleness" had availed nothing. No sooner did this Duke of Alva arrive in the Low Countries than all the terrors that were associated with his name began to be more than

realized. It was clear henceforth that Philip was to reign by might, and not by right. He began by setting up the "Council of Blood," as it was termed; and before this Council the highest in the land, suspected of heresy or tainted with disloyalty, should be instantly brought.

The Counts Egmont and Horn were dining together when a messenger came, informing them that the Duke wanted to consult them on a matter of business. A friend in the room whispered to Egmont, "Mount the fleetest horse in your stable if you value your life, and fly;" but blinded by false security, these nobles repaired to the palace, where they were instantly surrounded by Spanish musketeers, disarmed, and thrown into prison. Now it was that Orange's worst predictions were fulfilled. Vast numbers of the weavers of Ghent and Bruges fled for their lives to England, but escape to most men was simply impossible. The Spanish soldiers quartered in every town commenced the arrest of all suspected of heresy, or all who had not opposed heretics; in fact, the doom pronounced seemed universal; dragging them before the notorious Council of Blood, which executed its prisoners first, and tried them afterwards!! The eyes of all the Protestants were turned imploringly to the Prince of Orange; and this nobleman, who, with his brother, the Duke of Nassau, had been summoned to appear before the Council and had refused, resolved to remain no longer a spectator of these horrors, but to use the last argument that right-minded men employ—viz., to draw the sword in defence of his outraged countrymen. His first army, under the Duke of Nassau, was successful in routing the Spanish forces under Count Aremberg; but in future actions, for want of money, and sufficient men, he seemed fated to disaster.

Alva, enraged at his first defeat, turned in revenge on the imprisoned nobles; and on May 5th, 1568, the patriots, Counts Egmont and Horn, who still had loyally served their alien King, were publicly executed in the great square at Brussels. This flagrant act of treachery and crime is but one in the long list of evil deeds for which Alva and Philip stand eternally condemned. Alva having disposed of these august prisoners, turned his full power to combat Orange, who, at the head of twenty thousand auxiliaries, raised with great difficulty among the Protestant States of Germany, had marched into Brabant. That Flanders might be prepared for their deliverer, the Prince issued his manifesto to the States, assuring them that he had not unsheathed the sword until every other expedient had failed, until his fondest hopes had been banished and his patience worn out; and that now, if the Netherlanders were anxious to break the tyrant's yoke, they must rise and help him. To this loyal appeal the Flemish responded not; whether from fear that the Prince could not cope with a power like the Spanish, or from want of true high-minded principle and heroism, they allowed the golden opportunity to pass. Their deliverer came, and no town opened its gates to welcome him. Alva, whose army was well disciplined and supplied with abundant stores, knew that the Prince could not long subsist on the open plain; he therefore, by strategy, declined a battle, drawing the Prince after him, until the German auxiliaries mutinied; and thus the Prince's first campaign was utterly foiled by the policy of this wily Spaniard. Alva, satisfied with his success, returned to Antwerp, and erected a monument to his own greatness, bearing the following modest inscription: "To the most faithful Minister of the best of Kings, Ferdinand Alvarez, Duke of



Alva, Governor of the Low Countries for Philip II., King of Spain; who, after having extinguished the tumults, expelled the rebels, restored religion, and executed justice, has re-established peace in the nation." A tissue of falsehoods that the nation's woes were witnesses to. This event closes the year 1568, and 1569 opens more ominously than ever.

The victims of the Bloody Council baffle enumeration. From every city, town, and village they were dragged like sheep to the slaughter; and being too numerous judicially to try, this trifling formality was dispensed with without the smallest compunction. The Prince of Orange, defeated on land in his first campaign, turned his attention to the sea; for there were numbers of private vessels cruising in the English Channel, and supported by refugees in England, whose work was to pounce on Spanish galleys freighted with stolen goods from Holland, and ease them of their ill-gotten spoils. William, therefore, thought to utilize a power that was now becoming formidable to Philip and Alva. These vessels were termed the "Sea Beggars," and they were speedily destined to acquire a terrific notoriety when organized into a small fleet. The leader of this flying squadron was in every sense fitted for his work. De la Marck was a soldier and a patriot. His first great exploit was to sail up the Meuse, where he anchored off the town of Brill, and summoned it to surrender. Although this seaport town is strongly fortified, the fame of this "Sea Beggar" was too great for resistance. The magistracy handed over the keys to De la Marck, who hoisted the Orange flag upon the walls on April 1st, 1572; and this was the first town which went formally over to the Protestant cause.

The fury of Alva at this news was excessive. After

burning the Prince, and De la Marck in effigy, he sent his Admiral, Count Bossu, with a fleet to retake Brill. The Spanish soldiers, after disembarking, began to thunder at the town-gates; but a carpenter, seeing the crisis, swam with his axe to a sluice-gate close by, and hewing it open, let in the raging sea, and the Spaniards instantly turned to flee towards their ships, only to find half of them in flames; for De la Marck had issued from another gate and fired the galleys as they rode at anchor before the town. Crowding into the remaining ones, Bossu, with his men, set sail for Dort, and then to Rotterdam; but at both cities the gates were closed against him. Flushing, at the entrance of the Scheldt, was next to show her true colours, by ejecting the Spanish garrison and hoisting the flag of William. Now followed a general disaffection of cities and people throughout Holland and Zealand. The turning-point had arrived, the patience of the suffering people had reached its utmost, and now or never must this Spanish yoke be broken. Haarlem, Leyden, Horn, Gouda, and other towns broke off their fetters.

Alva, whose alarm was now fully roused, summoned the States-General to meet at the Hague to deliberate on the best means to arrest the spread of disloyalty that was everywhere manifesting itself. The States met for the first time, after years of absence (but not at the Hague, nor at the summons of Alva, but at Dort, and at the summons of William), to concert on the future course of the independent cities. Alva had demanded two millions of gold florins to prosecute the war with. This enormous sum (two tons' weight of gold) was to be levied, but not this time, as it had been so often before, for the persecution of the very people who had toiled to win it,

but to put an end to the tyrant's power. The special envoy of the Prince, in a rousing, eloquent speech, urged the States to come forward, and not to be parsimonious at a crisis like this; to spare neither money nor means to further their own emancipation; and declared that, although the power they were opposing was the first military and naval power in Europe, it must fall when opposed by the sacred cause of truth and liberty. The blood of their suffering co-religionists had bathed the whole realm, and cried to heaven against the bonds of the cruel tyrant; and if the Netherlanders would but be true to themselves, God would be true to them.

The second great army organized by William was also doomed to destruction. Scarcely had it entered Brabant before the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew broke like a thunder-clap over the Protestant world; and it was the more unexpected because the French King had promised that Coligny should come, at the head of a French corps, to the Prince's relief. It certainly appeared to the weak in faith "as though the stars in their courses fought against the Reformed." Once again the Prince had to disband his forces and retire from a scene so threatening. Alva's vengeance now descended worse than ever on the unfortunate cities which had hoisted the Orange flag; among these were Mons, Mechlin, Zutphen, and Haarlem.

By this second campaign William had lost an army of twenty-four thousand troops, most of whom, through treachery or disaffection, had been disbanded; and, although alone, he met the States-General at Haarlem, who gave him a most cordial and enthusiastic welcome. The assembly, however, was broken up by the rapid approach of the Spanish army, which was threatening the reduction of the city. The Prince himself retired to

Leyden, and here concerted measures for the defence of Haarlem, before which, December 11th, 1572, Alva and his son Toledo, at the head of thirty thousand veterans, sat down.

The bravery of this little city, that dared presume to resist so formidable an invasion, needs no comment. Instead of reducing it and walking over its ruins in a week, at the end of two weary months the invaders were as far off its capture as ever. It would be impossible to relate the prodigies of valour performed by the citizens. Toledo's utmost efforts to force a breach were signally foiled by the onslaughts of the besieged. Twice a gap was made in the city walls by the Spanish guns, and when the Spaniards by hundreds rushed forward, a hidden mine blew them into eternity. Seven long months passed away, and here was Haarlem intact, so far as its walls and ramparts and the dogged defence of its inhabitants were concerned; but the straits of famine were past endurance. If skeletons could have continued the unequal fight, Haarlem would never have fallen. The prospect of relief from the Prince was practically hopeless, as Bossu's fleet had completely cut off all communication on the seaboard side of the town. One chance only remained for the garrison of armed citizens, and this was to cut their way forcibly through the invading army and escape across the open champaign. Toledo, apprised of this possible manœuvre, and fearful of its results from men grown desperate by privation and suffering, offered, on payment of two hundred thousand guilders, to spare the city from sack and bloodshed. The citizens had not much faith in this promise, but they seemed to have no alternative, and so Toledo was admitted. No sooner was he inside the city walls, than, in open violation of his

plighted word, but in perfect harmony with Spanish perfidy, he commenced his work of butchery. Two thousand three hundred of the poor people were slaughtered by the sword, and hundreds more were tortured, while the whole town was given over to rapine and plunder. Haarlem had fallen, and was a ruin; but at what a price to Spain! Few such victories could she afford to win, if, indeed, the Spaniards had then actually won. The prestige was with the Dutch, who had now demonstrated to all Christendom that the blood-thirsty Spaniard had more than met his match.

Alva now turned his forces against Alkmaar, where the people were daring to worship according to their consciences; and this after the will of Philip was so well-known. Collecting sixteen thousand troops, fully supplied with stores and ammunition, Alva resolved to make an example of the rebellious little town that heeded not his orders and defied his summons to surrender. Nine hundred men of Haarlem hanged in cold blood was no agreeable reflection for the citizens of Alkmaar to make when beginning the defence of their city, yet this horrid spectacle did not for one moment damp these hardy Dutchmen; rather than be driven forcibly to mass, they would die a thousand deaths. The inhabitants rose as one man, and three times chased from their walls the mailed warriors of Spain, who told their leader, Don Frederic Toledo, that devils, not men, manned the ramparts; and when a breach was at length made, such dread of the besieged fell on the invaders that none would advance to the assault. As the Dutch were summoning the ocean to overwhelm the besiegers, Toledo, sick and weary of his losses, raised the siege and left this heroic town to triumph over their victory.

Alva, fairly beaten on land, suffers a still more humiliating defeat at sea; his fleet, under General Bossu, was nearly annihilated by the Dutch, and the Admiral himself was taken prisoner of war. Philip, awaking out of his dream, at length sees that if the Netherlands are to be saved to the Spanish crown, Alva must be recalled; and so this hated envoy or regent is summoned home after more than five years of his fierce tyranny, during which period he boasted that he had hanged, burned, or in other ways executed eighteen thousand heretics!!

Philip's next Governor, the Duke de Medina Coeli, merely came to gaze at the awful misery his predecessor had created in the Low Countries, and then quietly slipped back home. But Don Luis Requesens, whom Philip now appointed, was of a different mould. Although by his plausibility he made a favourable impression on the open-hearted, generous Netherlanders, especially by demolishing the statue of Alva in Antwerp, William of Orange warned the people to beware of his subtilty, for he was a Spaniard, and that was enough.

In this very important epoch in the Dutch Reformation, viz., 1573, a matter of vital importance was brought forward for discussion at the Council of Leyden--viz., whether the public celebration of the Romish faith ought to be tolerated in free Protestant cities. The people were realizing that while so far they had been demanding civil and religious liberties, all their troubles sprung from Papal tyranny, and that the persecuting nature of the Romish dogmas were at the bottom of all their miseries.

The question of toleration is a grave one. It always has been, and possibly always will be, a moot question, to what extent should freedom of conscience and civil liberties be permitted to go. The most liberal-minded men

generally admit that, regardless of a man's religious belief, he should be allowed peaceably to enjoy it, and not suffer any civil deprivation on account of his religion. But those who have carefully studied the religion or teaching of the Church of Rome, know that this usually safe rule needs some wise limitations when we are brought to deal with Papists, who are influenced and governed by Vatican decrees, or what is more popularly known as canon law. The Church of Rome is a political, military, and spiritual power. Its laws profess to govern both worlds, and its great head, or Vicar, holds celestial as well as terrestrial "Keys." There may exist in one town twenty forms of religious belief, but if peace and happiness are to reign, only one civil government can exist. Now, wherever Roman Catholicism is not dominant in the government, her votaries, agents, and nominees are engaged, as part of their inwrought system, in weakening and undermining the civil power. William of Orange and the Council at Leyden knew all this full well, and had reaped bitter fruit from its dire effects; they, therefore, calmly but deliberately resolved that henceforth the public celebration of the mass in the national churches and under State patronage must cease, though private worship should be fully allowed.

Upon January 27th, 1574, the Sea Beggars again met the Spanish fleet in the Scheldt, and after a fierce conflict of some hours, the entire fleet of Spanish galleys were in flames, and twelve hundred veteran sailors perished with their ships. This victory gave the whole of the north of Holland into the hands of the Prince. But this was followed by a third disastrous campaign on land. The battle of Mook was fought April 13th, 1575, and Requesens routed the army of

Count Louis of Nassau, who was among the slain. The loss seemed irreparable to the Prince, whose entire fortune and family had been sacrificed in his stupendous efforts to lift the yoke of Spain from the necks of his suffering countrymen. Yet even in the midst of all his losses and sufferings, his character stands out in all its brilliancy. Forsaken by his friends, and having no Protestant power to support him, he casts his care upon, and fully trusts in, the highest power; and, writing to his co-religionists, he tells them to have faith in God, and He will yet deliver them.

Requesens, victorious at Mook, resolves to besiege the famous city of Leyden, which in many respects is a northern Venice. Its canals are spanned by one hundred and fifty stone bridges, and the city is surrounded by strong walls and deep moats. Its population was numerous and resolute, and its acquisition would insure the key to the whole of Holland. Requesens knew its vast importance, and so did William, for the Prince wrote an encouraging letter to the citizens to trust in God, and hold out. It is now our pleasure, and yet pain, to have to look at one of the greatest prodigies wrought by this people during their prolonged struggle with Spain. The siege of Leyden and no surrender, is an event that can never be forgotten.

The beleaguering host, numbering close on thirty thousand men, completely invested the town; and, to make matters worse for the citizens, William of Orange was struck down by a raging fever at the commencement of the struggle. Yet, notwithstanding his severe illness, he had his own troubles studiously hidden from the gallant city, and continued through weary languishing to carry on his great plans for its relief. For two



months every effort of Requesens to force an entrance failed, every subterfuge was exploded, and the assailed looked defiance from the walls on their invaders. But alas for the inhabitants! the gaunt enemy of beleaguered towns had appeared in all its horrors, and famine was visiting every house. It was at this crisis in the affairs of the siege that William resolved on his great plan for the relief of the town. To collect an army with which to assail the Spaniards was too chimerical to be thought of; but there was one resource left that had not yet been tried, one power that had not yet entered into the arena to contend with Spain, but now it should be summoned to the attack: this power was the ocean. William resolved to throw open the great sluice-gates and pierce the main dike that dammed out the North Sea, and so let in the raging billows to overwhelm the hosts of Spain; that thus, like Pharaoh of old, this modern tyrant might perish. The loss on land and property would be frightful, but better make this sacrifice than be swallowed alive by Spain. The Prince collected a number of flat-bottomed boats, loaded them with provisions for the relief of the city, and manned them with veteran Zealanders; and these, when the tides floated in, would be borne forward towards the suffering city. Yet, strange to say, when the dikes were pierced, a strong north-easterly wind kept back the ocean. It seemed as though the mighty billows had made an unholy alliance with the forces of Philip; and the rapture of the men of Leyden on hearing of the coming relief was suddenly followed by bitter despair. The Spaniards, who at first turned pale at the prospect before them, now mocked when they found the ocean would not come. For seven long weeks the inhabitants had been without bread, and

the horrors of the famine surpass description. The skeletons who manned the walls and scanned the horizon in hope of discovering relief would fall dead into the moat from sheer exhaustion; and yet none breathed a thought of surrender, but patiently awaited their doom. The united prayers of the Protestants in the country and in this city were not, however, to be in vain. God heard and answered them, for, on October 1st, 1574, He issued His fiat to the mighty ocean, and the waters began to move. A gale blew from the south-west, and increased all night in its fury, until the billows of the German Ocean came rolling in over the broken dikes, rushing impetuously forward for the salvation of Leyden and ruin of the besiegers. The flotilla of General Boisot was now moving high over the inundated country towards the famished city. On its way Boisot's ships had several hand-to-hand fights with companies of Spaniards on partially submerged forts, and in each encounter the zeal of the Dutch told with terrible effect on Spain. The flotilla now was in front of the city, which could scarcely credit the sight, as on October 3rd the ships sailed up to its walls, and Leyden was saved. The starving people first repaired to their churches, and offered prayer and praise to Him to whom alone belongs all the glory of this wondrous deliverance. Although the country from Rotterdam to Leyden was submerged, on October 4th the wind again veered round, the waters were driven back into their ancient channels, and the country became dry.

The tempest of Spanish wrath having been swept from Leyden, it fell in all its force on one of the richest cities in the world, the capital of Brabant. The sudden death of the Governor Requesens made the whole army

mutiny, for their pay was in arrear, and they resolved to collect it themselves; and what city so well able to pay as Antwerp, where seven thousand merchants daily met on the Exchange, and at whose port richly-laden ships from every clime unloaded their treasures? Upon this ill-fated city the vengeance of these blood-hounds fell; pouring in through every gate, they met the citizens who rushed to oppose their entry; and although many of the burghers before their own doors fought like lions, they were mown down by the veteran soldiers of Spain. For four days the sack and burning went on. This was known as the "Antwerp Fury," by which this grand and opulent city was completely wrecked; eight thousand of its bravest inhabitants perished, and four million pounds' worth of property was burnt, and nearly an equal amount pillaged. Yet this awful calamity carried with it a great moral never to be forgotten. The citizens had remained perfectly callous to all the suffering that had fallen on the neighbouring towns; the horrors of Haarlem and Leyden had kindled no commiseration here, and no help had Antwerp rendered. The patriots under the Orange flag had thrice come and gone, and no signs of assistance had Antwerp shown. And now her day of visitation had come; her cruel indifference to her neighbour citizens' woes had called down the Divine vengeance. She had bowed before Rome, and her guilty acquiescence in her sins had been returned by a death-blow given to herself by this chosen friend. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Meanwhile, William of Orange, who was now master of Holland and Zealand, aimed at a general reconciliation with the Flemings; and this object he accomplished by

what is known in history as the "Pacification of Ghent," by which compact toleration was established everywhere in the Netherlands. This was followed in 1579 by the "Union of Utrecht," which made the Pacification of Ghent more real, inasmuch as the union was a closer confederacy of the truly Protestant towns. It was now that another Spanish Governor, Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, arrived in the Netherlands, but only to find that if he was to govern at all, it must be on the basis just agreed by the States; the first and great pre-requisite being the withdrawal absolutely, of every Spanish soldier. This requirement, humiliating as it was to the great conqueror of the East, had to be complied with. Before Don John was installed at Brussels, the Spanish troops had left. The reign of this new Governor was a short one. Scarcely had he entered upon his duties before he was struck down by fever, and lay dead in the Castle of Namur. His successor was Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, and, like all his predecessors, he was hated by the Dutch.

One man, and one man only, stood in the way of the ambitious designs of Philip in the States, and this man was the Prince of Orange. All the money and all the bribes that Spain and Rome could jointly provide could not buy over this high-minded patriot. Failing every effort by force or favour to rid himself of this obstacle to his aggrandizement, Philip adopted the dark design of employing the assassin's aid. But at the door of the Church of Rome this great crime must be laid. Cardinal Granvelle devised the plot, and Philip joyfully helped it forward. The first act was to outlaw the Prince as a heretic and a rebel, and to put a reward of thirty thousand gold crowns on his head. No sooner was this cruel denuncia-

tion blazed abroad, than the Prince of Orange issued his reply. Detailing the dreadful horrors of the Spanish rule in the Netherlands, he showed that from first to last it had been a *régime* of terror, perfidy, and blood; that the once fair provinces had been ruined, and their inhabitants beggared. The Prince then explained the part he had taken; how reluctantly he had drawn the sword, and how ready he had always been to conclude an honourable peace. He finished by laughing at Philip's foolish attempt to frighten him, even by raising all the assassins in Europe against him. This memorable document was read to the States-General assembled at Delft, December 13th, 1580. The States unanimously voted the Spanish rule at an end, abjured their allegiance to Philip, and installed William, Prince of Orange, in his room. This was the culminating act of the devotion and heroism of the people. They, in the face of the world, fearlessly broke their fetters of bondage, and defied the greatest European power to prevent their liberty; and this decisive act of the States-General must be ever held to be one of the grandest events in all history.

Twelve months had passed since the Prince was outlawed, and a price put upon his head, and the Papal ban at length bears fruit. A Spanish banker, on the verge of bankruptcy, hired his servant to attempt the Prince's life, with a view of securing the tempting bait of thirty thousand golden crowns. The basely suborned wretch having received absolution against all temporal punishment, and a promise of an exalted place in Paradise if successful, repaired to the Prince's mansion, and, on pretence of presenting a petition, obtained admission. As the Prince crossed the hall, the assassin fired at him with a pistol, and the ball entered behind the ear and passed out

LIBRARY OF  
LAWING CHRISTIAN COLLEGE  
ALLAHABAD.

through the jaw, carrying with it two front teeth. For some time the Prince's life was despaired of, but the prayer of the nation was heard, and once again William of Orange was at his post, rendering the laborious services the nation required from him. Now comes a still greater trouble to this Dutch hero; his gifted and noble-minded wife, Charlotte de Bourbon, who had worked and watched with him during his many weary years of toil and anxiety, is stricken down by fever, and dies.

The Prince is now more than ever alone. All his brothers, all his estates and household property and plate, had gone in this endless struggle with Spain. The sacrifice had been enormous, and yet cheerfully borne in the sacred cause he had espoused. But this Christian hero was never less alone than when alone; for his faith and trust in Omnipotent Power grew stronger each day, for into His safe keeping had he committed all—himself and the welfare of his country.

Rome and Spain's machinations, renewed with increasing vigour, were, however, destined at length to triumph; and the tragedy prepared is now to be played out. After five distinct attempts on the Prince's life, all of which had proved failures, on July 10th, 1584, Balthazar Gérard, a fierce fanatical Papist, resolved on the destruction of so mighty a heretic. He repaired to the Prince's palace at Delft, and hid himself in a vestibule in the hall; and as the Prince passed from the dining-saloon to go upstairs, the muffled figure stepped up behind him and fired three bullets into his body. The only exclamation the Prince made was, "O my God, have mercy on me! have mercy on my poor people!" and falling forward, in a few minutes he breathed his last. At the age of fifty-one the great patriot Prince of the Netherlands was summoned

home. He was buried at Delft on August 3rd, amid profound sorrow and mourning. The loss the nation suffered was irreparable. It is impossible to paint the character of the life just closed. William of Orange left behind him a name and a fame that need no marbled column to commemorate, for they were indelibly written in the hearts of the people, and firmly woven in the colossal work of his life.

The history of the rise and progress of the Dutch Republic, and of the manhood of Protestantism in the Netherlands, is the history of "William the Silent." If you ask, Whence came his power? was he born great, or did he make himself great? The answer is: Born of the Holy Spirit, he infused his Christianity into his life-work; and the failures, disappointments, and troubles that befell him on all sides only nerved him for the great conflict which he never ceased to wage till the glorious ideal of his life was attained, and his beloved country freed for ever from the hated yoke of Spain.

Protestantism, like a mighty oak, now reared its head everywhere throughout the land. Within a few years of the Prince's death, the celebrated Council, or Synod, of Dort was held (1618-19), remarkable for its representative character, for the number, learning, and weight of its deputies, above all, for its catholicity of spirit. The Synod lasted six months, and vast benefits flowed from it to the Church of Holland. The tone of the Reformation was raised, and peace restored to the then distracted provinces. In every respect this famous convocation was a blessing and source of strength not only to the united provinces, but to Europe at large.

The Netherlanders had elected Prince Maurice as Governor of their provinces. Although not possessing

the brilliant qualities of his illustrious father, he nevertheless inherited many of his virtues, which well entitled him to reign as the son of the great father and founder of all their liberties. The power and influence of Spain in Europe had just received a blow (the overthrow of its Invincible Armada) from which it never recovered; and Philip, stung by this crushing defeat, and blinded by folly, withdrew Parma and his army from the Netherlands to help his projects against Henry of Navarre at the most critical time of his affairs in Holland. The result was, that between two schemes he was foiled in both. When Parma returned to his work in the Low Countries, he found Prince Maurice too powerful to cope with. What with defeat, prestige gone, and mutinous soldiers, he sank beneath the weight of cares, and on December 3rd, 1592, died; and with him died the hopes and projects of Philip in the Netherlands.

There now opened a future for this Republic unequalled by anything that history records. It is true the Dutch had waited long, and laboured hard, and suffered much; but the tide had at length turned. God, who rules on high, had heard the prayers of the nation; and those who had so faithfully watched for the dawn of a better day were at length rewarded by reaping the rich produce of a plenteous harvest. The Reformation, or revived Christianity, was theirs, with all its manifold blessings.

The prosperity of Holland was everywhere seen and realized; and this was the more apparent by the side of a country whose cities, rather than make any sacrifice for their freedom, had continued to bear the yoke of the oppressor. Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges were, comparatively speaking, ruined; while the trade of Holland



was, for its relative extent, beyond that of any country in the world. The acme of its prosperity and importance was at the close of the seventeenth century, when even England could not compete with her, or rival her success. If any one now asks, Why has Holland fallen from her high position; why is it not to-day the power it once was? only one reply can be given, and that is: Because its people have forgotten the power that made them great. They have forgotten to maintain the spirit that animated their great deliverer; they have forgotten that there is no true liberty outside the pale of Christianity, and that Christianity is the highest and divinest form of liberty. So long as a nation exalts the true worship of Jehovah, so long shall she continue in the meridian of her greatness; but let her forget God, and from her high estate she shall fall.

The motto on the banner of Prince Maurice was "*Tandem fit surculus arbor*"—"The twig will yet become a tree;" and this was destined to be true, surpassing the highest hopes of Holland's sons. In due time (1688) William, Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of the Dutch Republic, mounted the throne of England, indisputably the first empire of the world; and what Englishman is there in the present day not honest and frank enough to own the great benefit this nation received when this loyal and faithful Prince became King of Great Britain? England and Holland can rejoice together that, in the infinite mercy of God, they were then united in the sacred cause of truth and liberty; and God grant that the name of William III. may ever be revered, as it deserves to be, by all who love the Reformation.

As we think over the mighty events crowded into

these few pages, of what has occurred in the Netherlands, truly we can trace the finger of Providence guiding, overruling, and sustaining all; and well may we note the folly of those who in their calculations leave out the Great Eternal. Looking at Spain to-day, we are compelled to exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen!" Wherever the power may be, that numbers its men, and counts its gold, and boasts that it can vie with any of the nations of the world, and yet leaves out the great First Cause, the source of all being, the mainspring of life, the controlling force of the universe, that nation is doomed to fall. "Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."



## ENGLISH REFORMATION.

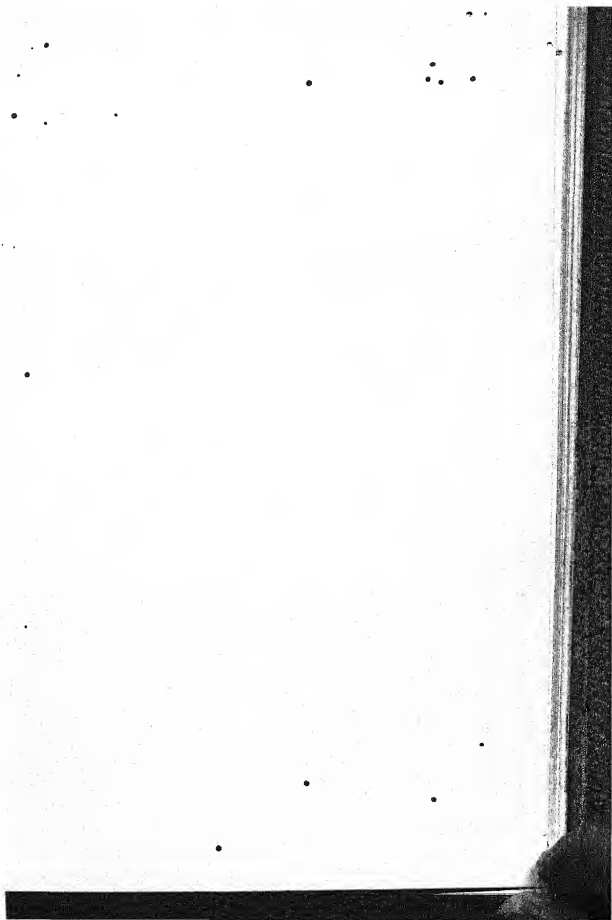
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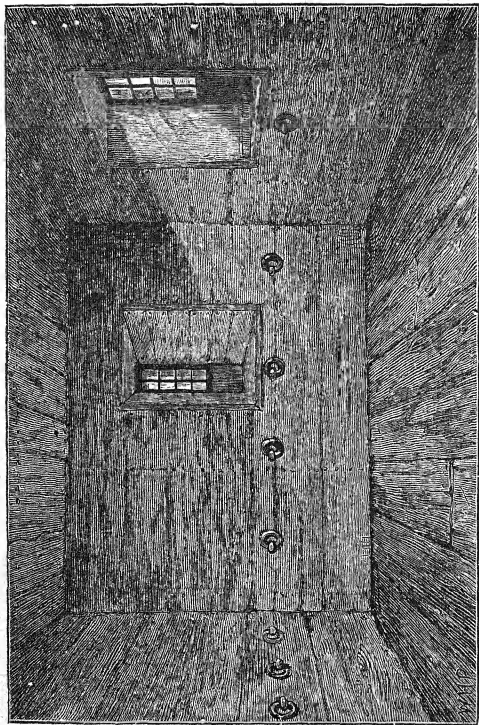


Turn once again to England at the dawn of the sixteenth century, and find Henry VIII. on the throne. The commencement of this reign is contemporaneous with the birth of Calvin and Knox. The first event of moment in England was the marriage of Henry to Catherine, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and widow of his deceased brother, Prince Arthur. This marriage, contrary to the laws of God, was, however, specially sanctioned by a Bull of Julius II., who was glad to find that one of the first acts of the young King was to solicit his patronage and support.

We have now to look to a man who rose from comparative obscurity to the very highest pinnacle of greatness in the Romish Church. Of all the cardinals who have ever swayed the counsels of English politics, no name can compare with that of Cardinal Wolsey.

Thomas Wolsey, born in 1471, was the son of a butcher at Ipswich. After studying at Magdalen College, Oxford, he entered the family of the Marquis of Dorset as a tutor. The Bishop of Winchester, Keeper of the Privy Seal, obtained for Wolsey the appointment as Almoner to Henry VII. His advancement was slow, till Henry VIII. came to the throne, when Wolsey began rapidly to rise in favour, accommodating himself to every whim of the King. Royal favours fell thickly upon him. In one year





CHAMBER IN THE LOLLARDS' TOWER, LAMBETH PALACE.

the mitres of Tournay, Lincoln, and York were placed upon his head; yet this was not enough for his ambitious spirit. By foreign intrigue he obtained the Roman purple and Cardinal's hat, and then his pride would stoop to nothing short of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, which fell to his lot by Dr. Warham resigning the same.

Yet one more step, and he would reach the summit of power; and this came by a Bull appointing him Legate *à latere* of the Romish Church in England. Everything connected with Wolsey was in keeping with his rank. His wealth, his retinue, his establishments, rivalled those of the King.

Under this powerful and worldly-minded Cardinal, persecution raged. Richard Hun and John Brown are two of the most famous martyrs. The former was strangled in the Lollards' Prison at Lambeth; and John Brown was tortured, and then burned at the stake. The Lollards' Chamber in the Tower of Lambeth Palace is shown in the opposite engraving.

In 1516 Erasmus publishes, at Basle, his New Testament in Greek, which soon reached England, and was hailed with joy by students generally. At Cambridge, Thomas Bilney, who in vain had sought peace by counting beads and doing penance, was instantly comforted and revived by reading in Erasmus's Testament the word of life. Bilney accepted by faith such passages as, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." At Oxford, William Tyndale was won over to Protestantism by studying this same work; and leaving Oxford, journeys to Cambridge to join himself to Bilney. While Henry is still busy working to become Emperor of Europe, and Wolsey is intriguing for the Papal tiara,

Tyndale is quietly pursuing a lowly path, yet destined to lead to higher and more lasting joys than all worldly emoluments or exalted stations could possibly offer.

William Tyndale resolved on a work which has covered him with lasting fame. He will translate into English the Greek Testament.

Repairing to London, to the house of Humphrey Monmouth, a rich merchant, he commences his great labours, and for a time he is undisturbed in his heavy task. The principles of Luther becoming too widely known in England, inquisition is made for all pamphlets or books in any way bearing on these forbidden doctrines. The search is so rigid, and the penalty so severe on detection, that Tyndale, with his precious treasure, steps on board a Hamburg boat lying in the Thames and sails for Germany. Luther, whose name now sounded through all Europe, had already burnt the Pope's Bull and defended his doctrines before the famous Diet of Worms. His fame and writings were now reaching England, and rousing indignation among the so-called faithful followers of the Church. Among these is King Henry himself, who, to show his great abhorrence of such an infamous heretic, wrote a little book with his own hand, entitled "A Defence of the Seven Sacraments." This he dedicated to the Holy Pontiff, and sent a special messenger to Leo X. with an elegantly bound copy. Leo's joy knew no bounds; he rewarded the messenger by allowing him to kiss his toe, and bestowed on Henry himself the title of "Defender of the Faith."

While Henry was thus engaged, Wolsey was scheming for the succession to the tiara; and although he hated Charles V., he found that mighty sovereign more able to place this much-coveted prize on his head, than Francis I.

So, breaking off his friendship with Francis, he began to caress Charles, who in his heart he thoroughly detested. The Emperor, on his part, who was quite as great a hypocrite as Wolsey, promised his good offices whenever the chair should become vacant, which, however, he little dreamt would at once occur; for Leo X., like so many of his predecessors, suddenly died, and Charles, forgetting his promises, placed Adrian, his tutor, Bishop of Utrecht, into the envied seat. As Adrian was an old man, Wolsey bottled his rage, and commenced a further effort for his own advancement.

Meanwhile William Tyndale has safely reached Germany, where, at Cologne, he resumed his work, and saw the first sheets of his New Testament passing through the press; when again the work was discovered, but not till Tyndale had embarked for Worms, where, with his precious treasure, he commenced again to print, and had the pleasure of seeing one thousand five hundred copies struck off and despatched to England, where they were rapturously received.

Meanwhile the soil in England was being prepared by Bilney to receive the truth. Among those who listened attentively to this new convert's teaching was Hugh Latimer, a name that will presently be known all over England. Latimer was born at Thurcaston, in Leicestershire, about 1472, and entered Cambridge University in 1505, at first a zealous Papist; so much so, that he spent much of his time and talent in refuting the heresies of Philip Melancthon.

Bilney was destined to win over this champion of Rome to the cause of Christianity, and this, too, by what may be termed a *ruse*. One day Bilney asked Latimer if he might confess to him; and Latimer, supposing Bilney meant to



make his recantation, willingly consented, when, to his surprise, Bilney commenced to tell of his former life, troubles, and anguish, and how no peace ever came to him until at the cross of Christ he had heard of the forgiveness of sin, and not payment for pardon.

As Latimer listened to this simple story of true conversion, he felt his own sinfulness, and felt, as if by magic, the darkness of superstition and ignorance breaking up within him and fleeing before the Gospel light. Henceforth Hugh Latimer is in the forefront of the Reformation, speaking, preaching, and writing for the new faith.

His great power of argument, as well as his ready wit, made opponents think twice before entering into controversy with him. One day Prior Buckingham, a friar in the frock and hood of St. Francis, thought to show up the absurdity of the Bible by a single quotation, viz., "If thy eye offend thee, pluck it out." Buckingham sneeringly said, "If this doctrine was followed out, England would soon be a nation of blind beggars." To this, Latimer replied, on the following Sunday, by saying that "some men were so foolish they could never distinguish between the image and the thing typified; for instance," he added, looking Prior Buckingham full in the face, "if we see a fox painted preaching in a friar's hood, none supposes a fox is really meant, but craft and hypocrisy, which are so often found under this garb." This blow was too much for Buckingham, who never again ventured an attack on Latimer.

It was at this period that Tyndale's New Testament reached the shores of England; with great care and stealth, it was conveyed to London, thence to Oxford and Cambridge, and several hundred copies were sold even before its arrival was known in high places.

Wickliffe's Bible had been in manuscript form, and so dear that only noblemen or wealthy merchants could buy it; but now Tyndale's Testament could be bought in a printed form for forty times less than Wickliffe's, viz., for about three shillings and sixpence, or which was then equal to about a fortnight's earnings of a working man. Persecution followed sharp on this new arrival. When Wolsey became aware what was going on, he caused diligent search to be made for the precious book, and for all who in any way had helped its circulation.

Many were the arrests made, and grievous were the penalties inflicted. Imprisonment and even death were meted out to some; others more fortunate escaped by reprimands or fines.

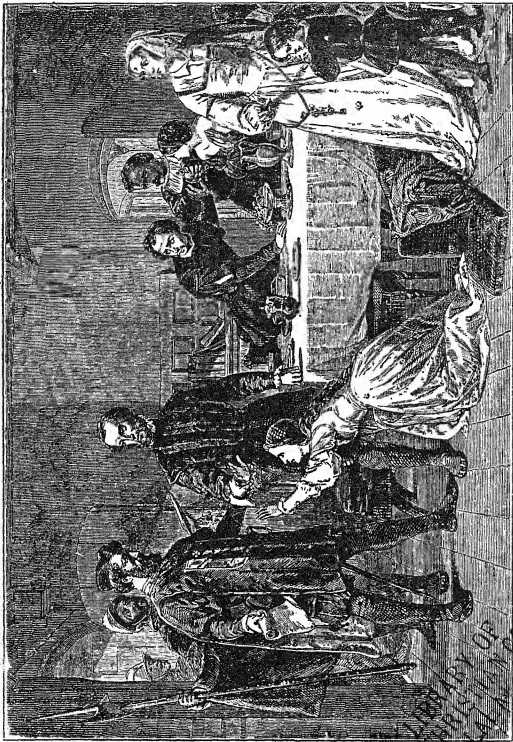
We must now look at the great event that became so much wrapped up in the history of the times, viz., the proposed divorce of the King. Henry had no male issue by his wife Catherine, and it was hinted that it was due to his violation of the law of God in marrying his brother's wife. The matter was warmly taken up by Wolsey, who, having been twice balked of the Popedom by Charles V., determined to try and checkmate the Emperor by insulting his aunt. Moreover, Henry's eyes had for some time been fixed on Anne Boleyn, one of the Queen's maids of honour, whose great beauty and varied accomplishments had won his deep affection. Pope Clement VII., who had been besieged in Rome and shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo by Charles V., was now applied to by Henry to annul his marriage, which Julius II. by a special Bull had sanctioned.

Anxious to gratify the King, the Pope assured him that the matter should at once be inquired into; while

at the same time, knowing the relationship of the Queen to the Emperor, the Pope was fearful of further offending that august monarch by really complying. These intrigues went on for a considerable time. The Pope having both monarchs at his feet, one urging on the divorce, the other protesting against it, was kept in a constant fever as to what was the best to be done to please all parties.

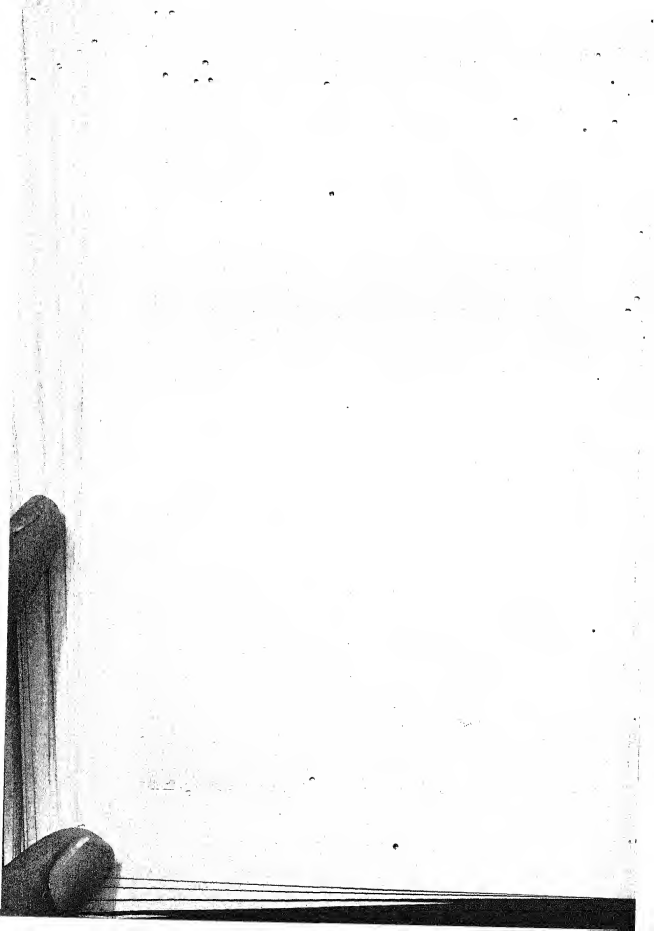
While the great ones of the earth were scheming and manœuvring for purely selfish ends, Thomas Bilney was traversing the country on a preaching tour, proclaiming far and wide the glad tidings of great joy, until, on Nov. 27th, 1527, he was arrested, and brought before Wolsey and Tonstall, where, through the pressure brought on his mind by so-called friends, he, in an unguarded moment, was induced to recant. No peace was vouchsafed to him until, by God's grace, he renounced his repentance, and became again a champion for the truth, for which he was immediately apprehended, thrown into prison, and condemned to be burned at a place styled the "Lollard's Pit." The stake was reared, and in the most heroic manner his spirit passed away to join the ransomed host above. Latimer, preaching before Edward VI. years afterwards, referred to Thomas Bilney as the "blessed martyr." Richard Bayfield, John Tewkesbury, and James Bainham, all followed Bilney by the same fiery road, and sealed their witness with their blood.

While these persecutions were going on, Henry was fuming about the divorce not yet to hand, and Wolsey wrote to Clement VII., assuring him that unless it was forthcoming at once, England was irrevocably lost to the Papacy.



THE ARREST OF THOMAS BILNEY.

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EWING



The fact was, that Clement would have long ago despatched it, but the Emperor was too powerful and too close at hand to be trifled with. But suddenly fortune favoured the Pope; the French were victorious over the Emperor's troops in Italy, and practically expelled them; whereupon Clement obtaining a little breathing space, signed the divorce on June 8th, 1528, empowering Campeggio (his Legate) and Wolsey to publish the same.

Campeggio, who travelled with this document, was to proceed slowly, carrying secret instructions to delay matters in every possible way. If the Emperor's troops were finally beaten, the decretal might be published at once, but if the Emperor was successful, the Bull must be instantly destroyed. On Campeggio's arrival he was informed by special courier that Charles had obtained the upper hand again in Italy; so, after citing the Queen before him, and hearing special pleadings for and against the divorce on July 23rd, 1529, more than a year after the signing of the decretal, when judgment was expected to be given, Campeggio coolly announced that "as dog days commence in Rome to-morrow, I adjourn this tribunal till October 1st." Henry, who for months past had patiently waited the end of all these tricks and legal and special delays, whose mind had been greatly excited, and whose temper fearfully tried, now broke out. He vowed he would be played the fool with no longer.

He saw these two wily Cardinals were making game of him. The rupture, however, came first with Wolsey, a letter of whose, addressed to the King of France, had been intercepted; this letter was to make a secret treaty with France, unknown to the King. The haughty

Tudor's blood was up; he showed the letter to Wolsey, who could not deny his own handwriting; and from this moment his sky darkened, and his sun began to set. First, the great seal of the kingdom was taken from him; then he was cited to appear and answer for his sins (which were many) before the Court of King's Bench. On being disgraced, he is reported to have said, "If I die, I have the pure satisfaction of being a martyr for my faith;" but, as D'Aubigné truly remarks, "what a faith! what a martyr!" In November of 1530, he was arrested by the Earl of Northumberland for high treason, but before the case came on, Wolsey was no more. The shock to his nervous system, in falling from so high a pinnacle, brought about his death. His dying remarks, "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my King, He would not thus have given me over in my grey hairs," though so well known, are too full of meaning to be omitted here.

We now turn to a name equally well known in the matter of the divorce, and still more worthily remembered to-day than that of the Cardinal's, viz., Thomas Cranmer, who was born, 1489, at Aslacton, near Nottingham, and educated at Cambridge. His abilities were soon manifest. The Lutheran controversy had attracted his attention, and after studying carefully and thoughtfully for three years the Bible in Greek and Hebrew, the mists of Rome were cleared away, and he comprehended, in all its fulness and majesty, the plan of salvation as revealed in Holy Writ. Cranmer, while conversing with Gardiner, the King's Secretary, had innocently said, "Why trouble the Pope about the divorce? Why not see what Scripture says on the subject? If the marriage was illegal according to God's Word, no Pope can make

it valid." These words were reported to the King, who at once summoned Cranmer to him, gave him his signet, and commanded him to call on the Universities to at once study the Scriptures, and give him their verdict as to the teaching of God's Word on a matter so dear to his heart.

Here, then, was the first great blow to the Papal superstition which had so long degraded England. The Word of God is to be exalted above the assumed authority of the Pope; and now the second blow is dealt to Rome; the first was at her spiritual supremacy, the second at her temporal authority. Thomas Cromwell, who had been trained abroad, and seen much of Romish tyranny, was the servant of Wolsey. He had carefully marked the cause of his master's fall, and determined to reap some advantage out of the sad experience of the Cardinal.

On obtaining an interview with the King, he recommends him to break away from Papal usurpation. Who was the Pope, that he should be monarch of England; and who were the priests, that they should be above the laws? Ought not the King to be master in his own house, and head of his own Church? Henry's pride fairly touched, declared this state of things should last no longer. He who had had his affections juggled with so long, and his pride humbled, would now settle both matters at once. Cranmer had the religious matter in hand, and Cromwell the political.

The Reformation has now re-commenced in England, and although Henry became its patron, the actual principles were those that Wickliffe, two centuries before, had enunciated, and which were now revived and enforced.



On the assembling of Parliament in November, 1529, the Commons, finding the King on their side, commenced to arraign the bishops and clergy for their pride, arrogance, and priestly pretensions. The King, moreover, compelled the Convocation of Canterbury and York to vote him supreme head of the Church, and, on March 22nd, 1532, Warham, now Archbishop of Canterbury, signed the submission, styling the King Protector and Supreme Head of the Church. This was accompanied with one hundred thousand pounds as a subsidy, and for the consideration of which, Henry released them from the penalty of premunire. This act was a death-blow to the Pope's temporal jurisdiction in England.

Meanwhile Cranmer, who had been vigorously working at the matter of the divorce, was, on the death of Warham, elected to the vacant see. Much against his inclination, knowing the difficulties of the post and the still greater difficulties with so imperious a master, he was, however, forced into the office by Henry, who viewed Cranmer as the only means to safely bring about the divorce; and now fortified with the opinion of the universities (English and foreign), Henry, on January 25th, 1533, married Anne Boleyn, who was publicly crowned by Cranmer at Westminster on May 29th of the same year.

The fury of the Pope knew no bounds. On the advice of Charles V., he excommunicated Henry, who, however, having once crossed the Rubicon, took small note of this Papal weapon.

Meanwhile a Princess was born in the Royal Palace at Greenwich, who was named Elizabeth, and who was destined to follow up so gloriously the great work initiated by her father. Henry having received so much

from Cranmer, permitted an English version of the Scriptures, prepared by Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, to be published in London, which was done in 1536 and dedicated to himself. The next great measure of importance was an inquiry directed into the steps for reforming monasteries and nunneries; but the disclosures were so frightful, that nothing short of abolition would meet the case. The result is, that three hundred and seventy-six small houses were at once closed, and the revenues diverted to the King, to be used for better purposes. Monasteries all over the country were levelled to the ground, and their revenues appropriated by courtiers and barons.

Now the turn seemed to take place in the character of the King, whose remaining years are stained by atrocious crimes. Having constituted himself head of the Church, he at once called on all men of whatever creed to take the oath of supremacy to him. Hundreds of conscientious Roman Catholics declined, and were without any scruple publicly executed. On the other hand, whilst falling on Catholics, the Protestants or Lutherans fared no better, for all who believed not in transubstantiation were dragged to the scaffold. Among men of note, two must be mentioned: Dr. John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, at the age of seventy-seven, was convicted and executed; and Sir Thomas More, himself a persecutor of Lutherans, fell before the malice of the King.

We now come to the death of Anne Boleyn, a tragedy so black that Henry's character is for ever stained. She for whom the King had waited so patiently year after year, within three years of her coronation, was publicly condemned, unheard, and on May 19th, 1536, executed, to make way for a guilty alliance between one of her

maids-in-waiting, Jane Seymour, and the King. Cranmer, who had been banished from the royal favour, and Cromwell, who had been sent to the scaffold, were both out of the way, and the King's frenzy and violence daily increased.

The King had passed in Parliament, against the steady opposition of Cranmer, the Act known as the Six Articles, or "The Lash with Six Strings," which—

- (1) Taught the doctrine of transubstantiation,
- (2) Withheld the cup from the laity,
- (3) Prohibited priests from marrying,
- (4) Enforced the vow of celibacy,
- (5) Upheld private masses for souls in purgatory,
- (6) Declared auricular confession good and necessary.

Any one denying one of these doctrines, or refusing obedience to them, was punishable by imprisonment or death. Latimer and five hundred others were soon arrested for disobedience, and put in prison. Barnes, Garrett, and Jerome were burned at the stake, followed by Anne Askew, a martyr of noble birth, of heroic courage and great faith. Anne Askew was examined before Gardiner and Bonner, now heads of the King's Council, and after refusing to believe in the truth of the Six Articles, was tortured in a frightful manner, in the hope she might betray her friends; but to no avail. She bore all with saintly heroism, and finally sealed her dying testimony at the stake. In the midst of these horrors, Henry, under the advice of Cranmer, sanctions the printing, publishing, and circulating of Coverdale's Bible by special Act in 1538. A Bible was ordered to be placed in every parish church in England, so that people might the better attain to a perfect knowledge of God's will. What a

strange anomaly, that while the Bible is circulated by royal authority, the same authority permitted cruelties to be perpetrated, such as the slightest acquaintance with God's Word would wholly condemn !

Henry now nears his end. . On January 28th, 1547, after receiving spiritual consolation from Cranmer, this monarch, whose character is such a riddle, passed to his last account. Compared with his contemporaries, he may come out favourably, for he was better than Francis I. or Charles V., but weighed by the unerring balance of God's Word, he was found sadly wanting. As defender of the faith, he murdered the faithful ; as supreme head of the Church, he degraded it by his patronage and his vices ; yet, by uprooting the deadly system of monastic institutions, and wrenching off the chains of a foreign tyranny, he placed England in the front rank of European nations. Above all, he exalted the Word of God to its proper place as the authority in all matters of religion.

The accession to the throne of the youthful King Edward VI., at the age of ten years, was hailed with joy by the friends of the reformed faith. Wise beyond his years, he began at once to manifest a nobler spirit than that of his father. Cranmer was at his side, and in his Council-chamber ; and one of the King's first laws was to abolish the Act of the Six Articles, and release all who had suffered imprisonment on its account. In the procession that accompanied the King to Westminster on his coronation day, the Bible was reverently borne, which augured well for its future place in all matters civil and religious.

The Reformation now began to advance in earnest. Cranmer breathing freely, obtained a Royal Commission to inquire into the abuses of public worship, and soon discovered what was necessary as a preliminary to help to

remove these abuses. First, a book of Homilies was provided to accompany God's Word; secondly, the clergy were commanded to preach and to examine all communicants in the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments. All images were to be removed from churches, and the law of clerical celibacy was abolished. These Acts were so important and so startling, that great care and discretion was necessary to get them passed, especially as the people were still groping in the darkness of the Romish Church.

Cranmer further conceived the idea that the people ought to join in the service of God, not as idle spectators on some gorgeous ritual, as for ages they had been doing, but humbly and fervently enter with their own hearts and voices into the worship of the true God. With this end in view, two committees were formed: one to prepare a Communion Service; the other, a Liturgy or Book of Common Prayer.

The Communion Service was completed in 1548, and was practically the work of Cranmer, Ridley, and Goodrich; and, in its revised form, taught that the mass was not a sacrifice, but a memorial; the body and blood of Christ were spiritually present (not corporeally) in the bread and wine; and enjoined believers only to partake of it by faith in a risen and glorified Saviour. The Liturgy and Book of Common Prayer, after being passed by Convocation, received Parliamentary sanction on January 21st, 1549. The Act is known as the Act of Uniformity, by which all clergymen were enjoined to use it as the standard for prayer and communion service in their churches. Previously, all sorts of forms had been employed. On June 10th, 1549, it was first used in St. Paul's Cathedral and other churches.

Cranmer's part of this great work was his preparation of the Articles of Religion, or an epitome of the doctrines taught by the Church of England. These were founded on Cranmer's own belief, and were taken according to the light he then had from God's Word. These, he fondly hoped, would tend to quiet men's consciences and settle their faith. They were published by royal consent in 1553. They were then forty-two in number, but in 1562 they were reduced to thirty-nine, and have remained thirty-nine ever since. Notwithstanding their pious founder's intention, they never have, and possibly never will quite "FORTIFY" the Church.

We must now record events that led to the retrogression of the reformed faith. Protestantism under Edward VI. had reached its culminating point, and the bright star is to fade in the coming darkness. First, the Duke of Somerset, uncle of the King and Protector of the realm, a stanch supporter of the true faith, falls a victim to the malice of Warwick, Duke of Northumberland. Following his execution, Joan of Kent, the Servetus of England, held the doctrine that our Saviour was no human being. For her error she was publicly burned: a great blot on the lives of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, all of whom seem to have approved the sentence.

Edward, whose short reign was so soon to close, sanctioned, after much misgiving, the change of succession to the throne, from his sister, the Princess Mary, eldest child of Henry VIII., a bigoted Romanist, to Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, and wife of one of the sons of Warwick, the descendant of the Iron Baron "who built thrones and toppled them." At Warwick's wish, this measure was forced on the King; and

though Cranmer, as a Privy Councillor, opposed the setting aside of the lawful succession, finally and lastly attested the will, for which act he paid dearly when Mary reached the throne.

Edward dies July 6th, 1553, at the age of sixteen. From the death of Henry VIII. to the death of Edward VI. (only six short years) great triumphs had been wrought, great moral and spiritual trophies won; but the period was too brief to build up, consolidate, and establish immovably so great a work, and before the young tree has taken root, it is violently torn up and trampled under foot.

Northumberland's scheme for the promotion of his own family soon proved abortive. Lady Jane Grey, after a reign of only ten days, passed rapidly from the throne to the Tower, from the Tower to the block; and the Duke followed to the same end.

The Princess Mary, daughter of Catherine of Aragon, the rightful heir to the throne, notwithstanding her religious beliefs, was welcomed by the majority of the people as their lawful sovereign, and was proclaimed on July 17th, 1553. No sooner was she firmly seated in power than the persecuting frenzy so characteristic of her faith began to be seen and felt. Rome was at once apprised of the event, and the messenger made the journey in nine days; though Campeggio, who came the same road to pronounce the divorce, took three months. Rome's joy knew no bounds. Julius III. hailed her as a second Blessed Mary, or Holy Virgin. The Queen at once collected round her those best able to further her designs: Gardiner, Bonner, and, last and greatest, Cardinal Pole, were the triumvirate who assisted in the destruction of the reformed faith, and

the re-establishment of Popery. Now commenced the fall of the heads of the Protestant faith, one after another, in rapid succession.

First, Archbishop Cranmer was confined to his palace, and thence to the Tower; his crimes being, approving the divorce of Catherine, signing the transfer of succession to Lady Jane Grey, and, lastly, his public profession of the hated Protestant faith. Thomas Ridley, Bishop of London, was deposed, then Hugh Latimer, then Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, then Rogers, Coverdale, Bradford, and others.

A commission was at once issued, commanding all bishops and ministers not friendly to the old faith to be at once deprived of their livings. Hundreds were therefore expelled, and had to seek refuge in Germany and Switzerland.

At the coronation, which took place October 1st, the Queen intimated her belief in the old faith, and expressed the hope that all her loving subjects would follow her example.

The first act of the new Parliament was to impeach Cranmer for high treason for the part he had taken in the divorce. He is spared the block, only to pass upward by fire at the stake. A mock disputation is convened at Oxford to show the superiority of the mass over the memorial service of Protestantism. Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, the three now aged Reformers, are taken down to dispute, if dispute it could be called; for, beyond the fact that they all recorded their last public protest against the monstrous doctrine of the real presence (Rome's stronghold of superstition), this gathering would not be worth recording.

On July 20th, 1554, Mary was married to Philip



of Spain; and these two fierce Papists began still further to rivet the yoke of Rome on the people of this land. We are face to face with what is at once the darkest and yet the brightest period in the reign of Mary. We see men whose stupendous wickedness baffles comprehension, and also those whose unflinching courage and firm Christian faith amid untold suffering will never be forgotten.

The year 1555 was supremely a year of bitter memories for the stakes that were so freely erected. The crime for which all, or nearly all, suffered was, denying the corporeal presence in the Sacrament. If the accused said the bread was flesh and the wine blood, he might be pardoned, but if he declared otherwise, he was at once condemned. Rogers and Bishop Hooper were two of the first distinguished men to fall; both were publicly burned, witnessing a good faith even to the last.

Latimer and Ridley's turn came soon after; and, excepting Cranmer, no two men in all England were more prominent, or devoted to the cause of the Reformation. Though stricken in years and infirm, they were not too old or too feeble for the malice of Gardiner and Bonner.

Near Baliol College, Oxford, in October, 1555, these two veteran saints were hurried forth to die. Bound to one stake by a great iron chain, faggots were piled round them, and the fire applied. Then it was that Latimer spoke words that have rolled across the three centuries that have intervened, and which kindle our hearts with zeal even to-day: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out." Latimer was the first to expire, but Ridley's

sufferings were severe. His dying words were, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

Cranmer was now approached in the most cunning and insidious manner, and, by smiles and special pleadings, led to make a formal recantation of his faith by admitting the Pope's supremacy; in an hour of weakness, and under the pressure put upon him, he succumbed and signed the paper. He was publicly to announce his submission on March 21st, 1556, in the Church of St. Mary's; but before the day and hour had arrived, he had repented of his folly and sin. The man who had stood unmoved before the haughtiest of the Tudors was not to fall for ever before the meanest of this house.

To the surprise and chagrin of his enemies, who had counted on this public recantation being a death-blow to the reformed faith, Cranmer told how he had been duped in an hour of frailty to yield, "but now I affirm and confess my abhorrence of the Romish creed, and my steadfast adherence to the Protestant cause." He was quickly hurried off to the stake, and holding the hand that signed the paper in the flames, he exclaimed, "Perish, unworthy right hand." "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," were his last words. He died as he had lived; and with all his weakness, he stands out as a bright fixed star in an age when to be faithful was indeed hard. Lord Burleigh estimates two hundred and eighty-eight persons were publicly burned between February 4th, 1555, when Rogers was burned at Smithfield, and November 15th, 1558, when five faithful martyrs perished in one fire at Canterbury. Within two days Queen Mary, or the "Bloody Mary," as history has styled her, was summoned to account at the tribunal of the Most High for her many cruelties.

If England ignorantly rejoiced on the accession of Mary, it knowingly rejoiced at her death. Parliament was sitting at the time; and on the members being apprised of the event, they sprung to their feet and shouted out, "God save Queen Elizabeth." Cardinal Pole, partner in the late Queen's ill deeds, perished on the same day as his mistress. Well might the nation shout for joy. Bells pealed from every steeple, and bonfires were lighted in honour of the event. Elizabeth ascended the throne amid untold difficulties, and yet with the blessing and approval of the majority of her people. The Spanish alliance had wrought terrible havoc in the land; trade had been corrupted, and public morals degraded. The yoke of Rome was again upon the neck of England, and to sever this temporal and spiritual alliance was no easy task for one who found herself surrounded by fierce, bigoted Catholics, and scarcely a tried Protestant adviser by her side. Yet God sent this young Queen two true men, who, although cautious and wary, were staunch friends of the Reformation: first and greatest, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, whom Elizabeth made Secretary of State; and second, Nicholas Bacon, appointed Keeper of the Great Seal. With the aid of these two able men, the Queen gradually pursued her course of restoring Protestantism.

Her first Parliament under Elizabeth annulled the Pope's primacy and established the Queen's legitimacy. The Act of Uniformity, passed in the reign of Edward VI., was again enforced, and the Sacrament administered in the Protestant form. The Pope, who looked on at first with dismay, delayed to use harsh measures by excommunicating the Queen, in the hope of winning her over; but he died before he consummated this event, and his

successor did the same. It was not till Pius V. came to the pontifical chair that the bolt descended; but the decree was then too late to have any effect. Elizabeth was now firmly seated in power, and having restored order and quietness in her realm, took small notice of this squib fired at her. Books and printing, which had been practically suppressed during the Marian persecution, came forth to lend lustre to the Gospel news. Jewell, an exile from abroad, a man of matchless power and grace, wrote his work called the "Apology," followed by the "Defence." These two books helped more than anything else to overthrow Popish error and establish immovably the Protestant faith.

In 1560 Elizabeth was still further strengthened in her throne and purpose by the union in faith with Scotland. Mary Stuart, heiress of the Scottish throne and wife of Francis II., was always plotting against the throne of England; and, aided by the French, an invasion was constantly threatened. The establishment of Protestantism and the formal expulsion of the French practically brought England and Scotland together.

Rome now woke up, and bent every effort and strained every nerve to re-establish its power and dominion in England. The Bull of Pius V., absolving all true Catholics from allegiance to the Queen, and denouncing her as a most infamous heretic, began to bear some fruit. Bands of Jesuits, specially licensed and supported by foreign powers, were traversing England, plotting and planning against English liberties, and trying to raise sedition and rebellion in the land. From 1580 onwards, a series of cowardly attempts to assassinate the Queen culminated in the great Babington Plot, which stained for ever the hands of the Church of Rome. God was with the

Queen ; and notwithstanding the darkest intrigues of the Jesuits, their plots all failed, and the last and greatest carried death and destruction among the Queen's enemies.

The Babington Plot, formed in 1586 by John Ballard, a priest educated at Rheims, was subscribed to and powerfully supported by the Guises, Philip II., master of half Europe, the Pope, and, lastly, by Mary Stuart.

The scheme was to assassinate the Queen, elevate Mary Stuart to the vacant throne, invade England by foreign troops, and re-establish everywhere the Popish faith. At the last moment, by God's special interposition, Walsingham, a sagacious Minister of the Queen, discovered the whole affair. The foreign traitors were beyond the reach of justice, but on the English rebels the doom fell. The chief conspirators, who had determined to overwhelm England again in blood and ruin, perished on the scaffold, among them Mary Stuart, who passed from Fotheringay Castle to the headsman's block. Some have attempted to raise these conspirators into martyrs, but this can never be done without a violation of laws much older than the Romish faith. They died for deliberately plotting against the life of the Queen, and endeavouring to subvert the order and peace of the land.

Notwithstanding the death of Mary Stuart had knocked the key-stone out of the arch of Roman Catholicism at home, the Catholic sky was dark enough abroad. France had not yet recovered the shock of the St. Bartholomew tragedy. Holland was mourning the death of its noble patriot, William the Silent, murdered by an assassin hired and paid by Rome ; and Philip II., more blood-thirsty than ever, was engaged in his great scheme, the building of the Invincible Armada. The year 1588 was

looked forward to with reasonable alarm. It was to be the end of the world, so some said; at any rate, awful signs and portents were clearly visible. A great trial was coming on the faithful; an awful, irresistible collision between England, with her four millions of reputed Protestant subjects, and Spain, with her boundless wealth, and one hundred millions of different nationalities.

For two years prior to Mary Stuart's death the Armada had been building; from Cape Finisterre to the shores of Sicily, the whole seaboard was converted into a vast ship-building yard; every harbour and river's mouth contained huge hulks of a size and strength unseen before in ship-building. The Armada was, in truth, so formidable that to meet it might well seem utter foolishness. One hundred and fifty vessels, great and small, equipped with every kind of provision, guns, pikes, powder and shot, and every warlike appliance, manned by eight thousand sailors, two thousand galley slaves, and twenty thousand veteran troops, with two thousand six hundred and fifty pieces of ordnance, and a burden in all of sixty thousand tons, was to come against a fleet of twenty-eight sail, whose entire tonnage did not equal one modern Transatlantic steamer. Yet this vast Armada was but a contingent of the forces preparing against England. Philip's General in the Netherlands, the Duke of Parma, whose seaboard confronted our coasts, was instructed to prepare a second navy, which went forward with great rapidity at Nieuport, Antwerp, and Bruges; besides this, vast masses of troops were concentrated at Nieuport. So carefully were these preparations carried forward, and the destination of these ships and forces hidden, that within fifteen days of the bolt falling, the agents of the Queen abroad were

deceived by lies as to the real object of these vast naval preparations.

When Elizabeth was at length clear as to Philip's dark designs, her action was prompt and determined. The nation was indeed roused, and the spirit, loyalty, and enthusiasm of the people to drive back the invader knew no bounds. At least one hundred thousand troops were at once enrolled, some for the defence of the Queen, some for the capital, and the greater portion for the coast; every available craft that could be got afloat was manned at the public expense or by private subscription. Nobles, merchants, and people all came forward, rose as one man, to hurl back this cruel invasion. Our ships were divided into three small squadrons; the first and most important was entrusted to Lord Howard, High Admiral of England, who was to cruise in the Channel; the second, under Lord Seymour, was stationed at Dunkirk, to hold Parma's fleet in check; and the third, under Sir Francis Drake, was ready for any point most threatened. Had the Armada been successful, it is appalling to think what the future of this country might have been.

On May 28th, with the special benediction of Pope Sixtus V., the mighty Armada commenced to move down the Tagus. The original Commander, the Marquis Santa Cruz, died just as the fleet was ready, and the Duke of Medina Sidonia, of pure Spanish blood and boundless wealth, was appointed his successor. To counterbalance his naval ignorance, the Duke of Parma was to join him off Calais. It took three weeks for the unwieldy Armada to double Cape Finisterre, and when it was doubled, their troubles at once began. In the Bay of Biscay a storm sprang up, sending one of the largest galleons to the

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bottom, with all on board, and driving two more as wrecks on the coast of France. After a tempestuous passage, the fleet was actually descried off the Lizard, bearing up the Channel, towards Plymouth. At once, all along the English coast, beacon-fires were kindled, and England awaited with bated breath the upshot of this Armada. Many a prayer went up to the God of battles, beseeching Him to avert the destroyer's hand.

Howard, Drake, and Hawkins were afloat in their little nimble crafts, and on July 30th, they took a close survey of these unwieldy huge galleons bearing down on them. On board his mighty ship, the *St. Martin*, in his shot-proof fortress, stood Medina Sidonia, contemplating with rapture the easy prospect before him, and the vast prestige the capture of England would give him.

July 31st was Sunday, and on this day the first slight encounter took place. The English discovered they could either accept or decline a battle at pleasure; stationed to windward, they could close in and give the Spaniards a broadside, and before any injury was done them, retreat from the guns of the galleons. At the close of the day, the English had sustained no loss whatever, but the Spanish galleon of Pedro di Valdez, fouling with *Santa Catalina*, fell a prey to the English, and with it an immense amount of ammunition, and also its commander, Pedro di Valdez, the only man who knew the Channel among the Spanish commanders. Later in the day, the Captain of the Rear-Admiral's galleon finding fault with the head gunner for careless firing, the man, who was a Fleming, went and put a match into the powder magazine, and then threw himself out of a port-hole into the sea. In a moment a fearful explosion blew up the deck, turrets, two hundred soldiers,



and the paymaster of the whole navy. Though torn by the explosion, the hulk still floated, and the English seized it, and found one hundred thousand gold ducats on board, thus making a good day's capture.

On Tuesday, off St. Alban's Head, the first real engagement took place, resulting in no apparent gain to either side; and Sidonia, desiring to join Parma, held his way up the Channel, followed by the little English fleet. On Thursday the Armada was off the Isle of Wight, and here again a sharp engagement took place. Howard, with his ships, the *Bull*, the *Bear*, the *Tiger*, and the *Revenge*, attacked the huge Spanish galleons, the *St. Matthew*, *St. Mark*, *St. Luke*, *St. John*, *St. Philip*, and *St. Martin*, and at the close of the day the saintly ships had suffered severely from the broadsiders of their heretical opponents.

The Armada on Friday still bore on till it anchored off Calais, awaiting Parma's arrival. The hour had now come for the decisive blow. The Armada was at the appointed meeting-place, where Parma's fleet was to join it. The hour had struck, but Spain's second navy was nowhere to be seen. It was in vain that messenger after messenger was despatched to the Netherlands; no news was forthcoming as to the provoking delay. Where was Parma all this time? Well prepared with men and ships, and every appliance for an aggressive warfare, he had omitted one thing, without which all besides was useless, viz., an open channel for the exit of his fleet. When the Dutch discovered his design of invading England, they blockaded all their ports and canals, and as effectually prevented the escape of this fleet as if it had been inclosed in gates of iron. Here unmistakably was God's hand, in spite of Parma's vast preparations and

immense forces and resources; a few ships manned by hardy sailors had defeated all his plans. While Medina Sidonia was anxiously and hourly expecting this imprisoned fleet, England's Admirals were busy at work. A scheme was hit upon that proved more than a success. Sunday was fast passing away, and as night approached, a night of unusual darkness, eight volunteer ships were selected from among the many small freight in the English service, and were smeared with pitch and other inflammable substances, their hulls filled with powder, and then set adrift, under cover of the darkness, to float in among the huge galleons of Spain. Only one alternative would be left to the Armada, either at once to cut its cables and flee, or else be burned at its anchorage.

The design was no sooner agreed than executed; and just after midnight the Spaniards were horrified in their natural superstition, to observe pillars of fire floating down upon them. In the wildest confusion, they cut their cables and bore away into the German Ocean, pursued by Drake, who, coming up with them off Gravelines, commenced the tug of war. All the vessels of Spain, huddled together in indescribable confusion, now received a perfect rain of shot from the English fleet, every fire from which told its tale. Broadside after broadside fell with such crushing effect upon the Armada that ships and men went down into one common grave. With the wind rising, the huge galleons rolled so fearfully that their own shots passed harmlessly into the air over the English ships, or were comfortably deposited among the waves.

Night now closed in upon one of the most disastrous fights for Spain, and one of the most glorious for England. During the short respite, Medina Sidonia summoned his captains on board his vessel to deliberate on

what was best to be done. If they remained where they were, they were hourly drifting on to the fatal sandbanks and shoals on the Dutch coasts, where, once on, all hope of rescue would be gone. If they returned to Calais Harbour, another engagement with Drake was inevitable, and this might extinguish Spain's great Armada. Only one course was open: that was to return to Spain *viâ* the north of Scotland. This, through unknown seas, in rudderless and battered ships, was awful to contemplate; and yet there was no alternative, and this course was therefore decided upon.

The wind favoured their plans, and blew the galleons forward before the pursuing English. Every moment the gale increased, and at last a terrific hurricane bore the wreck of the Armada past the Frith of Forth, till Drake, satisfied with its discomfiture, gave up the chase. The last sight he had of the leaking ships was to see them vanishing amid the storms and clouds of the Northern Sea, "driven from light into darkness, chased out of the world."

For eleven days the storm raged with unabated fury, and, driven by its violence, ship after ship was shattered among the wildness of the Orkney and Shetland Islands; hundreds of dead corpses were washed ashore, and yet onward the remnants of this miserable expedition had to bear. All along the Irish coast the storm lasted, and further wrecks and losses marked its retreating steps, until the few vessels that remained arrived home with their famished and broken-hearted crews. The blow to Spain was irreparable. Philip, stunned and mortified, shut himself up in his palace, and would see no one.

The loss of money and men to Spain was too great even to realize; and, to add to their troubles, Pope

Sixtus, who had given his blessing to the expedition, and promised a million crowns towards its expense, would not pay a stiver. In a half-injured mood he retorted by saying it was unreasonable to expect him to pay for an Armada that had gone to the bottom before accomplishing anything.

Even the Pope was humiliated by a squib that was posted in Rome, pretending to offer one thousand years' indulgence to any one who would inform the Pope where the Invincible Armada really was, whether it had been caught up into heaven, or had descended into hell, or was hanging in mid-air, or cruising in unknown seas. The Popish world long suffered from this blow. The equipment of the Armada was the mightiest effort Spain and Rome had ever put forth to crush Protestantism and extinguish light, and never had defeat so overwhelming and so stupendous fallen upon them.

Spain never recovered from this disaster, and England rose in proportion to her rival's fall. The Queen, recognizing the hand of God in the great deliverance, went in state to St. Paul's to give thanks, and the whole nation rejoiced that the host of this modern Pharaoh had been swallowed up by the mighty deep. The Bible once more became an open volume. Closed and burned during the Marian fury, Elizabeth once more gives it to the people to drink at and refresh their thirsty souls. Yet even Elizabeth, with all her powers and force of character, never pushed very far into the true light ; she allowed her Court, her suitors, and her honour to absorb her whole attention.

It was to the great men who surrounded her to whom Protestantism owes so much, and who were themselves made great by this principle.

Rome has always bound and fettered science, art, literature, and religion. Protestantism liberates all, and gives strength and encouragement to faithful men to develop these various fields of usefulness which God has given for our improvement.

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### SCOTLAND.

WE are now to see how Great Britain, which had practically been a divided empire, is to become a united whole, welded together by a common bond of love and power. Scotland, the friend of France, the friend of Rome, is about to snap her fetters and to free herself once and for ever from Popish thralldom.

Scotland, although a small country, is in every respect a remarkable one. Possessed of great natural beauty, it is surrounded by a rocky coast, and its shores are beaten by heavy storms; its mountains are enveloped in mists, and its plains are drenched with rains and covered with swamps; yet, notwithstanding all this, Scotland has a history that few countries can boast. It is a land of liberty, political and religious; it is the land of Wallace and Bruce, and the armies of England have more than once felt the shock of Scottish steel. The great Reformer, God's Word, has now planted its foot in the country, and silently commenced its mission. Where no human being dare tread who breathed the doctrines of Wickliffe or Luther, the Bible, unobserved, was doing its work quietly.

The Reformation in Scotland may be said to date from the introduction of the first Bible in 1535. Here, as elsewhere, the blood of the martyr appealed in clarion

tones to the slumbering nation. The first witness in the honoured roll of Scottish confessors was one of noble name and spotless renown. Patrick Hamilton, of royal birth, was born 1504, and educated at St. Andrew's University. From Scotland he passed to Germany, and whilst finishing his course of studies there, was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. Proud of his newly-acquired knowledge, he returned to his native land, burning to water the people with the divine dew that had refreshed his own soul.

At this period Scotland was in the hands of a base priesthood; at its head was James Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, who, during the minority of the young King, James V., practically ruled the land. Beaton, a fierce bigot, pounced on Hamilton as a prey worthy of destruction; and though he hesitated for some time to attack one so powerful and so highly connected, yet he deemed the blow, once struck, would eradicate a system which was so uncongenial to priestly minds.

Patrick Hamilton preached the Lutheran faith, denounced the worship of the Virgin and saints, denied the efficacy of masses for souls in purgatory, and other doctrines distasteful to the Papacy. Beaton had him arrested publicly, condemned as a heretic, and, before interference could be brought to save him, burned at the stake in front of St. Salvator's College. This death proved mighty in word and deed; it seemed to stir all hearts, and rouse to indignation all classes. But it did more than all this; it showed the spirit, power, and majesty of the Gospel, the only faith that has been able to stand the test in the day of temptation and in the hour of persecution.

The martyrdom of Patrick was followed by others less

distinguished in rank, but worthy of the great cause they espoused. Each stake, however, added numbers to the daily-increasing list of disciples of the reformed faith, and the hierarchy in Scotland looked with much alarm on the spread of Protestant principles.

On the death of James V., after his defeat at the Solway Moss, Arran as first peer, was elected Regent during the minority of the baby Princess Mary, who, when the King died on December 16th, 1542, was only eight days old. Arran favoured the reformed faith, and soon enacted that it was lawful for any one to read the Scriptures in their own tongue. By this law, the Word of God found its way into every gentleman's house where it was desired.

George Wishart now steps upon the scene, and soon Scotland is revived by the faith and eloquence of this devoted servant of God. Never before had the land heard words so comforting as Wishart's sermons from the Epistle to the Romans. Crowds flocked to hear him; whilst the doctrines became too mighty to be endured by such men as David Beaton, the archiepiscopal successor of James Beaton.

This man, now supreme in authority, conspired against Wishart. First he obtained an order closing all church doors against Wishart's preaching: a rather useless work, seeing no cathedral could hold the crowds that flocked to hear his loving words. Then an assassin was bribed to despatch him, who was foiled in his murderous design; but on January 16th, 1546, Wishart was arrested by Beaton's soldiers, flung into the Tower of St Andrew's, and on February 28th was publicly burned, witnessing a good confession even to the last. This stake is indeed to bear blessed fruit; there is one witness whose voice will

presently shake Scotland to its foundation, and dissolve the tyranny that so long has enslaved the land.

John Knox was born in 1505, at Gifford Gate, Haddington. He was educated at a private school in the town, and afterwards at Glasgow University. At first in communion with the Church of Rome, and connected with the priestly office, his eyes were gradually opened by writings and sermons, until his estrangement was as complete as Luther's or Calvin's.

Events of importance began to hurry forward the Reformation. First Cardinal Beaton, for his tyranny, was assassinated in St. Andrew's Castle, which was captured by Norman Leslie, and held by friends of the reformed faith; and although stormed by John Hamilton, brother of the Regent, and Mary of Guise, the Queen-Dowager, the castle held out for more than a year, but at last, by the aid of French war ships, fell, and the occupants of the castle, among whom was John Knox, were borne away to France in exile.

These events were all for the best, and were working out the design of God in showing that the Protestant faith has never yet been advanced by the aid of the sword; her weapons are mighty because they are spiritual, and the temporal arm has always hindered the spread of the true faith. From France Knox watched with anxious eye the movements in his own dear country, and by conversation with Protestants abroad and observation of Church government, he was silently yet surely preparing for the life battles before him.

The Queen-Dowager, who had sided openly with neither party, now publicly went over to her hereditary and family faith, and declared her intention of stamping out Protestantism in her realms. The martyr-fires were to



be at once rekindled, and the hierarchy reinvested with all its ghostly and diabolical powers. To a demand from the reformed nobility for certain privileges of free worship and correction of notorious abuses, the reply of the Queen and her Councils was a refusal even to recognize the existence of the Reformation in the land. An order was issued for the Protestant pastors at once to appear before the Council to answer for their misdeeds. While the interval was passing between the order, and the appearance of the men, John Knox stepped from a French vessel on the shore at Leith, on May 2nd, 1559.

His arrival was as unexpected as a thunderbolt, and quite as startling. Before he had opened his mouth his very name spread consternation. The Queen instantly outlawed him: a matter which only tended to advertise his presence all over Scotland.

The time had arrived for some one to lead the Protestant party, and here was the man. Possessed of dauntless courage, remarkable sagacity, and unsurpassed zeal for the true faith, no one was more alive to the dangers that beset the movement, but no man could be more certain than he that the hour had come for Scotland's liberty. Knox determined to accompany the pastors and defend them at the coming trial; but so terrified was the Queen at the thought of confronting Knox, that she issued an order forbidding the pastors to appear.

On the day of the citation their names were called and outlawed for non-appearance: a piece of perfidy Scotchmen could not stand. In Perth, where Knox was, this news created great indignation, and the Reformer preached a powerful sermon against the mass and image worship. At the close of the service a priest began to say mass, which

raised a storm, and in a few minutes the congregation became iconoclasts; the church was wrecked, and this was followed by the monasteries of the Grey and Black Friars being stormed and utterly demolished. It was in vain that Knox and the magistrates endeavoured to restrain a fury which could only end in disaster; for the time being, the people had gone mad, and no argument or power could restrain the outburst of popular fury.

The Queen marched on Perth with eight thousand troops, to chastise the insurgents; but the Reformers presented so formidable a front to her army that she was glad to conclude a peace and retire.

The Lords of the Congregation sitting in Edinburgh, finding how basely they had been deceived by the Queen, resolved to set up the Protestant faith at St. Andrew's, and for this purpose Knox was invited to preach the first sermon.

The Archbishop, supported by a hundred French spearmen, sent word to Knox that if he dared appear, he would have him shot dead in the pulpit; but nothing daunted, the Reformer resolved to preach. Like Calvin before the Libertines, so Knox before the Queen and her foreign allies was not to be frightened from doing his duty. The day came, and St. Andrew's was thronged by all the leading men in the city; and never before had such a sermon rung from the pulpit. The congregation sat electrified by the eloquence of this great divine and his new doctrines. The wickedness of the Papal system was exposed, and the simple plan of the Protestant faith explained. This one sermon may be said to have been the turning-point in Scottish history. The die had been cast, and henceforth the nation will choose God rather than Baal. The Reformer passed from St. Andrew's unscathed, and

his congregation at once set about removing the images from their churches and monasteries.

Events now crowded fast upon one another. Glasgow follows the example of Edinburgh, and begins to reform itself. Meanwhile Knox starts on a great missionary tour throughout the country, rousing by his eloquence and zeal all classes of the community, and at the same time giving them the Bread of Life to feed upon, by which their starving souls might be fed and satisfied.

Knox, by his penetration, observed the design of the Queen to resist the Protestant faith by the introduction of more French auxiliaries. He therefore communicated the scheme to Lord Burleigh, Prime Minister under Elizabeth, whose perception discovered that the cause of the great Reformer, was the cause of England, and he at once advised Elizabeth to send succour to the Lords of the Council. The result was, the French had to withdraw. On August 8th, 1560, the Council proclaimed publicly the establishment of the Protestant faith, and the overthrow of Romish tyranny.

On the 17th of August, a confession of faith, drawn up by Knox, was read to the assembled Parliament, known as the "First Scots' Confession." On the 24th the Pope's jurisdiction was abolished and the celebration of the mass prohibited, except under special circumstances.

From 1560 Scotland is a new land, a land of freedmen; and a future is before her such as any nation might well envy. Knox now bent all his efforts and energies to establish the new faith in a reformed Church, with Christ at its head, and the Bible as its law-giver. The Church of Scotland is known as the "Kirk," with all its arrangements of Church policy, and which has flourished so long and so successfully.

While these reforms were ripening, an event of deep interest to Scotland took place. On the 19th of August, 1561, Mary Stuart, the ill-fated Queen, from France, landed at Leith, on her way to the famous Holyrood Palace; her name has gathered an unenviable notoriety, and yet one that has blinded to idolatry so many men. Fascinating in form and features, possessing great intellectual powers, Mary Stuart was born to rule, if not a kingdom, yet men's hearts and wills; but an evil genius dogged her path. Trained in the worst of schools (the Court of France), by the worst of masters (the Guises and the Cardinal of Lorraine), she became as bad as she was bigoted.

All who came into her presence were tainted by her blandishments and smiles; even the Protestant lords cooled in their antipathy to her religion, and allowed her, unmolested, to set up once again the mass for her own private use. One man alone was not to be deceived. On the following Sunday, Knox, from his pulpit of St. Giles, delivered an eloquent and impassioned sermon against the mass, and all the evils it had brought into the country. The result of this sermon was that he received a summons to appear before the Queen.

The meeting of Mary Stuart and the Reformer in the Palace of Holyrood is one of the grandest and most dramatic episodes in history. The argument was long, but clear. At every point Mary Stuart was foiled. The Reformer demonstrated that the errors of the Church of Rome were the accumulated superstition of ages, and had no foundation in the Word of God. He enjoined the Queen to examine for herself the claims of Protestantism, and parted from her, expressing the hope that her reign might prove a blessing to the land.

In December, 1563, Knox was impeached for high treason before a special Council, presided over by the Queen, who rejoiced in the prospect of a speedy condemnation. The chief charge was that he had summoned the citizens together for treasonable purposes, without proper and legal authority. This attempt to trap Knox he exploded in a moment, by showing that to summon citizens together, armed, for political purposes, might be construed into an act of treason, but to summon peaceful men and women to listen to a religious service was not illegal in any respect. This view the Council fully confirmed, and for a second time the great Reformer passed out unscathed from the presence of the Queen, who retired to her palace mortified beyond measure at her second discomfiture.

We are now close upon the end of these two prominent characters.

First, let us look at Mary Stuart, who was born in a palace and who died on the block. From the moment she stained her name by her fierce treatment of her innocent Protestant subjects, misfortune and misery dogged her path to its close. Her crimes and marriages are so well known that they need no recital here. The Queen, driven to desperation, took up arms, and after suffering a series of defeats, she crossed the Solway with the remnant of her followers, and entered England. Here fortune favoured her less than in her own land; for, remaining the centre of Popish plots, she continued with others to conspire against the throne of Elizabeth, and the transformation scene in this life of shifting episodes was indeed a tragedy.

On February 8th, 1587, in Fotheringay Castle, she is beheaded. Here ends the central figure of a long chapter

of woes; and all who had in any way participated in her crimes had preceded her on the battle-field or the scaffold to the grave. Truly God's hand might be seen in these wondrous events. "How are the mighty fallen!" To what nameless and dishonoured graves do they descend! Mourned by none, their places soon know them no more on earth.

We now turn to the last days of the great Scottish hero, who in point of time passed to his rest first, "the rest that remaineth for the children of God." Weary with public disputations and endless conflict with his enemies, he continued to witness a good confession for his Lord and Master till his strength began to fail, and the end drew near. In August, 1572, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in France, sent a thrill of horror through Great Britain, and Knox, as before stated, summoned his remaining energy to thunder the eternal vengeance against the perpetrators of this frightful crime.

Knox's last public appearance was on November 9th, 1572. He preached in the Tolbooth, and then passed to his house in the High Street, surrounded by friends and nobles. He enjoined on all to keep close to God, to uphold the authority of the Scriptures, and to remain faithful to the end. On November 24th his spirit passed away to join the ransomed throng who stand for ever before the throne of God and the Lamb. Knox's great characteristics were faith and courage; these two were sufficient to account for all his wondrous work. Faith in a risen and glorified Saviour, courage in the proclamation of the fundamental truths of God's Book. The words spoken over his dust by the Regent Morton were true indeed: "There lies one who never feared the face of man."

In 1578 James VI., twelve years of age, ascends the throne of Scotland. Shortly after this, the Kirk began to assert its independence and to press for religious liberty and constitutional government, which led to the swearing of the "National Covenant," or protest against Popish doctrines, and a resolve to defend the reformed faith against all its enemies.

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### ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

ON the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1603, James VI. of Scotland accepts the throne of England under the title of James I. The Popish authorities continued, as they have ever done in all countries and in all ages, to conspire against the ruling powers, if they happen to be Protestant. The year 1605 brought the Gunpowder Plot, the details of which are so well known. It is sufficient here to mention that all the conspirators in this horrid attempt at murder received the absolution of the Church of Rome, and the Holy Sacrament was administered to the very man who had sworn to destroy both King and Parliament. James, after a chequered career, in 1625 sank into the grave. Meanwhile a religious awakening passed over Scotland, the like of which had not before been known. Truly God's hand was at work, and men were being roused from sin and wickedness to call upon God and seek His forgiveness. On the death of James VI., his son, Charles I., was raised to the throne; and round this sovereign's name very sad memories are gathered. Troubles seem to fill up his reign. Impressed at an early age with the insane notion of the divine right

by which kings rule, he steadily kept this notion before him, by which he was led to commit those grave crimes that he had to expiate upon the block.

Charles, assisted by Archbishop Laud, began to undo all that Edward VI. and Elizabeth had accomplished. First, Parliament was dissolved because it would not vote unlimited supplies to the King; second, the Star Chamber was set up, and before this tribunal all opposers of the royal prerogative were brought to be fined, imprisoned, and tortured. The leading opponents of this reign of terror were the Protestants or Puritans, who, by their very faith and creed, had revolted from every political and religious tyranny which this reign was re-enacting. These Puritans by hundreds were driven from their homes and banished to foreign lands.

Charles was further bent on bringing Scotland into more intimate relations with the Papacy. He therefore commissioned Laud to prepare a Liturgy to be read from every pulpit in Scotland. This Liturgy, which in fact maintained the divine right of kings "to rule wrong" as well as the doctrine of the mass, was ordered to be read, July 23rd, 1637, throughout that land. Its arrival, however, was ill-timed. Although preparations had been going on for some time by the Jesuits, the sons of the men who had listened to Knox were not prepared for such servile work as this Liturgy enjoined. A storm of indignation greeted its arrival. At St. Giles's Church, when the Dean of Edinburgh commenced to read it, Janet Geddes, who kept a stall in the High Street and had come armed with her stool, flung it at the Dean's head, compelling him to beat a hasty retreat. Meetings were summoned all over the land to consult measures to resist this priestly and kingly invasion of the national



will and faith. The result was, the remodelling and subscribing of the National Covenant. The scene is without a parallel in history, both for its vast importance and great results.

In the Grey Friars' Churchyard at Edinburgh, March 1st, 1638, in the presence of the most imposing throng, this splendid memorial of Scottish faith, courage, and independence received the signatures of thousands of every rank, title, and condition in the land. Its public subscription and acceptance was the most crushing blow that Charles ever received. It overthrew in a moment the structure of Papal supremacy the King was erecting, and established, inviolable and perpetual, the freedom and liberties of the Scottish Kirk.

Outraged and insulted by this outburst of national enthusiasm, Charles sent his army and fleet to put down what he styled the rebellion; both, however, were discomfited. Then followed the Long Parliament, summoned by sheer necessity on the part of Charles. This Parliament impeached Strafford and Laud as traitors, and sent both to the block. While it was sitting, the country was startled by the horrible massacre in Ireland of the Protestants, commenced October 23rd, 1641, by which, at the lowest computation, some say, forty thousand loyal Protestants were butchered in cold blood, and this at the instigation of the Jesuits, supported, it is too well believed, by the King himself.

Suspected on all sides, Charles began to violate openly the ancient rights of the people; even while Parliament was assembled, he sent to arrest some of its leading members. This was the signal for war. Charles himself had crossed the fatal Rubicon; henceforth he has no retreat. Scotland and England unite to break down

this kingly usurpation; a solemn league between the two nations is sworn to at Westminster, September 25th, 1643, to be closely followed by the Westminster Assembly, at which a form of Church government and Confession of Faith was unanimously agreed upon.

Having broken with his Parliament, Charles set up his standard at Nottingham, which, report says, was blown down the same night; but the great battle between the Royalists and Covenanters took place at Edgehill, in Warwickshire: a contest that resulted in no appreciable gain to either party. Several engagements took place; as these advanced, the *morale* of the Covenanters began to tell with terrible effect on the dissolute forces of the King. Oliver Cromwell is at the front; his indomitable will and firm faith made him respected by all parties. On July 1st, 1644, Cromwell's Ironsides take their place side by side with the Scottish army on Marston Moor. Towards the evening the battle was joined, but ere the sun went down, the King's army was utterly routed; four thousand dead men strewed the field, besides vast numbers wounded or struck down in flight. This battle decided the fortune of the King. In rapid succession events pass, until the Rump Parliament impeached the King of high treason, and condemned him to be executed. Before the nation was awake to what was passing, on January 30th, 1649, a scaffold was erected in Whitehall. Shotted cannon flanked it on all sides, and Charles I. expiated his many crimes upon that block. This tragedy closes a period of thirty years of tyranny and oppression.

Once more Protestantism has triumphed, and those who had unsheathed the sword had perished with it. For a time Cromwell, under the title of Protector, assumed

the reins of State, restored order, and established true religion; but his death in 1658 again unsettled the country. On May 26th, 1660, Charles II. arrived in England, and was crowned in London on the 29th, amid great rejoicings both in England and Scotland: a joy that was somewhat premature, for the reign opened with persecution and profligacy. The Court was shamefully wicked, and hence it was anxious to stifle the Puritan faith. As a copestone to this policy, the Act of Uniformity was passed May 19th, 1662, which was to take effect August 24th, 1662, the memorable St. Bartholomew's Day. This Act called on every clergyman on or before that day to declare his unqualified assent to the Book of Common Prayer.

The day is a red letter day in the Puritan ranks, for on this day two thousand Protestant clergymen, rather than lay their consciences at the feet of the King, gave up their livings and came out of the Church, without any prospect of even mere existence, trusting in a higher power and leaning on the arm of Jehovah. These were the heroes of that age.

The same cruel events were enacted in Scotland. The declension of faith began to manifest itself. The intrigues of Charles II., supported by Argyle, led to more persecutions. The Act of Uniformity drove four hundred Presbyterian ministers from their churches, and again brought dissension and troubles on the land.

Events of ill-omen are happening on all sides, and Protestantism is being smothered under vice and persecution. To aid the King in his evil designs, comes forward Judge Jeffreys, a man whose wickedness is proverbial and unparalleled. For insults, abuse, and unjust judgments, he had no equal on the judicial bench. The corrupt mon-

arch, supported by this infamous Judge, now stands upon the threshold between life and death, with an iliad of woes and crimes to his account. A mysterious death, supposed to be subtle poison, closed his earthly career on February 6th, 1684. There is a suspicion that James II. and the Church of Rome between them could tell something about the cause of the King's death.

We have now to turn to the northern regions, where persecution of the new faith is again rife. Among the most prominent witnesses for Christ were John Neilson and Hugh McKail; both, after undergoing fearful torture by the heinous instrument known among Inquisitors as "the Boot," were executed, their only crimes being that they were Covenanters. The reign of terror has now fairly commenced in Scotland, and for some years its fury is almost without a parallel. This baptism of fire through which the land is passing, purged it of the dross and brought out the fine gold of the true faith that still existed. The field-preaching or exploits of the Covenanters is a beautiful episode in this otherwise dark period. How the faithful met together in valleys and caves of the earth, protected only by lofty and impassable mountains, and in these quiet recesses worshipped their Maker in sincerity and in truth; how, even while these inoffensive services were being conducted, bodies of reckless dragoons, commanded by the drunken Thomas Dalziel, of Binns, charged down upon them and put them to the sword, are events well known.

Yet even these persecutions are dwarfed into insignificance by the "killing times," as they were termed, which followed, in which one name stands out prominently among all the rest for barbarity and infamy; this name is that of John Graham, of Claverhouse, who was

commissioned by Charles II. to put down the Covenanters wherever he could find them, under whatever circumstances. The recital of his deeds of blood would be too harrowing to relate in detail; but suffice it to say that men and women everywhere were to be found, upon whom all the terrors of the law and the tortures of cruelty had no effect, people who would hear God's Word, and sustain and listen to faithful preachers, though it meant death, death of the most revolting kind. The tyrant and his drunken Captain both passed to the judgment bar, but the reformed faith and the Covenanters were not stamped out.

The accession of James II., known as the Duke of York, an avowed Papist and a bigot, did not mend matters in England or in Scotland. Commencing with fair promises, he was no sooner seated in power than he showed "the cloven foot." To mention but one name honoured by the King, shows his true character, "Judge Jeffreys," who boasted he had hanged more men in one circuit in the Western Counties than all the Chief Justices since the time of William the Conqueror; and no one ever disputed the honour with him.

Richard Baxter (a name that will be precious in the memory of the world when kings and judges shall be consigned to fortunate oblivion) stood before this cruel Judge. His crime was, he had written a paraphrase of the New Testament, which was designated "a scandalous and seditious libel against the Crown." Without a trial, he was condemned to a fine, imprisonment, and perpetual silence. But Baxter speaks to-day in clarion tones, and for two hundred years his words have roused, cheered, and helped the faithful, and will continue to do so till time shall be no more.

This age would not be thought of now if it were not for prodigies of valour performed by Oliver Cromwell, the poetical genius of John Milton, the immortal dreams of John Bunyan, and the undying eloquence of Richard Baxter. The infamy that encircles the names and reigns of the Stuarts would be sufficient to consign this period to utter forgetfulness.

James II. resolves to move forward with his persecuting edicts. The mystery to him and to his Councillors is that Protestantism can flourish at all; and yet it is found everywhere. The next step of importance was the impeachment of the bishops for refusing to read the King's Indulgence, as it was called, which was really an act to establish the divine right of the King's prerogative. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury; Lloyd, of St. Asaph; Turner, of Ely; Lake, of Chichester; Ken, of Bath; White, of Peterboro'; and Trelawny, of Bristol, were summoned before the Court of King's Bench, Westminster, to answer for their sins. The magnitude of the trial and the dignity of the culprits roused all England to a state of feverish excitement. Such was the indignation manifested on the apprehension of Sir John Trelawny, a man deservedly beloved and honoured, that a cry spread throughout Cornwall:

"Shall Trelawny die? Shall Trelawny die?  
Then forty thousand Cornish men will know the reason why!"

Notwithstanding Jeffreys and other judges, tools of the Crown, were to try the prisoners, making a mere travesty of justice, the jury at once acquitted them. Westminster Hall had remained packed, waiting in breathless anxiety for the verdict. When it was announced, Lord Halifax stood up, and, waving his hat,

shouted "Not guilty." "Not guilty" rang through that mighty hall; "Not guilty" flew like wild-fire along the banks of the Thames to the City; "Not guilty" boomed out the Tower guns; "Not guilty" was echoed by the vault of heaven, and as the sound ascended to the eternal throne, "Not guilty" received its crowning attestation from Him before whom tyranny falls, injustice withers, and cruelty flees away.

The knell had now sounded of this reign of terror. James, blinded by his folly and wickedness, still continued to pursue the path mapped out for him by his Jesuit advisers; but not so the great bulk of the English people. They were tired and sick at heart of the Stuart race, and began to look about for a deliverer, for another Moses, who should lead them from this worse than Egyptian bondage. All eyes turned to Holland, to the illustrious descendant of William the Silent, who was pre-eminently the man. He had married the daughter of James II., and so was virtually the next heir to the throne, putting on one side the child born to the King, about whose birth there was so much suspicion. William, who had long yearned towards England, beheld her Protestantism shamefully treated, now resolved that the call from so many quarters to champion the cause of her reformed faith must be divine. From all parts of the land invitations poured in, and promises of succour, if he would only come to the rescue. The enterprise was indeed a great one, when we remember the hostile forces and powers arrayed against him. The nations of France, with her renowned generals, Spain, and Austria were intensely implacable in their hatred of the Protestant Prince; whilst James and the nobility, as well as the army and navy of England, were

all against him. Yet, notwithstanding this formidable coalition arrayed in antagonism William resolved to trust in God, and undertake the expedition. Collecting his fleet, and placing the flower of his army on board, under the command of the renowned Schomberg, he set sail from Brielle. On the Prince's banner was engraved, "For the Protestant religion and liberties of England." At first an adverse wind drove them back, but this soon changed, and, under favourable circumstances, the navy passed down the Channel, and anchored in Torbay, where the peasantry of Devonshire flocked to welcome their deliverer. At first the gentry and nobility were slow to rally round the Prince, but the tide soon turned in his favour.

The royal army, under the King, at Salisbury, suddenly broke up in confusion, which ended in flight, James being among the first to escape. By slow but sure marches, William reached London, where his reception was enthusiastic.

It is now that William, by the choice and desire of the nation, ascends the throne, Feb. 13th, 1689. The sacred cause of Protestantism, that had so long been persecuted, outraged, and betrayed, finds an asylum and refuge, and an able defender in Prince William. It is impossible to trace further the events of this period. England's great historian, Macauley, has immortalized the name and fame of William of Orange.

The tempest of Papal wrath now begins to subside; Protestantism has gained the ascendancy; and though at the siege of Derry and the battle of the Boyne she made desperate efforts to regain her former power, and reassert her cruel laws, she was utterly and hopelessly defeated.



Only those who are ignorant of what the Romish Church has done, and is still willing to do, would wish to see her again possessed of temporal power. God forbid that a creed that has sanctioned such terrible crimes during three centuries, that has cursed, withered, and blighted every land in which it has been promulgated, should be anything than a fading fire or a smouldering ember. Let us not forget, as we review this period, what we owe to the Lollards, the Hussites, the Beggars, the Covenanters, and the Puritans, who for us have fought out and won the great battle of civil and religious liberty, bequeathing us, as a princely heritage, the splendid heirloom of freedom of conscience and freedom of worship.

Before closing this chapter, one is constrained to ask, Is the Romish Church to last for ever? Is this agency, that has by turns devastated and desolated almost every country in Europe, to survive all mutations, and exist in undiminished strength to the end of time? Wherever this power is dominant, there may be seen the same baneful influences that have been witnessed in bygone ages. Look at Spain and Ireland to-day; and if any one asks, why do we not have the same persecutions, the same Inquisition, the same martyr-fires? the reply is, not that Rome has changed her faith and character, but because modern civilization has shorn the Romish Church of her civil power. Let a modern divine answer the question,—Is the Romish Church to last for ever?

“Is the tide to roll back so far? Are all the struggles of the ages fruitless? Has the light only streamed into the darkness that the darkness may comprehend it not? Has all the blood of the martyrs been shed in vain? Surely no! One sees but events on the level, and the

mists of the past dim the eyes that should pierce the future. Let us get up higher, higher than the plain, higher than the table-land, even on the summit, where faith rests upon promises, and awaits patiently their sure fulfilment; and in the light of that clear azure, which is unclouded by fog or by shadow, we shall learn other lessons. We shall see one purpose in the history of the nations, in the preparation of agencies, in the removal of hindrances, in the subordination both of good and evil fortune to the unfolding of one grand design. We shall see a profound religious movement awakened, growing, gathering strength, and preparing in secret for the ministry which its manhood is to wield. We shall see that Protestantism has hold of the world's intellectual wealth, spreads herself among new people as a missionary power, breathes even in Romish countries as a healing and salutary breath, and is heaving unconsciously in every trampled land which yearns and groans for freedom.

"We shall see Science extending her discoveries, and Popery at variance with Science; Education diffusing her benefits, and Popery shrinking from knowledge; Liberty putting forth her hand, that serfs may touch it, and leap at the touch into freemen, and Popery cannot harbour the free; Scripture universally circulated, and Popery loves not the Bible. Then, remembering we have a sure word of prophecy as we gaze down on the Eternal City, where foul corruptions nestle, and the ghosts of martyrs wander, and the unburied witnesses appeal, we know that its doom is spoken, and that in God's good time Popery shall perish, thrown from the tired world that has writhed beneath its yoke so long, perish from its Seven Hills, and its spiritual wickedness, utterly and



For ever from before the Lord, slain by the breath of  
His mouth, and consumed by the brightness of His  
coming."

"O fame! with a prophet's voice  
Bid the ends of the earth rejoice;  
For soon, where'er the proud are strong  
And the right is oppressed by wrong,  
Where'er the day dim shines  
In the cell where the captive pines,  
Go forth with a trumpet sound  
And tell to the nations round,  
On the hills where the heroes have trod,  
In the shrines of the saints of God,  
In the halls of kings,  
In the martyr's prison,  
That the slumber has broke,  
That the sleeper has risen,  
That the reign of the priest  
And the tyrant is o'er,  
And the world shall rejoice  
In Jesus once more."

